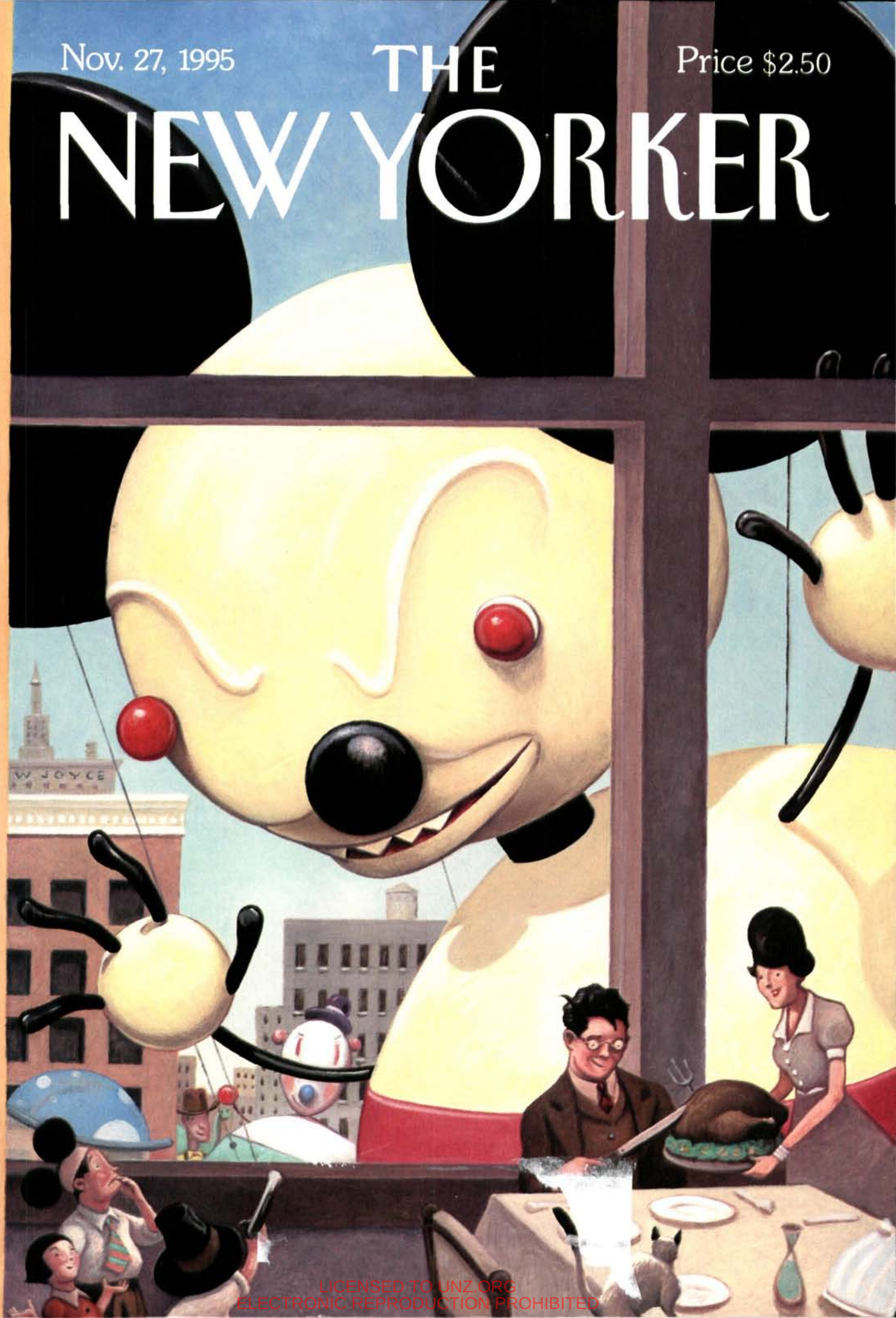


Nov. 27, 1995

THE

Price \$2.50

# NEW YORKER



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Life's not always a picnic. But it can be a ride in the Park.

Late nights, early mornings, meetings about meetings—life is hectic. Reward yourself with a quiet moment in the Park. Park Avenue is a beautiful place to be. Powerful—with a 3800 Series II V6—yet so elegant, so luxurious. It has a way of smoothing out life's rough edges. Park Avenue by Buick. You've earned it. For more information, call 1-800-4A-BUICK.



**BUICK®**

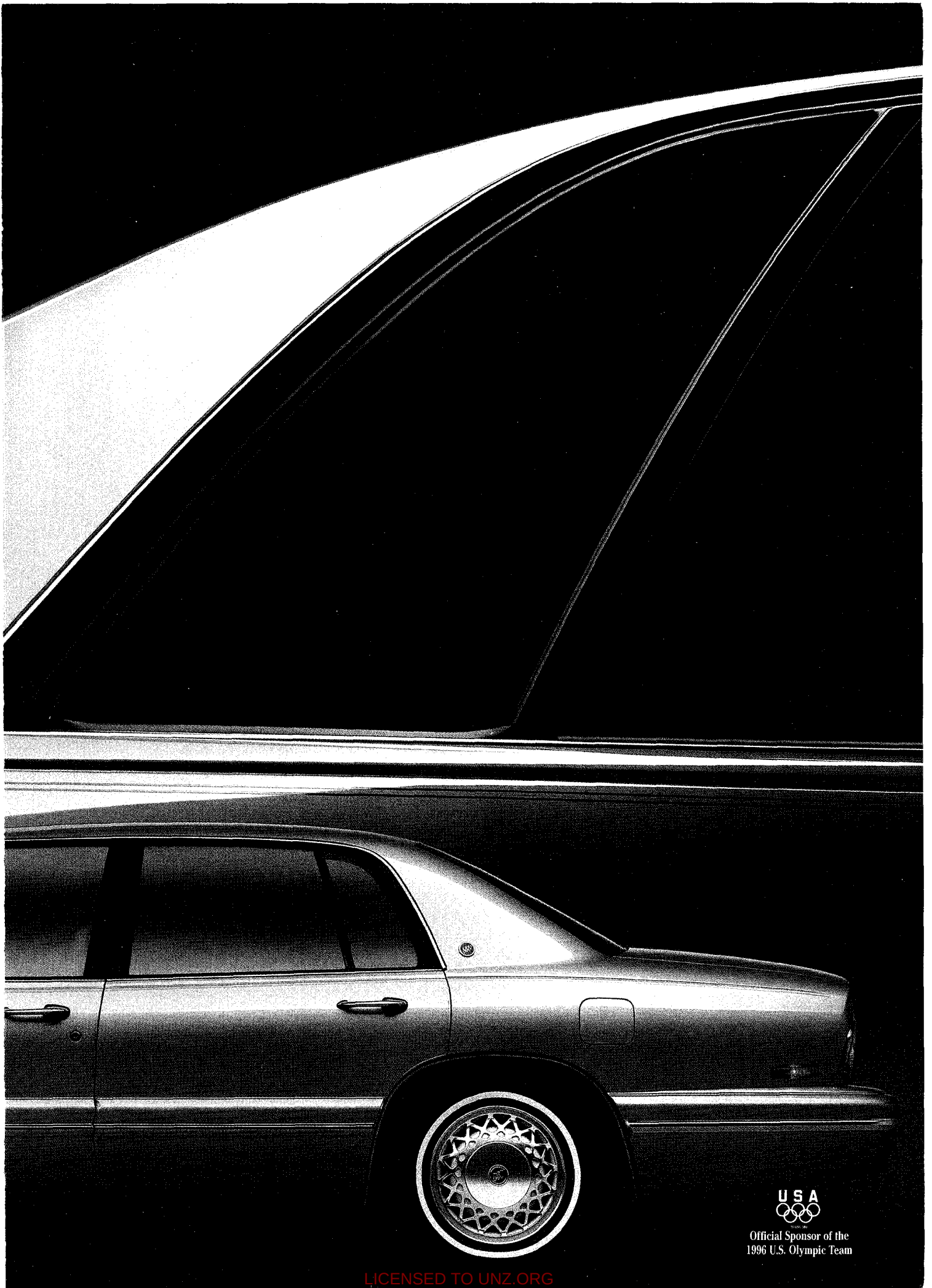
The New Symbol For Quality  
In America.



 ©1995 GM Corp. All rights reserved.  
Park Avenue is a registered trademark  
of GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

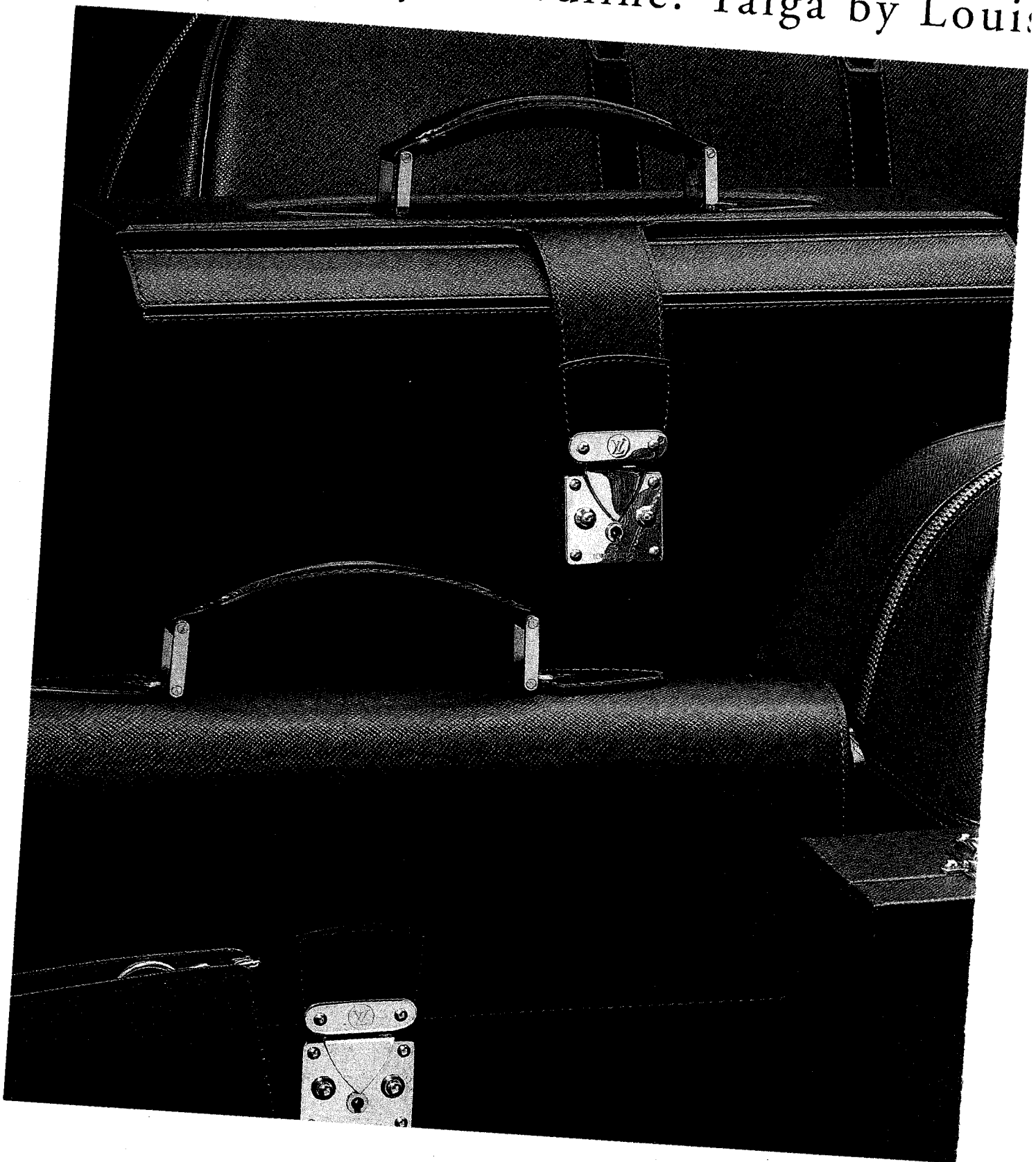




Official Sponsor of the  
1996 U.S. Olympic Team



Profoundly masculine. Taïga by Louis



*Available exclusively in Louis Vuitton shops and select department stores.  
For more information or the store nearest you, please call: 1-800-458-7933.*



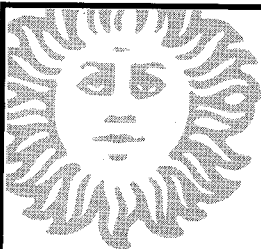
Vuitton.



★ EURO RSCG

Louis Vuitton  
The spirit of travel

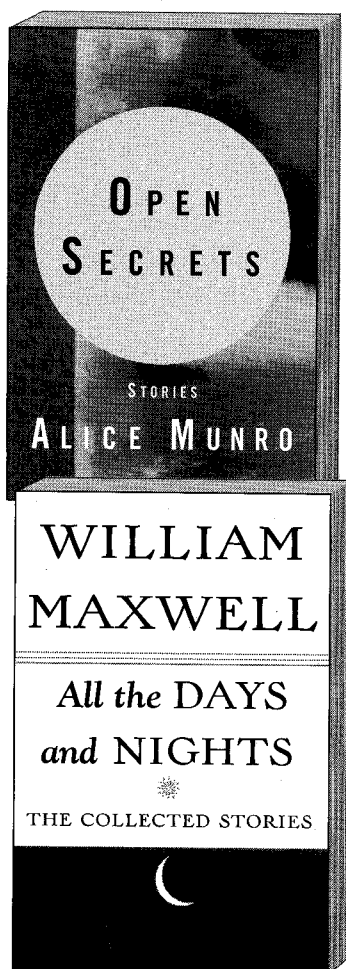
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chosen by *The New York Times* and *Time* as One of the Best Books of the Year.

"A triumph." —*Chicago Tribune*

"Ambitious and risky...A book that dazzles." —*The New York Times Book Review*



"A radiant collection...beautifully wrought." —*The New York Times*

*Open Secrets* is available in a Reading Group Guide

**VINTAGE  
BOOKS**  
NOW IN PAPERBACK



## THE NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 27, 1995

|                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>COMMENT</b> The Wages of Synergy . . . . .                                                                | <i>Ken Auletta</i>                                                                                                                                                                     | 8   |
| The media are consolidating, and the news doesn't fit.                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>IN THE MAIL</b> . . . . .                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                        | 10  |
| <b>GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN</b> . . . . .                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                        | 12  |
| <b>THE TALK OF THE TOWN</b> . . . . .                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                        | 35  |
| Leah Rabin's strength; Republican propaganda; wheelchair racers; the peaceful city; updating Sabrina; etc.   |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>DEPARTMENTS</b>                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>The Political Scene</b> Negative Capability. . . . .                                                      | <i>David Remnick</i>                                                                                                                                                                   | 40  |
| Maybe Colin Powell should have talked to Mario Cuomo.                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>Cultural Pursuits</b> The Casino Cut . . . . .                                                            | <i>Stephen Schiff</i>                                                                                                                                                                  | 46  |
| What does the audience need to know about "Casino," Martin Scorsese's most ambitious movie?                  |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>In Memoriam</b> Death of a Writer . . . . .                                                               | <i>William Boyd</i>                                                                                                                                                                    | 51  |
| Few outside Nigeria paid any attention to General Abacha's regime. Then the General hanged a writer.         |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>LIFE AND LETTERS</b> Cather and the Academy. . . . .                                                      | <i>Joan Acocella</i>                                                                                                                                                                   | 56  |
| Willa Cather: storyteller, frontier romantic—and gritty enough to withstand generations of literary critics. |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>SKETCHBOOK</b> Bronxdale Housing Project . . . . .                                                        | <i>Eva Chrysanthé</i>                                                                                                                                                                  | 67  |
| <b>SHOWCASE</b> Richard Eyre and David Hare . . . . .                                                        | <i>Richard Avedon, Brendan Lemon</i>                                                                                                                                                   | 72  |
| <b>THE SPORTING SCENE</b> The Game's the Thing. . . . .                                                      | <i>Roger Angell</i>                                                                                                                                                                    | 74  |
| The post-season was crucial, and baseball survived.                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>FICTION</b> "Paper Lantern". . . . .                                                                      | <i>Stuart Dybek</i>                                                                                                                                                                    | 82  |
| After hours, at the lab.                                                                                     |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>THE CRITICS</b>                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| <b>Books</b> Diane Arbus's "Untitled". . . . .                                                               | <i>Hilton Als</i>                                                                                                                                                                      | 92  |
| Children's books for the holidays. . . . .                                                                   | <i>Sara Mosle</i>                                                                                                                                                                      | 96  |
| Briefly Noted . . . . .                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                        | 103 |
| <b>The Current Cinema</b> "GoldenEye," "Carrington" . . . . .                                                | <i>Anthony Lane</i>                                                                                                                                                                    | 105 |
| <b>The Theatre</b> "Master Class," "Hello, Dolly!" . . . . .                                                 | <i>Nancy Franklin</i>                                                                                                                                                                  | 109 |
| <b>POEMS</b>                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| "Venison" . . . . .                                                                                          | <i>Karen Chase</i>                                                                                                                                                                     | 49  |
| "A Cat / A Future" . . . . .                                                                                 | <i>Kay Ryan</i>                                                                                                                                                                        | 54  |
| "Wrath" . . . . .                                                                                            | <i>John Montague</i>                                                                                                                                                                   | 65  |
| <b>SHOUTS &amp; MURMURS</b> Doing It the Lard Way . . . . .                                                  | <i>Calvin Trillin</i>                                                                                                                                                                  | 112 |
| <b>COVER</b>                                                                                                 | <i>Mouse Amok, by William Joyce</i>                                                                                                                                                    |     |
| <b>DRAWINGS</b>                                                                                              | <i>Sidney Harris, Danny Shanahan, Robert Mankoff, J. B. Handelsman, Jack Ziegler, Kenneth Mahood, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Mike Twoby, Lee Lorenz, Mick Stevens, Roz Chast, Gahan Wilson</i> |     |

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for four combined issues: the last week of December and the first week of January, the last two weeks of February, the last week of June and the first week of July, and the last two weeks of August) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXI, No. 38, November 27, 1995. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$36.00; two years, \$60.00. In Canada, one year, \$77.00 (includes G.S.T.). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign, one year, \$85.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



*Delta Is The Only U.S. Airline To Fly  
Smoke-Free Worldwide.*



We're always looking for ways to create a more

# Visibility, 32 Rows.

pleasant atmosphere for our passengers. So when you told us that you'd prefer a smoke-free environment, we listened.

And we became the only U.S. airline to fly completely smoke-free, worldwide. So you can relax, knowing the air will be clear on Delta, whether you're flying around the country or around the world.

And we've made all of our Crown Room Clubs smoke-free, as well.

The way we see it, responding to our passengers' requests for cleaner, clearer air just makes it easier for you to see how different one airline can be.

 **Delta Air Lines**  
*You'll love the way we fly™*



Does not apply to Delta's Worldwide Partners™ or international First and Business Class lounges.  
©1995 Delta Air Lines, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SHIRT \$20

OVERALLS \$32

BOOTS \$48 (SELECT STORES)





KIDS FLANNEL  
SHIRT \$28



BABY PATENT LEATHER  
BOOTIES \$14.50



*what to give*

*what to give*



KIDS  
BACKPACK \$24

*what to get*



BABY  
SLIPPERS \$12.50

*what to get*



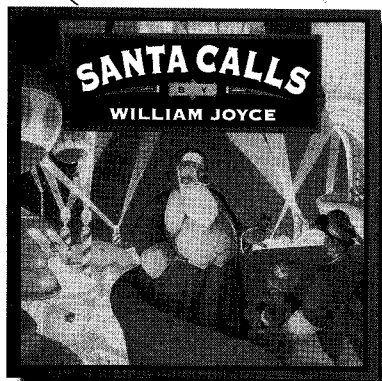
KIDS ANORAK IN  
A SACK \$19.50

THE LIST STARTS HERE

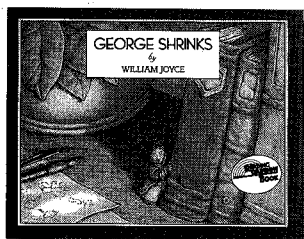
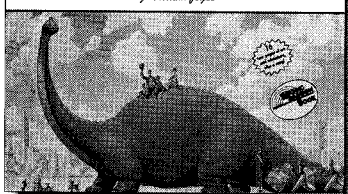


"Once you enter  
William Joyce's  
world you'll  
never want  
to leave!"

—*Newsweek*



**DINOSAUR BOB**  
AND HIS ADVENTURES WITH THE FAMILY LAZARDO  
*by William Joyce*



*George Shrinks* also available on CD-ROM

Discover the disarming charm and droll wit  
of the world of William Joyce,  
where every adventure is epic, everyone is  
good, kind, and brave, and where  
everything works out A-OK.

His award-winning picture books include  
*Dinosaur Bob and His Adventures  
with the Family Lazardo*, *George Shrinks*,  
and *Santa Calls*, proclaimed "a glorious  
stocking stuffer of a book" by  
*The New York Times*.

Look for William Joyce's spectacular  
window display at Saks Fifth Avenue  
this holiday season.

**LAURA GERINGER BOOKS**  
AN IMPRINT OF HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS



## THE WAGES OF SYNERGY

*The tobacco-stained underside of "borderless" media.*

NOT since the glory days of "strategic," the adjective deployed during the nineteen-eighties to prettify many an extravagantly priced corporate buyout, has a cant word racked up as much mileage as "synergy" has lately done. When Michael Eisner announced the merger of Disney and Capital Cities/ABC last summer, he managed to use the word five times in four consecutive sentences. "Synergy" was also the mantra that the chief executive officer of Westinghouse, Michael H. Jordan, chanted to explain his company's purchase of CBS: combining the two companies' broadcasting assets, he predicted, would save hundreds of millions of dollars a year and bring about "tremendous marketing synergies." Whether these wonders will come to pass remains to be seen. What is already apparent is that "synergy" is no friend to journalism. The business assumptions behind the word—cost savings, a "team culture," the "leverage" of size—can be actively hostile to the business of reporting. Witness the recent behavior of CBS as it dealt with a "60 Minutes" story about the tobacco industry.

To avoid potential lawsuits, CBS's management ordered "60 Minutes" not

to broadcast a Mike Wallace interview with a former tobacco executive who had signed an agreement pledging to keep his company's secrets. In the past, such fastidiousness never stopped CBS News from interviewing ex-intelligence agents supposedly bound by similar pledges, but then the C.I.A., unlike the tobacco companies, does not include multibillion-dollar lawsuits in its press-relations tool kit. The *Wall Street Journal* found evidence last week that the issues are more complex, and no doubt that is true; in any event, lawyers generally feel safer saying no. But a determined manager can often find a way to support an editor or producer who wants to say yes. "60 Minutes" did its best to atone: it ran a truncated piece that attacked the tobacco giants; mentioned that one of them, Lorillard, Inc., is "owned by the same company that owns CBS"; and featured a clip of seven tobacco bosses—including Andrew Tisch, then the C.E.O. of Lorillard and still a son of CBS's chairman, Laurence Tisch—denying under oath that nicotine was addictive. Even so, the retreat has left CBS with a possibly permanent case of cigarette breath.

According to Wallace, the CBS lawyers were spooked by ABC's recent diffi-

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Diane M. Silberstein, senior vice-president/publisher; Pamela H. Older, vice-president/manufacturing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; John R. Campbell, advertising director; Cindy Schreiberman, creative-services director; Gretel Schneider, marketing director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Sansome St., Suite 800, San Francisco, Ca. 94104; 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1400, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; Penn Brown & Associates, 20 Park Plaza, Suite 446, Boston, Mass. 02116; The Media Company, 5 Piedmont Center, Suite 440, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; MPR, 3 Church St., Suite 407, Toronto, Canada M5E 1M2; 585-A Ingrid Street, Laval, Quebec H7P 3P7; Carol Orr & Co., 3500 Maple Ave., Suite 1060, Dallas, Tx. 75219; Catherine Billups & Co., Via Pinamonte Da Vimercate No. 6, 20121 Milan, Italy; Mike Romano & Associates, 6017 Pine Ridge Rd., Suite 178, Naples, Fla. 33999; Nicole V. Pinelli, 76 bis Av. de Suffren, 75015 Paris, France; Globe Media Amores 707 Dep. 202, Col del Valle, Mexico City, Mexico DF 03100; Steve Leece Media Ltd., 10/F Chung Nam Building, 1 Lockhart Road, Wanchai, Hong Kong; 7500-A Beach Road, #09-324 The Plaza, 0719 Singapore. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1 800 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. © 1995 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.



culties with Philip Morris. By August, in the face of a ten-billion-dollar lawsuit, ABC had spent seventeen months defending a hard-hitting account, on its "Day One" magazine program, of the behavior of tobacco companies. Then, soon after the merger with Disney was announced, Thomas Murphy, the chairman of Cap Cities/ABC, forced his news division to issue a humiliating public apology. While it's true that "Day One" made a factual error requiring correction—it wrongly accused tobacco companies of "spiking" cigarettes with nicotine from outside sources—its over-all portrayal of the cynical depredations of the tobacco industry was accurate. The critical question is whether ABC's decision to settle was a matter of journalistic ethics ("We were wrong") or of corporate convenience ("We can't impede the merger"). It's hard to avoid the suspicion that the logic that prevailed was the logic of negative synergy.

"When Disney and Westinghouse made the deals with ABC and CBS," one close observer pointed out during a recent conversation, "the arguments were all about synergy and marketing, not about how to improve news." Similarly, when Ted Turner was circling first NBC and then CBS, a principal argument advanced for merging Turner's CNN and a network was that as much as two hundred million dollars in cost savings could be realized by "consolidating" news operations. But would the public be better off watching "consolidated" news?

"Synergistic" thinking is now almost universal among commercial-broadcast executives, but it is not exactly unknown in the world of print. Mark Willes, the new C.E.O. of Times Mirror, is lashing the company's newspapers, which include the Los Angeles *Times*, to lift their profit margin from eight to sixteen per cent. And Knight-Ridder has ordered its two Philadelphia papers to double their profit margins. Knight-Ridder looks enviously at such chains as Gannett, Scripps-Howard, and the Newhouse papers, which have fat profit margins—partly because their newspapers too often skimp on frills, such as news coverage.

If these trends represent "synergy," it's a bit too much like the synergy between cigarette smoke and lung tissue. As "communications" companies get bigger, the role of the journalists within them is diminished and diluted. Inside a behemoth like Disney or Time Warner, news rarely

matches the profit margins of other divisions, such as entertainment or computer software or cable, and thus loses internal clout. To the top executives of these giants, the news operation looks more and more like a box somewhere out on the edge of the organization chart—a box whose occupants add less than their share to the bottom line and, if left to their own devices, have an annoying tendency to emit rude noises.

As companies converge, occasions for journalistic conflicts of interest proliferate. Will the caution that drove CBS to lean on "60 Minutes" induce ABC to soft-pedal a controversy about the site of a new Disney theme park? Will CBS News push stories on human-rights abuses in China when Westinghouse is bidding for an electronics contract there? Will NBC News go easy on its on-line partner, Microsoft? Will *Time* disgrace itself as it did in 1989 by refusing to report on Time, Inc.'s merger with Warner Communications when the news broke, or will it withstand corporate pressures and honor itself as it did two months ago by its full coverage of Time Warner's merger with Turner Broadcasting?

The new megacorporations value "teamwork." They use "leverage" to boost sales. They dream of a "borderless" company that eliminates defensive interior barriers. But

if journalism becomes a team sport, everybody else—including the journalists' non-journalist colleagues—will be potentially on the opposing side. The leverage that journalists are interested in is the kind that pries loose the story, not the kind that boosts the parent company's other "products." And journalists *need* borders—that is to say, a degree of independence—to do their jobs.

To be sure, newsgathering organizations have to find ways to survive in the marketplace—and not just in the marketplace of ideas. Yet for journalism the profit motive can never be quite motive enough. Journalism's "opportunity cost" is always too high: there will always be another investment somewhere that promises a higher return. Despite the cynicism endemic to the trade, journalism—good journalism, anyhow—ultimately has to arise at least partly from a dedication to telling the truth "without fear or favor," as Mike Wallace rather wanly put it at the end of his "60 Minutes" report on the cigarette pushers. That kind of talk tries the patience of C.E.O.s, and it's even a little hifalutin for many reporters, who prefer to think of what they do as simply getting the story. And if the task is to get the story, liberating journalists to report "without fear or favor" is the only kind of synergy that works. —KEN AULETTA



"Hey—nice place!"

GEVRIL



fundamentally innovative means:

manufactured with 316 L stainless steel and 18 K gold. Threaded bezel and caseback providing water-resistance up to 10 atm.

mechanical security system indicating whether the crown is locked properly to ensure water-resistance. The patent for this Unlocked Crown Indicator is pending (UCI).

a design underlining the architecture of the case enabling design flexibility and mechanical security.

an automatic Swiss movement featuring 28,800 vibrations per hour (4 Hz), 25 jewels and Incabloc shock absorption system to ensure maximum dependability and accuracy.

and of course Swiss made, what else.

**JOSEPH EDWARDS™**  
The Complete Watch Store

500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110  
(800) 837 - 1195 • (212) 840-6224



## LABOR PAINS

In his article "Who Killed the Middle Class?" (October 16th) John Cassidy does a fine job of explaining how and why America as a whole is less prosperous, but he seems mystified by the fact that the incomes of the wealthy are rising astronomically while the incomes of the poor are stagnating at best. There's a one-word explanation for this trend: exploitation. Executives are being overpaid for their labor (or lack thereof), and skilled workers and professionals are probably also earning more than they deserve, but unskilled workers, who are doing work that is important and hard, are unappreciated and underpaid. Americans can learn to live with less if we know that we are all getting what we deserve. Unfortunately, the economic, political, and intellectual élites of this country couldn't care less about trivial matters like social peace and economic justice.

CRAIG R. BAYER  
North Bergen, NJ.

What is to be done about stagnating wages and the widening divergence of incomes? If Americans have a choice between Gingrichian trickle-down tax breaks for the rich and Buchananian nativist-protectionism, they will opt for the latter, even though it would stifle growth. The benefits of tax breaks aren't trickling down, and so a relatively larger slice of a smaller pie may seem preferable to a shrinking slice of a growing one. The third and best option is to respond directly to the growing excess of unskilled workers and the shortage of skilled workers with direct college loans to low-income students, apprenticeships for unskilled youths, training vouchers for the unemployed, and other investments in our people. The cost of doing this is unrealistically high in today's

parched political environment, but being unable to summon the political will to spend all that is necessary to reverse the trend toward growing inequality is no excuse for failing to slow it down.

ROBERT B. REICH  
Secretary of Labor  
Washington, D.C.

## ALL THAT GLITTERS

Ian Frazier's "All That Glitter" (Shouts & Murmurs, October 16th) brought back memories of grade school, when a glitter project left brilliant reminders throughout the house. A few days after reading Frazier's piece, I received some advertising materials that contained a sprinkling of gold glitter. I thought I had successfully rid my home of the pesky particles until, while undressing for a shower that evening, I caught a flash of gold glitter shining brightly from my belly button.

ELANA KAMINETZKY  
New York City

## POSTSCRIPT

EDITORS' NOTE: In Jane Kramer's August 14th Letter from Germany, we reported that during a telephone conversation Lea Rosh, the head of the committee to build a Holocaust memorial in Berlin, made some objections to an invitation to an awards ceremony. Although Ms. Rosh was indeed upset about the invitation, we also reported that she wanted to present the award, and that statement was incorrect.

*Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.*



# Discover the endless treasures of Mexico.



Mexico's endless inspiration and taste are reflected in the varied arts and crafts of TAXCO. Handcrafted silver jewelry is the specialty of this beautiful colonial town.

In ACAPULCO you can enjoy a quiet, relaxing vacation by the sea, or an endless party of dancing and dining in some of the world's most exclusive restaurants. This is just one of the many beautiful beaches that surround Acapulco.

**T**reasures reveal themselves everywhere you look. In the glow of a spectacular sunset in Acapulco. In Taxco, discover the endless treasures of our silver craftsmen. Delight in the marvels of nature in the lush gardens of Cuernavaca. And in Mexico City discover the treasures of our superb colonial art. But the most important treasure is the warmth and spirit of our people. It is an endless treasure we are proud to share with you. Come discover how today, more than ever, Mexico is a better value for your money. Come to Mexico and begin

## An Endless Journey.

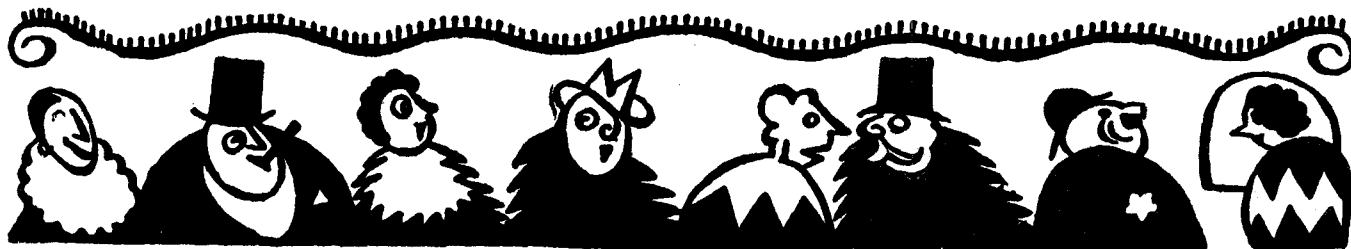
For more information call 1-800-44-MEXICO.

Fly to the world-famous glittering beach resort of Acapulco. Take a two hour drive to Taxco, known as "Silver City", and then on to the fabulous climate of CUERNAVACA. Fly in or out of MEXICO CITY, where historic grandeur and contemporary culture live side-by-side.

- ★ Capital
- 🏠 Resort Town
- 🏰 Colonial City
- ☀ Beach

# MEXICO





## THE THEATRE

### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

- THE EIGHT: REINDEER MONOLOGUES**—The Adobe Theatre Company brings Jeff Goode's twisted holiday comedy back for a second season. Opens Nov. 28 at 8 and continues through Dec. 16. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 560-7387.)
- GOLDEN BOY**—Joanne Woodward directs a revival of Clifford Odets' 1937 drama. In previews through Nov. 26. Opens Nov. 27 at 8. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)
- HOLIDAY**—Tony Goldwyn and Laura Linney star in a revival of Philip Barry's 1929 comedy, directed by David Warren. In previews. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)
- OBLIVION POSTPONED**—John Glover and Mary Beth Hurt lead the cast in Ron Nyswaner's comedy-drama about a straight Ohio couple and a gay New York couple who meet while vacationing in Rome. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)
- QUILLS**—A new drama by Doug Wright, about the Marquis de Sade. In previews through Nov. 25. Opens Nov. 26 at 3. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)
- VALLEY SONG**—The South African playwright Athol Fugard appears with Lisa Gay Hamilton in his new drama, about the effects of political change in his homeland. Previews begin Nov. 28. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

| S  | M  | T  | W  | T  | F  | S  |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|    |    |    | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 |    |    |    |    |

### OPENED RECENTLY

- ANTIGONE**—The Pearl Theatre's clamorous staging of Sophocles' tragedy. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes Dec. 9.)
- BLACK GIRL**—Leslie Uggams plays Mama Rosie, in J. E. Franklin's 1971 drama. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Closes Dec. 3.)
- BRING IN 'DA NOISE, BRING IN 'DA FUNK**—A new musical by tap virtuoso Savion Glover, spoken-word artist Reg E. Gaines, and director George C. Wolfe, which stars Glover and Gaines. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)
- CAMBODIA AGONISTES**—Ernest Abuba and Louis Stewart's musical drama about a Cambodian dancer in exile in New York, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46 at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Nov. 25.)
- CARTHIEVES! JOYRIDES!**—Deb Margolin's latest solo work, which she calls "a midlife meditation on cars, sex, mortality, memory, and baseball." Thursdays through Sundays,

through Nov. 26. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

**COMPANY**—The god of casting doesn't shine on the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Stephen Sondheim and George Furth's 1970 musical, but nothing can dim the brilliance of a score whose themes of fear, loneliness, and anxiety in relationships have become more urgent as the battle between the sexes has intensified. Directed by Scott Ellis. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/23/95.) (Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

**DANGEROUS CORNER**—As directed by David Mamet, the characters in J. B. Priestley's 1932 mystery—a meditation on the fragile interconnectedness of people's lives—don't seem connected at all. The biggest mystery is why everyone onstage seems so strangely wooden. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

**DOUBLE IDENTITY**—The Folksbiene Playhouse presents a new Yiddish musical. Simultaneous translations in English and in Russian will be available. (123 E. 55th St. 755-2231.)

**A FAMILY AFFAIR**—Aleksandr Ostrovsky's 1850 comedy, about corruption in the merchant class, in a translation by Nick Dear. Presented by the Irondale Ensemble Project. (Theatre for the New City, 255 First Ave., at 10th St. 633-1292.)

**THE FOOD CHAIN**—In Nicky Silver's new play, the situations are familiar and sitcom-ish, but the writing is tangy and memorably funny, and the actors—especially Hope Davis, as a dithery poet, and Phyllis Newman, as a long-suffering Jewish matron whose idea of listening is to talk—give smart, wonderfully fresh performances. Robert Falls directed. (9/11/95) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

**FOOL MOON**—Clowning and music with Bill Irwin, David Shiner, and North Carolina's Red Clay Ramblers, who have returned to Broadway with their 1993 show. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

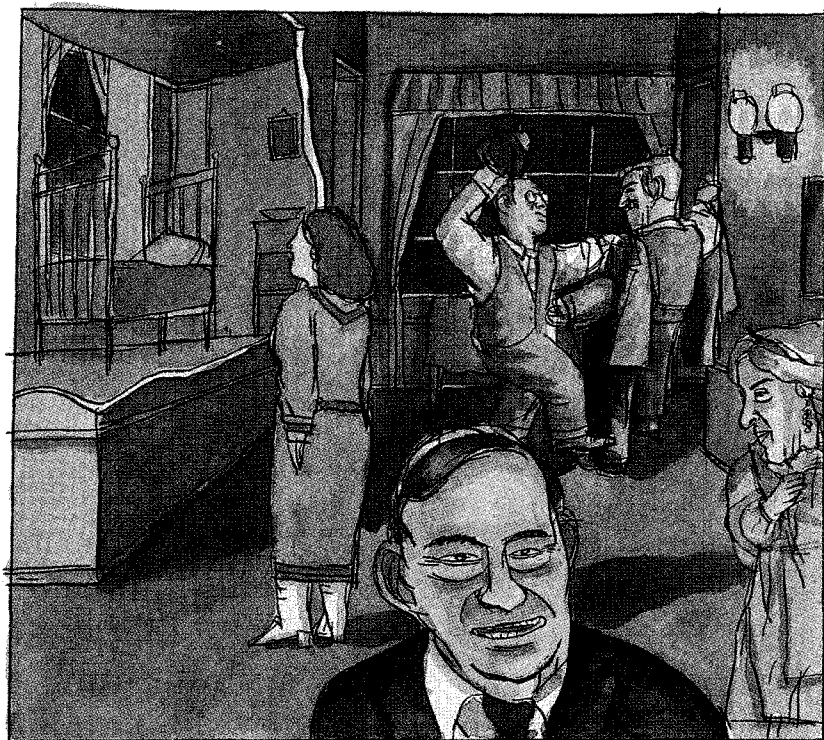
**HELLO, DOLLY!**—Carol Channing reprises the role of Dolly Levi, which she created in the 1963 musical. Lee Roy Reams directs. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

**JAM ON THE GROOVE**—A hip-hop musical by Ghetto-Original. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

**JUNE AND JEAN IN CONCERT**—Continuing its Adrienne Kennedy season, the Signature Theatre Company presents a moving play that is as much an evocation of time and place as it is a coming-of-age story. The title characters, alter egos of the playwright, are twin sisters growing up black and middle class in nineteen-forties Cleveland. Most of their tale unfolds in flashback through a filter of sadness, since much of the family has died, but it is leavened with bursts of humor and warmth. The beautiful set design, by E. David Cosier, divides the stage into different areas of consciousness; the effect is of being allowed into someone's mind. Strong if slightly stogy performances by Eisa Davis and Alicia René Washington as the twins. Directed by James Houghton. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes Dec. 10.)

**JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK**—Sean O'Casey's 1924 tragicomedy, in an Irish Rep production directed by Charlotte Moore. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

**MASTER CLASS**—Zoe Caldwell is Maria Callas in Terrence McNally's examination of the diva as teacher. Leonard Foglia directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

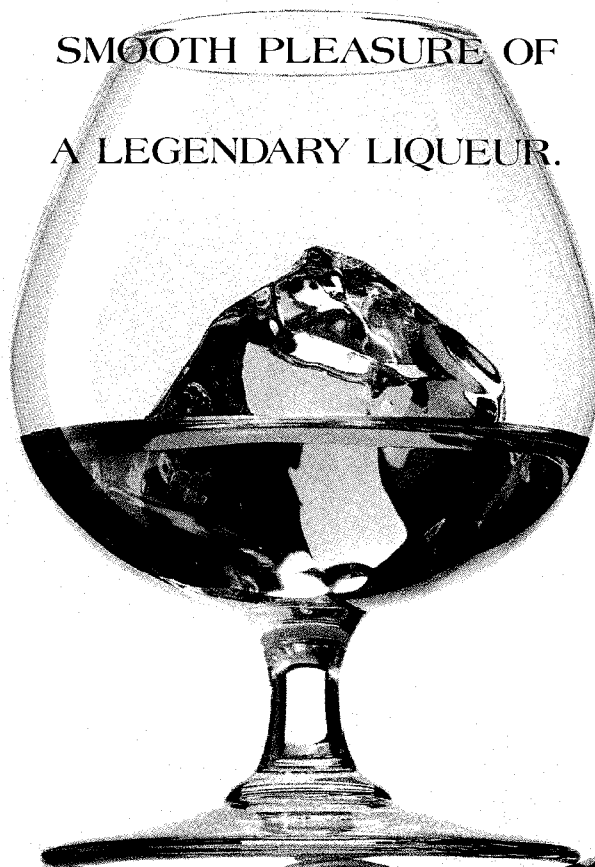


"Double Identity," at the Folksbiene Playhouse.



BENEDICTINE Liqueur and Cognac  
B&B and BENEDICTINE are registered trademarks of Benedictine, S.A.  
© 1985 Imported by Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, FL. Liqueur 40% Alc. by Vol.

TASTE THE WARMTH  
OF FINE COGNAC  
BLENDED WITH THE  
SMOOTH PLEASURE OF  
A LEGENDARY LIQUEUR.



**B&B**  
THE  
COGNAC  
LIQUEUR

Taste the best of both worlds.

# Introducing Membership Rewards.



*The Membership Rewards  
program gives you a world  
of choices. So...*

**If you can't  
find something you  
like here...**

Timberland.<sup>®</sup>  
FTD Direct.  
Saks Fifth Avenue.  
Caswell-Massey.  
Filene's Basement.  
One Step Ahead.



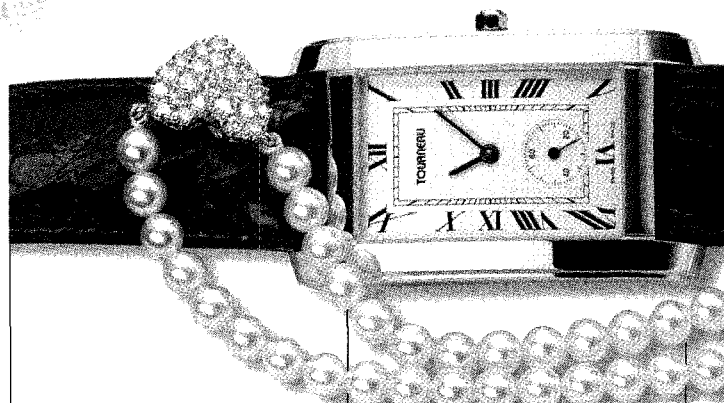
**Maybe you'll find  
it here.**

Delta Air Lines.  
USAir.

Continental.  
Southwest Airlines.  
Swissair.  
Austrian Airlines.  
Sabena.  
EL AL Israel Airlines.  
Aeromexico.  
Mexicana.

**Or here.**

Pfaelzer Brothers.  
K-Paul's Louisiana  
Mail Order.  
H & H Bagels.  
Hale Indian River Groves.  
Clambake Celebrations.  
California Sunshine  
Fine Foods.  
Windsor Vineyards.



**Or here.**

Hertz.  
Budget Rent a Car.  
National Car Rental.

**Or here.**

Marriott.  
ITT Sheraton.  
Hilton.  
Westin.  
Renaissance.

**Or here.**

Tourneau.  
Beverly Clark Collection.  
Fortunoff.



**Or here.**

CompUSA.  
Nobody Beats The Wiz.  
Tower Records.  
Waldenbooks.  
NordicTrack.



**Cards**

Membership Rewards program partners subject to change. The \$25 annual program fee will be waived for the first year. Some Corporate Cards, Optima<sup>®</sup> Cards, and Personal Choice Cards may not be eligible for enrollment. The program fee for some Corporate Cards may be \$50, and terms may vary. ©1995 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.



**MRS. KLEIN**—Two London psychoanalysts—the famous Melanie Klein (Uta Hagen) and her less renowned daughter, Melitta (Laila Robins)—face off in a murderous argument and proceed to browbeat each other with theory. Nicholas Wright's smart though schematic drama dissects Klein's tempestuous relationship with her high-strung daughter (which finally led to estrangement) and shrewdly explores the autobiographical parallels to Klein's seminal

temptress (Everett Quinton) may or may not have dispatched her sugar daddy. Some of the jokes are more subtle than others, but the satire of church, state, and the Hardy Boys is right on target. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

**NEW ENGLAND**—In Richard Nelson's latest comedy, seven Britons and a Frenchwoman living in America gather in Connecticut to mourn a death but end up enacting the playwright's specialty: the harsh comedy of cultural displacement. The crowning irony of their complaints—about the illiteracy of American movies, the low standards of American publishing, and the ineptitude of American actors (a failing this crack cast belies)—is that they've all chosen to live here. Directed by Howard Davies. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

**NIXON'S NIXON**—Russell Lees's new play, set in the White House during a secret meeting on the night before the President's resignation, has reopened. (MCC, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)

**NORTHEAST LOCAL**—Tom Donaghy's play, which begins in the early sixties and ends in the early nineties, stars Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio and Anthony LaPaglia as a working-class couple who come together and then break apart. Both the writing and the performances make for an uneven evening. Mastrantonio is wan, but LaPaglia gives the play an authenticity it wouldn't otherwise have. Also

with Terry Alexander and Eileen Heckart, who is dead on as LaPaglia's acid mother. Gerald Gutierrez directed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**NUNSENSE**—The musical about the order of the Little Sisters of Hoboken, who stage a talent show to raise cash for their convent, gets a limited-run revival directed by Dan Goggin, who wrote the music, book, and lyrics. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

**OLD, WICKED SONGS**—An American pianist in Vienna undergoes a spiritual awakening, in a new play by Jon Marans. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Nov. 26.)

**PATTI LUPONE ON BROADWAY**—The musical-theatre star confirms her place among the divas on the midtown marquees. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

**PICASSO AT THE LAPIN AGILE**—Steve Martin's comedy, set in a Paris bar in 1904, is not so much a play of ideas as a play of notions, about art, science, the twentieth century (oh, *that* old thing). It features Einstein (Mark Nelson) and Picasso (Tim Hopper) sittin' around talkin' about how they're going to change the world, and contains a satisfying amount of Martin's coolly absurdist humor—but there's a certain sourness to the proceedings which may put you off. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

**POR' KNOCKERS**—A group of political activists inadvertently kill several children when they blow up a government building, in Lynn Nottage's latest play. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Dec. 10.)

**RACING DEMON**—A play by David Hare, in which a group of Anglican clergymen confronts the problems of operating a parish in inner-city London. Directed by Richard Eyre. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**RIFF RAFF**—In this drama written and directed by Laurence Fishburne, three desperate men (Fishburne, Titus Welliver, and Heavy D) hole up on the Lower East Side and sort through the residue of a botched robbery attempt. The play strains to make its point about the way loyalties shift among old friends, and the direction is often not as taut as it might be, but there are enough white-hot moments to hold the audience's interest. Heavy D's rap recitation late in the show is worth the price



Bill Irwin and David Shiner, in "Fool Moon."

thesis on the effects of parental neglect. Robins is excellent; Hagen is brilliant. (11/20/95) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

**THE MONOGAMIST**—In Christopher Kyle's new play, a self-absorbed middle-aged poet (Arliss Howard), whose collection glorifying fidelity has just been roundly panned, comes home to find his wife (Lisa Emery), a feminist-lit professor, in the sack with her one male student. His reaction is to numbly bed a student of his own and give up poetry for videomaking. Scott Elliott's staging is imaginative, Derek McLane's sets are clever, and the performances (especially Caroline Seymour's poetry-show host) are wicked and witty. But Kyle's characters (and their situations) are so neatly drawn that—in spite of his sure and funny intergenerational dialogue—nothing unexpected develops. What starts out as a satire of the monogamy myth ends up as just one more sad little story about a midlife crisis. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

**MOON OVER BUFFALO**—Ken Ludwig's backstage farce is as forgettable as Carol Burnett (whose last Broadway appearance was thirty years ago) is not: our reigning red-headed queen of comedy is delightful to behold. Tom Moore directed. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**MOONLIGHT**—In Harold Pinter's first full-length play since 1978, Jason Robards is both avuncular and acrimonious in the role of a dying man whose sons refuse to visit him; Blythe Danner, who plays his wife, conveys silent torment through her superbly expressive eyes. The director, Karel Reisz, has excavated the suffering beneath their sarcasm and perfectly captured Pinter's sense of dread. Also with Melissa Chasna, Barry McEvoy, and Liev Schreiber. (11/6/95) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

**MOSCOW STATIONS**—Tom Courtenay plays equal parts underground man and commuting mixologist, in an anecdotal two-act monologue adapted from the 1969 samizdat novel (published in 1980) by Venidikt Yerofeyev. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100. Closes Nov. 26.)

**MURDER AT MINSING MANOR: A NANCY-BOYS MYSTERY**—Another antic romp by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company, in which an aging



**Or find  
double points  
here...**

From now until  
December 15, you  
can earn double points  
by using the Card at  
any of our gourmet food  
and retail partners.\*  
It's a little extra gift from  
American Express  
— just in time for  
the holidays.



With the  
Membership Rewards  
program every dollar you  
spend on the  
American Express® Card  
turns into rewards that  
you decide how to use.  
So you can go where you  
want, get what you like,  
and stay where  
you'd prefer to stay.  
It's up to you.  
To enroll, call  
1-800-AXP-EARN.



Cards

\*Promotion does not include Beverly Clark Collection, Airline, Hotel and Car Rental Partners. Offer good Nov. 1–Dec. 15, 1995.

## GOOD COMPANY.



SOME SAY THE SWEATER IS A PERFECT COMPANION. COMFORTING. UNDEMANDING. EASY TO UNDERSTAND. ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA ASSEMBLES A WHOLE GROUP OF SUCH FRIENDS IN A SUPERLATIVE KNITWEAR COLLECTION. CARDIGANS AND PULLOVERS OF THE FINEST NATURAL FIBERS. LIGHTER WEIGHT VESTS AND CREWNECKS IN SUPERFINE KNITS. CASHMERE, CASHMERE/SILK BLENDS. MERINOS AND WOOL/SILK MIXES. BRING ONE HOME. YOU'LL FIND YOU'RE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER.



### Ermenegildo Zegna

AT HOME ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

NEW YORK 743 FIFTH AVENUE (212) 421-4488  
HOURS: MON.-WED., FRI.-SAT. 10-7 THU. 10-8 SUN. 12-6

BEVERLY HILLS 301 N. RODEO DRIVE (310) 247-8827  
COSTA MESA SOUTH COAST PLAZA (714) 444-1534

of admission. (Circle Repertory Company, 159 Bleecker St. 239-6200. Closes Dec. 3.)  
**THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**—The Acting Company's staging of Sheridan's 1777 comedy of manners, starring Simon Jones and Tony Randall. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

**SWINGING ON A STAR**—A stylish, heartfelt showcase for Johnny Burke's songs. The cast and band are nearly perfect; the show was written and directed by Michael Leeds and choreographed, brilliantly, by Kathleen Marshall. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**THE TEMPEST**—The New York Shakespeare Festival's Central Park production, starring Patrick Stewart and directed by George C. Wolfe, has moved indoors. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**VICTOR/VICTORIA**—Julie Andrews has returned to Broadway to star, with Tony Roberts and Michael Nouri, in a theatrical version of the 1982 movie. But trying to deliver with this show's generic score (by Henry Mancini) and patchwork book (by Blake Edwards, who also directed) is like trying to start a fire with sodden wood: she creates smoke but no heat. The leggy Rachel York, as a blond bimbo, at least enjoys herself—and the audience enjoys her, too. (11/20/95) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

**WAKE UP CALL**—Camryn Manheim takes center stage with her autobiographical solo comedy "Wake Up, I'm Fat!" in the Public's three-week festival of performance art, cabaret, and monologues. (425 Lafayette St. For more information, call 260-2400. Closes Nov. 26.)

**THE WARM-UP**—Sammy Shore's one-man comedy about his career as the opening act for such stars as Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

**ZOMBIES FROM THE BEYOND**—James Valcq's musical sendup of fifties science-fiction movies takes an irreverent look at America's naïve fascination with space exploration and all the Cold War paranoia that went with it. The many songs are funny ("Don't just deter 'em, massacre 'em!"), and the cast—particularly Claire Morkin, as the competent ingénue who has to save the world's men from the lascivious Zombettes, and Jeremy Czarniak, as a lovesick delivery boy whose earnest tap dancing helps rescue the planet—is cartoonish perfection. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076.)

### LONG RUNS

**AFTER-PLAY:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DEATH DEFYING ACTS:** Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **HAVING OUR SAY:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE HEIRESS:** Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PARTY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFE:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **SWINGTIME CANTEN:** Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **SYLVIA:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

## DANCE

**"THE NUTCRACKER"**—The New York City Ballet returns with its holiday heartwarmer. The performance schedule caters to early bedtimes, so read those tickets carefully. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Nov. 24 at 8, Nov. 25 at 2 and 8, Nov. 26 at 1 and 5, and Nov. 28 at 6. "The Nutcracker" continues through Dec. 31.)

**LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY**—The modern-dance repertory company revives four pieces by Doris Humphrey, and presents works by Garth Fagan, Donald McKayle, Phyllis Lamhut, Daniel Nagrin, Ralph Lemon, and, of course, the company's founder, José Limón. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 22 and Nov. 24 at 8, Nov. 25 at 2 and 8, and Nov. 26 at 2 and 7:30.)



*The Limón Dance Company, at the Joyce.*

**FRESH TRACKS**—Dance Theatre Workshop continues its emerging-choreographers series (Doug Elkins, Molissa Fenley, and Bill T. Jones are among the alumni) with six new works: the solos "White Tomb," by Eun Me Ahn, and "Can You . . .," by Theresa Reeves; the duets "fine fine," by Karinne Keithley, "Dinner, Tickets, Five Dollars, and a Hat," by Regina Neiman, and "De Pie," by Daniela Pinto and Noemi Segarra; and the ensemble piece "Rosita's Daughter," by Susana Szperling. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 28 at 8.)

**ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE**—The twelve-member travelling troupe, whose core consists of outstanding students from the Ailey training school, presents "Meridians," by Andre Tyson, "Escapades," by Ailey, and "Three Dances with Army Blankets," by Daniel Shapiro and Joanie Smith. (Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Nov. 25 at 8.)

**IMPROVISATION FESTIVAL/N.Y.**—Nine dance venues, an art gallery, and a bookstore join forces over the next fortnight to sponsor a full-service festival (classes, concerts, lectures, workshops, jams) devoted to improvised dance. Nov. 26 at 3: Group improvisation by Richard Bull and six dancers, and solos by Pauline de Groot and Jon Weaver. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194.) . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: Mark Landsman (solo), Gregory Lara, Renata Arnedo and Anthony Coleman (trio), and the seasoned team of Tina Croll, Douglas Dunn, Kenneth King, and Wendy Perron. (Movement Research at Judson Church, 55 Washington Square S. The performance is free; for reservations, which are required, call 477-6854.)

MARCELLUS HALL



## NIGHT LIFE

Avant Guardian

**T**IME was we ostracized our visionaries; these days we're apt to give them "genius" awards and a week at the Knitting Factory. Take, for instance, the composer, theoretician, multi-instrumentalist, and 1994 MacArthur fellow Anthony Braxton, who's in the midst of a six-night festival (through November 26) at the avant-garde epicenter. A perennial enigma, Braxton has been up, down, and in between, moving from renegade new-jazz origins in the sixties to critically acclaimed arithmetic bop in the seventies and on to his structurally secure but largely ignored eighties output. Today, at fifty, he's a certified legend with the grant and the gig to prove it.

None of which makes his work any easier to swallow. Braxton can be alienating: free jazz, modernist classical, and twisted bop all get attended to (often at the same time), but they're assembled into music with an idiosyncratic (and occasionally opaque) logic. And there's plenty of it, too. At the Knit Braxton will present a different configuration in two sets every night, from solo saxophone to big-band ensembles. Assumptions, rest assured, will be messed with. And think about this: though he's a master of almost the entire reed family, Braxton now leads a bebop quintet—from the piano.

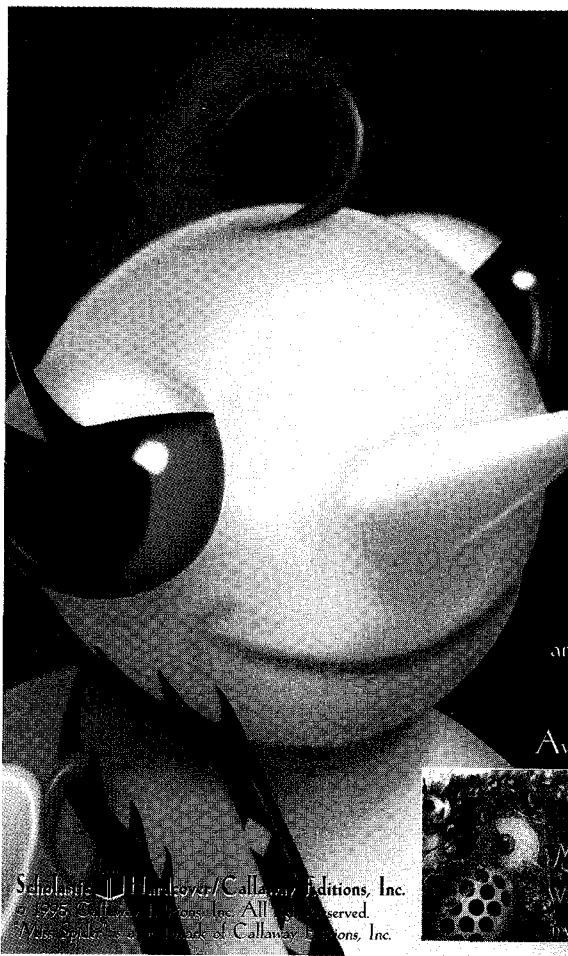
## CONCERTS

**KING CRIMSON**—The darkest of the original English art rockers, Crimson has always been a chameleon: over the past twenty-five years the group has dabbled in everything from Celtic folk to industrial funk. Their 1995 CD, "Thrak," appeared after an eleven-year hiatus, but it didn't generate the kind of sales enjoyed by such other art-rock institutions as Pink Floyd and Yes. Crimson remains best known for giving the world Robert Fripp, the cerebral inventor of Frippertronics and the finest electric guitarist ever to play sitting down. (Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nov. 22 and Nov. 24-25 at 8.)

**SQUEEZE**—Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook return; the Lennon and McCartney of eighties pop brought us classics like "Tempted" and "Black Coffee in Bed." With the excellent guitarist and singer-songwriter Francis Dunnery. (Academy, 234 W. 43rd St. 307-7171. Nov. 22 at 8.)

**THE CRAMPS / MAN... OR ASTRO-MAN**—The Cramps have been making ghoulish, B-movie rockabilly for more than a decade now. On record, their haunted-house shtick can be tiresome (though the band's last release, "Flamejob," was their best work in years), but live, vocalist Lux Interior and guitarist Poison Ivy can still raise the dead. / These space-age stowaways from Alabama play lo-fi surf punctuated with sci-fi samples from the fifties; they are rumored to be touring with a theremin and a six-foot-tall tesla coil. Drag racing, double agents, and interplanetary travel are among the many issues addressed in their instrumentals. (Academy. Nov. 24 at 8.)

**PRIMUM / THE MEAT PUPPETS**—Imagine virtuoso musicianship in a head-on collision with duncapped punk attitude and you've got the concept behind this cheerfully demented California trio. On its latest album, "Tales from the Punchbowl," the group's bassist/lyricist, Les Claypool, tackles the big issues the way he



Eight lovely legs.  
A heart of gold.  
And a fabulous sense of style.  
The one, the only Miss Spider.

She's found her mate  
and you've found the perfect gift  
*Miss Spider's Wedding*  
by David Kirk  
Available at bookstores everywhere.

Scholastic Harcourt/Callaway Editions, Inc.  
225 Callaway Editions, Inc. All rights reserved.  
Miss Spider is a trademark of Callaway Editions, Inc.





The first high-fidelity system with a Napoleon complex.

It may be small. But the Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system is definitely an overachiever. The unit holds a compact disc player (or cassette), AM/FM radio, and Bose's patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. And produces a rich, natural sound quality comparable to audio systems costing thousands of dollars. We know, that's hard to believe. So we're ready to prove it. Call or write now for our complimentary guide to this award-winning system. Because, like the system itself, it is only available **BOSE®** direct from Bose. *Better sound through research®*



Name \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Call 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. W324.

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, The Mountain,  
Dept. CDD-W324, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

tackles weird time signatures—with nose-thumbing nonchalance. Inspirational verse: "Is there heaven/Is there hell/Is that tuna melt I smell?"/Over the past fifteen years, the Meat Puppets have evolved from an independent country-punk trio into a major-label alternative-rock band. The band's last album, "Too High to Die," earned a gold record, but the group received wider recognition when Kurt Cobain acknowledged them as a primary inspiration. The just-released "No Joke!" is stronger than their previous efforts—which is saying a lot; it recalls the dry, sweet spirit of their early records: country roots, blues-metal crunch, wistful harmonies and lyrics. (Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 24 at 8.)

**ARLO GUTHRIE**—Woody's son celebrates a special anniversary: thirty years ago, the draft-eligible folksinger was arrested in Housatonic, Massachusetts, for loitering near Trinity Church—home to a certain restaurateur named Alice Brock. The rest, as they say, is history. Guthrie's delightful new children's book, "Moose Come Walking," features illustrations by none other than the fabled cook herself. With Pete Seeger. (Carnegie Hall, 247-7800. Nov. 24-25 at 8.)

**THE GLORY SINGERS**—The gospel ensemble. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800. Nov. 25 at 8:30.)

**MANDY PATINKIN**—Singing Broadway standards and songs from his new album, "Oscar and Steve," in a benefit performance for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. Nov. 27 at 8. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-7171.)

#### JAZZ AND STANDARDS

*(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)*

**ALCONQUIN HOTEL**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is currently in the midst of an extended run. Dining.

**BIRDLAND**, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Nov. 24-25: The Louis Hayes quintet. Dining.

**BLUE NOTE**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is an institution and knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? Vocalist **DIANNE REEVES** continues through Nov. 26. The following week belongs to **RACHELLE FERRELL** and her trio. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A duskily lit neighborhood bar, where pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, drummers compete for your ear. Truth and beauty usually prevail. Dining.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through New Year's Eve, the great **BOBBY SHORT**. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tinkling, nor has it taken the edge off his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. A fixture at the Carlyle, he can still spin an Ira Gershwin lyric with all the sophistication, humor, and pathos it deserves. Also well served are gems by Duke Ellington, Dorothy Fields, Irving Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening. . . . Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

**FEZ**, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

**FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN**, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A sleek piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel. Dining.

**FIVE SPOT**, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Nov. 24-25: The **JOHN HICKS** trio. Intense, inventive, and garrulous, this pianist combines the harmonic daring and aggressive stance of McCoy Tyner with the romantic fluency of Roland Hanna—not a bad mix. Nov. 28: The **KENWOOD DENNARD** trio. Dining.

**IRIDIUM**, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. Through Nov. 26: the **CARL ALLEN** quintet. If you've visited a few jazz clubs in the past year, chances are good you've seen this drummer. Allen gets the work because he can juice up a band from the first note. He keeps his own group stocked with promising young

#### TABLES FOR TWO Dining around town



**PETROSSIAN**, 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214)—The glory that was Russia! Late-nineteenth-century Russia, that is: the Russia of the czars, of Fabergé's magical contrivances, of silver samovars polished to a shine as luminous as moonlight on Siberian snow . . . which is the atmosphere that the management of Petrossian has cultivated for more than a decade. While there aren't any samovars for sale in the house boutique (which you pass through on your way to the restaurant proper), its patrons seem quite happy with the variety of smoked salmon, foie gras, and caviar it offers—enough to satisfy any sybaritic soul.

The restaurant itself maintains an ambience that even Vronsky and Anna would have considered discreet. At the small expanse of tables between the marble bar and the leather-and-fur banquettes, waiters schooled in the art of unobtrusive service present a superior selection of champagnes and vodkas, French- and Russian-accented haute cuisine, and, of course, caviar—beluga, ossetra, sevruga, and pressed—straight up or with crème fraîche and the perfectly grilled, slightly sweet pancakes known as blini. Flowers abound. Luxurious draperies of pleated crêpe filter the street light into a rosy, muted glow. It falls upon men and women of formidable chic and enough maturity and composure to have withstood New York's social maelstrom and its occasional social revolutions. (Open daily for lunch and dinner.)

players. The **AHMAD JAMAL** quartet takes over on Nov. 28. Instead of mellowing with time, Jamal keeps getting more eccentric. A charming minimalist back in the fifties, the pianist has metamorphosed into a verbose extrovert with his own game plan of stop-and-start rhythms, mood-swing digressions, and catch-me-if-you-can shenanigans with his sidemen. What holds all this perversely fascinating stuff together is technique. Dining.

**KNICKERBOCKER**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. Nov. 24-25: Piano, bass, and drums with **STEVE KUHN**, **DAVID FINCK**, and **BILLY DRUMMOND**. Dining.

**KNITTING FACTORY**, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—The Knit devotes a week to the tricky music of **ANTHONY BRAXTON**. Nov. 22: Braxton (on alto sax) leads his quartet; later that evening, he's on piano, with a quintet. Nov. 23: A quintet featuring Braxton on saxophones. Nov. 24: The Braxton sextet, followed by the Braxton "tentet." Nov. 25-26 are given over to the thirty-five-piece Braxton Tri-Centric Ensemble.

**SMALLS**, 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565)—This aptly named club features up-and-coming play-

ers jamming late into the night. Nov. 28: Charles Meanus Byrd and his eighteen-piece orchestra.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club where the musicians are always top-shelf. Through Nov. 26: the **VICTOR LEWIS** quintet. Drummers don't come any sharper than Lewis. As subtle as he is incisive, with a rhythmic kick akin to a low-level hurricane, he plays his instrument as if it were a piano, extracting shades of color from all over his kit. He's also a canny composer and a more than capable bandleader. The **BEN RILEY** quartet takes over on Nov. 28. A drummer with a gorgeous touch and fastidious taste, Riley leaves his mark on any band he works with: two classic examples are Thelonious Monk's mid-sixties groups and the vibrant Monk tribute band Sphere. For his own gig, he's left the horns behind and brought in vibes and guitar, played by Steve Nelson and Ted Dunbar, respectively. Dining.

**TAVERN ON THE GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The Chestnut Room may resemble a hunting lodge decorated by Liberace, but the performances here are no joke. Case in point: the **ILLINOIS JACQUET** big band, in through Nov. 26. Now in his seventies, the tenor saxophonist is a journeyman survivor whose career highpoints include his famous solo on Lionel Hampton's recording of "Flying Home"; his appearance in Gjon Mili's short film, "Jamin' the Blues"; and his screeching, stomping tenor battles in the fifties, as a member of Jazz at the Philharmonic. In 1983, he decided to put together a big band, and it has become a smooth, highly popular Basie-like combo, easy to dance to and most notable for its leader's sumptuous sound. Dining.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Nov. 26: the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet. With one foot in well-turned bop soil and the other in R. & B. territory, Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. He's got the credentials (he was a first-edition member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, playing alongside Clifford Brown), and his timing, as a bop soloist and as a comic, has never been better. The behemoths of the tenor sax—Don Byas, Gene Ammons, David Murray—hover above **JAMES CARTER** (in for a week starting Nov. 28), whispering their secrets in his ear. A gifted eclectic, Carter also takes on the soprano and the alto sax, the bass clarinet, and the flute. He's still sorting through his influences, but his work screams confidence. Great things are expected. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

**VISIONES**, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—When trumpeter **EDDIE HENDERSON** (Nov. 22-25) first made his mark with Herbie Hancock's spacey early-seventies septet, it sounded like Miles Davis was his main man. It turns out that he's been harboring a thing for Clifford Brown all this time. Now that it's legal to bop again, he's strutting his hard-blowing stuff all over the place. Dining.

**ZINNO**, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. Through Nov. 25: piano, bass, and sax with **JUNIOR MANCE**, **CALVIN HILL**, and **JOE TEMPERLEY**.

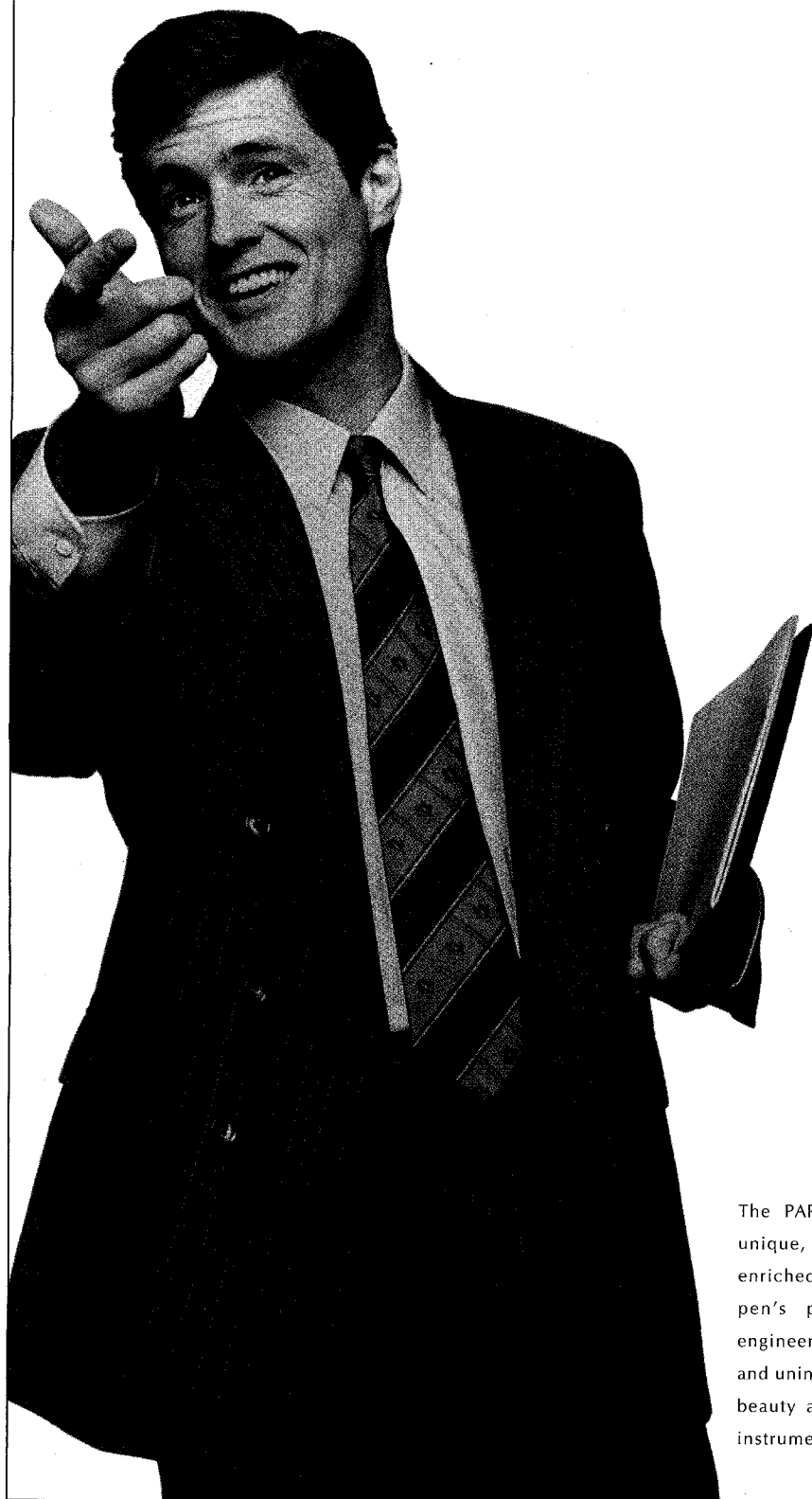
#### ROCK, ETC.

**BLARNEY STAR**, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Former Hot Tuna star **JORMA KAUKONEN** arrives on Nov. 24. On Nov. 25: often hailed as the world's greatest bar band, **NRBQ** can live up to the hype. There just isn't another outfit with such a mastery of virtually every American popular-music idiom, from rockabilly and blues to jazz



NEVER SETTLES FOR SECOND BEST



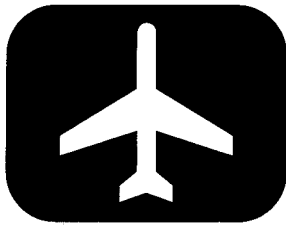
JUST LIKE A PARKER

 **PARKER**  
**DUOFOLD**

The PARKER DUOFOLD Pearl & Black. Each pen is unique, with a delicate pearl-like exterior, veined black, enriched by heavy 23K gold plated trim. The fountain pen's performance is enhanced by a precisely engineered ink flow system designed to give a smooth and uninterrupted flow to your writing, giving long lasting beauty and performance. Like all new PARKER writing instruments, it now comes with a Full Lifetime Warranty.

Fountain pen shown, \$345.\* The PARKER DUOFOLD collection includes a wide range of other finishes. Fountain Pens, Roller Balls, Ball Pens and Pencils available from \$150 to \$345.\* For the store nearest you, call 1-800-BEST PEN. ©1995 Parker Pen USA Limited. \*Suggested retail price.

Bloomingdale's



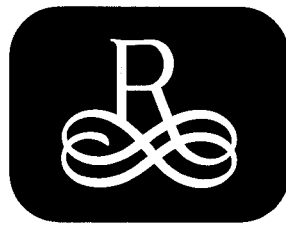
When you're traveling,



there's a symbol for



just about everything.



And this is the symbol for  
"fine hotels."

With 75 locations in  
24 countries, chances are  
there's a Renaissance right  
where you need one.

Call your travel agent or  
**1-800-HOTELS-1.**

*Renaissance, a name you can  
be comfortable with.™*

  
**RENAISSANCE**  
HOTELS AND RESORTS

and swing. Nov. 27: **SUSAN MC KEOWN AND THE CHANTING HOUSE.**

**BROWNIES**, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Nov. 22: Thin Lizard Dawn, Nov. 24: The Gefkins.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. Nov. 24: Shirley Temple of Doom....

¶ Next door, the neat and comfortable testament to gentrification called CB's Gallery plays host (Nov. 22-25) to the organ-driven sounds of **MEDESKI, MARTIN AND WOOD.**

**CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S.**, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—Nov. 22-25: Guitarist and singer **LI'L ED WILLIAMS.**

**CONTINENTAL DIVIDE**, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, poseurs, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. Live music nightly.

**THE COOLER**, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—A lavender and stainless-steel vault deep in the heart of the meat district. Nov. 24: Ska with **MEPHISKAPHELES.** Nov. 25: A tribute to Jimi Hendrix, featuring **NONA HENDRIX** and **RASHIED ALI.**

**DON HILL's**, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. Friday night is SqueezeBox, a vinyl-and-velvet gay glamfest, hosted by Mistress Formika.

**IRVING PLAZA**, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Nov. 24-25: **GOD STREET WINE.** Nov. 28: **ELEKTRAFIXION**, a new band featuring former members of Echo and the Bunnymen. With **ECHOBELLY.** ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday. The dancers share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

**MAXWELL's**, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201-798-4064)—Born in Kansas and raised in Hoboken, **FREEDY JOHNSTON** (Nov. 24-25) has a knack for churning out exacting folk-rock with a convincing Midwestern twang; his songs bristle with careful detail and piercing language. His mostly perfect "This Perfect World" captured a misshapen planet inhabited by broken folks pushed to desperate measures. He should know: he sold the family farm to support his career, an experience chronicled on his superior 1992 record, "Can You Fly" (which began with the line "Well, I sold the dirt to feed the band"). Reap the benefits at what has become an increasingly rare hometown gig.

**MERCURY LOUNGE**, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Nov. 24: Flat Duo Jets. Nov. 25: Adam Roth.

**NELL's**, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to funk, techno-pop, and, sometimes, jazz.

**PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR**, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—

**BLACK 47** usually plays on Saturdays, and **Speir Mor** (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. **Séisiún**—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

**LES POULETS**, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Dining.

## RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

*Songs from our own hit parade.*

### ENDORPHINMACHINE

(¶, "The Gold Experience").

### SWEET OLD WORLD

(Emmylou Harris, "Wrecking Ball").

**THE BOY RACER** (Morrissey, "Southpaw Grammar").

**HERE COMES THE RAIN** (The Mavericks, "Music for All Occasions").

**ONLY HAPPY WHEN IT RAINS** (Garbage, "Garbage").

**NO SKY** (Dan Zanes, "Cool Down Time").

**IF YOU COULD LOVE ME** (Edwyn Collins, "Gorgeous George").

**KISS AND TELL** (G. Love & Special Sauce, "Coast to Coast Motel").

**DON'T LOOK BACK IN ANGER** (Oasis, "(What's the Story) Morning Glory?").

**COUNTRY HOUSE** (Blur, "The Great Escape").

**COFFEE SHOP** (Red Hot Chili Peppers, "One Hot Minute").

**ACCIDENT PRONE** (Jawbreaker, "Dear You").

**MRS. YOU AND ME** (Smoking Popes, "Born to Quit").

**RAINBOW & STARS**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. Taking her cues from gospel and swing, **RUTH BROWN** (here through mid-December) has a lithe, intuitive style of R. & B. singing. The definitive collection of her work is a 1989 anthology called "Miss Rhythm," and it's got the right name.... ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

**S.O.B.'s**, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Nov. 25: **THE MIGHTY SPARROW.** Percussionist **VINX** begins a two-night run on Nov. 28. Dining.

**TRAMPS**, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—**CHEAP TRICK** resurfaces on Nov. 22. This late-seventies Rockford, Illinois, quartet had the wherewithal to combine the punk spirit of the Ramones with the pop instinct of the Raspberries. The sum was often less than the components, but the band lived up to its name with enviable relish; they may have been the ultimate put-on, but they were a

hell of a good time. Rick Nielsen has put away the ten-neck guitar, and the band recently turned up on TV covering "Cold Turkey," John Lennon's stark ode to withdrawal, but you can expect the guys to break out an ample supply of hooks, licks, and smirks. Nov. 24-25: The **SAW DOCTORS.** With **MIKE PETERS**, formerly of the Alarm.

**WEBSTER HALL**, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

**WETLANDS**, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Nov. 24-25: Moe. The **ZEN TRICKSTERS** bring a little summer-of-love grooviness by on Nov. 28.



*Anthony Braxton, at the Knitting Factory.*

MAX MILLER



## ART

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

(All of the museums and libraries listed will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—“Rembrandt/Not Rembrandt.” Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ “Howard Hodgkin: Paintings 1975-1995,” a survey of the British abstract colorist’s career. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ “Goya in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.” Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Black-and-white photographs by Hiroshi Sugimoto, chosen from three different series: “Seascapes,” “Motion Pictures,” and “Hall of Thirty-three Bays.” Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ “John Singleton Copley in America,” seventy-five portraits of affluent Bostonians and New Yorkers, done before the artist packed up for London in 1775. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—“Piet Mondrian: 1872-1944,” a hundred and sixty paintings and drawings, and a re-creation of the artist’s last studio. Through Jan. 23. . . . ¶ “Alfred Stieglitz at Lake George,” a large trove of photographs from the twenties and thirties, many never before exhibited, taken at Stieglitz’s upstate retreat. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Uta Barth, Joseph Bartscherer, Ulrich Görlich, and Eric Rondepierre have contributed new photographs and site-specific installations to “New Photography 11.” Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Carrie Mae Weems’s installation for the “Projects” series combines photographs, texts, wallpaper, and decorative objects. Through Jan. 2. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

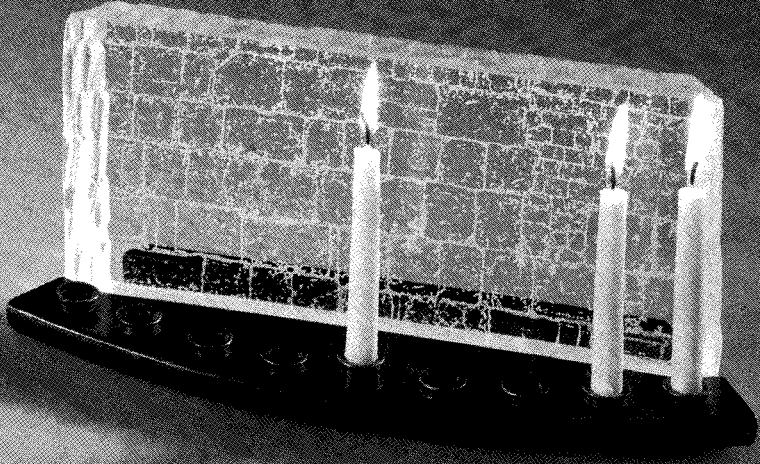
**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—“Claes Oldenburg: An Anthology.” Curator Germano Celant’s selection of Oldenburg’s work goes a long way toward recalling the radicalism of the Pop progenitor’s immensely influential performances, installations, and soft sculptures. Wisely emphasizing the artist’s work through the early seventies, Celant soft-pedals the “humorous” large-scale public commissions that have been the heart of his activity since. The museum has also managed a coup: an enormous soft shuttlecock has been created especially for this exhibition; installed on one of the upper tiers, its white tendrils spill over the railing like the unruly hair of an abstract Medusa. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ “Joel-Peter Witkin,” a mid-career retrospective of the photographer’s astonishing and horrifying oeuvre. Through Jan. 14. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo**, 575 Broadway—Fluorescent-light sculptures from 1963 to 1987 by Dan Flavin. Through Nov. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Shifting cultural paradigms, man. “Beat Culture and the New America: 1950-1965” chronicles the works, and cross-pollinations, of the poets, painters, musicians, photographers, and filmmakers who took their aesthetics from the street. Among the cats on view are Rivers, Corso, Ginsberg, Kaprow, Kerouac, Conner, DeFeo, and Berman. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ “Robert Frank: Moving Out,” a large retrospective of the photographer’s career. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—“To the Ends of the Earth” includes fossils, field equipment, maps, and memorabilia from fifteen of the museum’s fossil-hunting expeditions—from Medicine Bow, Wyoming, in 1901, to the current Gobi Desert digs. Through Dec. 10. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—“A Slice of Schiaparelli: Surrealism in Fashion.” Fifty



**ST EUBEN**  
Timeless • Elegant • American

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street 212 752-1441 • Stamford Town Center 203 969-7295  
Americana at Manhasset 516 869-8150 • Corning Glass Center 607 974-8584  
New Western Wall Menorah 1995. To order or for a catalog (\$5), call 800 424-4240.

©1995 Corning Incorporated

## Always wanted to learn another language?



**Living Language™**  
**All the Way™** is the  
most comprehensive,  
effective, and easy-to-use



language program available. Learn at home and on the go with these deluxe courses that offer the highest quality instruction at the lowest price. With each package you'll receive eight hours of recordings, along with a manual that includes dialogues, grammar, cultural notes, and a glossary for easy reference.



Also available in Spanish and Italian.



The best-selling language programs that make learning a pleasure  
At bookstores everywhere, or call toll-free 1-800-793-BOOK



**MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB**

**"A DELICIOUS AND DIZZY NEW COMEDY."**

—Vincent Canby,  
The New York Times



**Sylvia**

THE ROMANTIC COMEDY HIT

**"HYSTERICAL!"**

—Liz Smith

★★★★★

—David Patrick Stearns, USA Today

**SYLVIA**  
by A. R. GURNEY  
directed by JOHN TILLINGER

**JOHN HOUSEMAN THEATRE**  
450 West 42nd St. Tele-charge: 212-239-6200

**AUCTIONS AT SWANN**

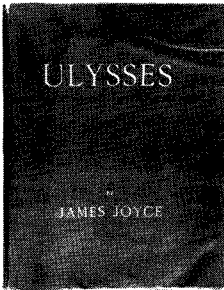
December 7 at 10:30 a.m.

**MAPS & ATLASES  
DECORATIVE GRAPHICS  
EPHEMERA**

Illustrated Catalogue \$25

December 14 at 10:30 a.m.

**MODERN LITERATURE**



**ULYSSES**  
JAMES JOYCE

First edition, one of 150 copies, Paris, 1922.

Catalogue \$10

For preview hours and newsletter,  
please call Swann at (212) 254-4710.

IAO Member International Association of Auctioneers

**SWANN GALLERIES**  
104 East 25th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

examples of the stylish inspirations of Elsa Schiaparelli (1890-1973): evening gloves with reptilian scales; a day suit with metallic ladybugs, grasshoppers, and cockroaches creeping across it; a hat of celluloid grapes; and more. . . . Human figures arise from root and boulder shapes in Alison Saar's sculptures "Tree Souls" and "Stone Souls." . . . "Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism: 20th-Century German Prints at The Brooklyn Museum." Through Jan. 14. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: American Painter," a retrospective of large geometric abstractions, most of them on oddly shaped canvases, by an eighty-nine-year-old artist who was inspired sixty years ago by his first sight of a Mondrian. Through Jan. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Craft in the Machine Age, 1920-1945," a host of objects—furniture, textiles, vases, turned bowls, cocktail shakers, crystal—whose creation was influenced by modernist aspects of Scandinavian, French, and Bauhaus design. Through Feb. 25. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Russian Jewish Artists in a Century of Change, 1890-1990," a large exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphic works by fifty artists, including Eric Bulatov, Léon Bakst, Marc Chagall, Ilya Kabakov, El Lissitzky, and Komar & Melamid. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45; and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fantasy and Reality: Drawings from the Sunny Crawford von Bülow Collection." The forty-six pieces on view, from a small, tightly focussed collection, form a delightful sequence of little masterworks from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, mostly by French and Italian draftsman. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Edvard Munch and Harald Sohlberg: Landscapes of the Mind." The season's most beautiful and exciting show presents a conspectus of the work of two turn-of-the-century Norwegian painters. Munch is represented by many of his finest canvases, including the mesmerizing "Madonna," and "Vampire," a vampiric scene of a couple kissing which virtually tingles with horror. "The Scream" is here, too, in lithograph form. Sohlberg's vision was more uplifting than harrowing; he specialized in mountain landscapes at dusk (when the arctic horizon was ablaze) and afterward. He executed "Winter Night in the Mountains" in the dead of night, using an acetylene torch to keep his paints (and, presumably, himself) from freezing. Most of the paintings, which are on loan from public and private collections in Norway, have never before been exhibited in this country. Through Jan. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5:30; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

#### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

**RED GROOMS**—Several new "sculpto-pictoramas," the artist's moniker for his mixed-medium painted sculptures, and a life-size version of a New York City bus. Visitors to the Whitney's recent Florine Stettin retrospective may be surprised to find parallels in Grooms's meticulously detailed environments, which include Saks, the Plaza, Rockefeller Center, and Canal Street—they all have an unmistakable doll-house quality. The sculptor offers a wealth of precise observation: regulars at the 26th Street flea market say they can discern specific vendors in Grooms's re-creation. Through Nov. 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**PETER HALLEY**—Perhaps it's fitting that this leading exponent of Neo-Geo is exhibiting

his smart and calculated abstractions in the same gallery that shows Mondrian: reductionist modernism comes full circle. The three paintings on display are imposing, color-coordinated, and devastatingly chic. Through Dec. 9. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

**ROBERT MOSKOWITZ**—Recent paintings. The twist in this veteran's brand of minimalism is that his central image is always something familiar and, usually, phallic: a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. Through Dec. 9. (Helman, 20 W. 57th St. . . . Recent drawings by Moskowitz are at Markey, 55 Vandam St., through Dec. 16.)

**SIGMAR POLKE**—Paintings from the late sixties through 1980 by one of the creators of Germany's answer to Pop art, capitalist realism. Here he experiments with unusual materials and often achieves mordantly witty effects; in "Dürer-hare" (1970), for example, he renders Albrecht Dürer's famous beast, in outline, using elastic bands on wood. Through Jan. 6. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

**PHILIP SMITH**—Big oil-and-wax paintings on linen. Smith mixes graphic incisions, usually made with a screwdriver or some other metal tool, with abstract decorative elements—grids, stripes, and polka dots; a hermetic, personal symbolism, blending motifs from both Eastern and Western cultures, characterizes his iconography. Through Dec. 2. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**TONY SMITH (1912-80)**—A rare show of works on paper in a variety of mediums, including graphite, watercolor, gouache, ink, and collage, by the late-blooming minimalist sculptor (he had been an architect by profession). Through Jan. 13. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**SAUL STEINBERG**—Drawings and "tables," from the forties through the eighties, by the New Yorker artist. The tables are relief assemblages incorporating the artist's tools: pencils, paint brushes, palettes, rubber stamps, etc., all mounted on wood. Through Dec. 9. (Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St.)

**"PULP COVER PAINTINGS"**—More than fifty of those shockers that made thirties and forties zines like *The Shadow*, *Doc Savage*, and *Amazing Stories* fly off the shelves. Through Nov. 28. (Jensen, 48 E. 73rd St.)

**"THE FRACTURED FORM: EXPRESSIONISM AND THE HUMAN BODY"**—The fragmented modern condition, as seen in the works of such Austrian and German Expressionists as Lovis Corinth, Hannah Höch, Egon Schiele, and Gustav Klimt. Through Jan. 6. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**"NARRATIVE"**—Paintings, photographs, and photocollages that demonstrate disparate ways that contemporary artists go about telling stories. The artists featured are Frank Moore, Tina Barney, Fred Tomaselli, Christopher Brown, William Wegman, and John O'Reilly. Through Dec. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**SHORT LIST**—**ALICE DALTON BROWN**, Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 16. . . . **LEONORA CARRINGTON**, Brewster, 41 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 20. . . . **CATHERINE LEE**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 23. . . . **MEDIE MAC PHEE**, Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 16. . . . **DARRAGH PARK**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 16. . . . **BEVERLY PEPPER**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 2. . . . **PAUL RESIKA**, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; through Dec. 2. . . . **DOUG SAFRANEK**, Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. Through Dec. 23. . . . **DAVID SALLE**, Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Through Dec. 2. . . . **JONATHAN SILVER**, Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Through Dec. 23. . . . **FRANK STELLA**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through Jan. 6. Also at Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Dec. 16. . . . **JUAN USLÉ**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 25.

#### GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

**JOHN CURRIN**—Oils by a programmatically naughty young painter; the leitmotiv is the large breasts of saccharine blond nymphs. Call it Fragonard for the "Beavis and Butt-



## Eternal beauty.

Designing a beautiful watch is a challenge. Creating a watch whose beauty will last year after year seems impossible.

Presenting the impossible: La Coupole 'C ramique.' A watch more comfortable than any you've ever worn with its slightly curved sapphire crystal and high-tech ceramics bracelet.

Made by Swiss craftsmen, with a precision quartz movement in a water-resistant case, La Coupole 'C ramique' sets a new standard for the fusion of technology and design. For men and women.

*A different world*



*The dome-like scratchproof sapphire crystal is bonded to a case and bracelet of scratchproof high-tech ceramics (similar to those used in spacecraft).*

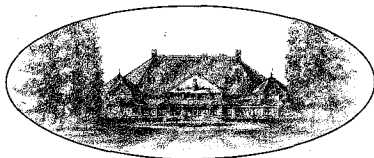
**RADO**  
Switzerland

**fortunoff**  
the source®

Fifth Ave. and Westbury, New York. Woodbridge, Wayne and Paramus, New Jersey. Call toll free: (800) 937-4376.

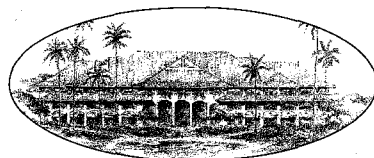
Rado, A division of SMH (US) Inc., 35 East 21 St., New York, NY 10010

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*The Lodge at Koele*

*The  
island  
less  
travelled.*



*The Manele Bay Hotel*

If you believe paradise begins where the madding crowd ends, we've the perfect destination. The sanctity of Lana'i, where you'll find two tropical resorts rated among the best in the world by the readers of *Condé Nast Traveler*. Along with pearl white beaches, championship golf, snorkeling and, of course, unparalleled cuisine. It's the difference between having it all, and having it all to yourself. Contact your travel consultant or call 1-800-321-4666.

**LANA'I**  
Hawaii



head" set. Currin's misogyny is too relentlessly arch to be termed antifeminist, but just what he's getting at is rather hard to figure. Through Nov. 25. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

**R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER (1895-1983) / THOMAS NOZKOWSKI**—Drawings, photographs, and blueprints related to the engineer-architect's projects, including the "4D" house, the "Dymaxion" auto and house, and many geodesic domes. / "An Autobiography," a series of small abstract paintings inspired by important events in the artist's life, all of which took place along a hundred-mile stretch of the Hudson River. Both shows through Dec. 2. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

**AL HANSEN (1927-95)**—More than fifty pieces, from the early sixties on, by the "happenings" pioneer and all-around enfant terrible, who died in June. Through Dec. 2. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 54 St. Marks Pl. Open Thursdays through Saturdays, 2 to 6.)

**MIKE KELLEY**—"Toward a Utopian Arts Complex," a sometimes bewildering installation by the grunge Conceptualist; it includes recreations of the artist's student paintings from 1974 to 1976 and a sprawling white model city composed of reconstructions (based on fractured recollections) of every school he attended, from Catholic grammar school through Cal Arts. Playing off the recent popular obsession with repressed memory, Kelley construes the whole of his art education as a form of institutionalized abuse (Hans Hofmann is cast as the chief abuser). The installation requires a lot of work; the reward is a jaundiced perspective that is as funny as it is self-serving. Through Nov. 25. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**KAREN KLIMNIK**—"Witchcraft, the Craft," a series of small, luscious, witty oil paintings with elements from Gainsborough and Reynolds, Calvin Klein ad campaigns, and such antiquated Pop taffy as "Bewitched" and Polanski's "The Fearless Vampire Killers," by a young artist with an enchantingly twisted sensibility. Through Dec. 22. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

**ROBERT MANGOLD**—"Curved Plane/Figure Paintings," a new series by the minimalist painter, featuring a primarily orange and umber palette. Mangold's paintings have a confident grandeur, and like the best minimalist art they generate a plethora of variations within a stringently delimited vocabulary of forms. Through Nov. 25. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

**BRICE MARDEN**—A large group of new paintings and drawings by a first-rank abstractionist. Marden's lines, thicker and lusher than ever, swell and buckle in an amorphous space; whereas previously they kept clear of the edges, now they seem to cling to the perimeter as if seeking refuge from an unstructured picture plane. Through Jan. 14. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ A show of Marden's drawings is at Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St., through Dec. 2.)

**RICHARD PRINCE**—Something different from the inspired subversive who in the past has appropriated magazine and advertising imagery (most famously the Marlboro Man) and given us paintings and drawings involving cartoons and one-liners. These new works feature dense brushwork, and the jokes have morphed into hand-painted lyrics. Through Dec. 22. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

**GERHARD RICHTER**—A mini-retrospective of twenty-four photo-based paintings, from 1963 to 1987, by the German artist. Through Jan. 13. (Luhning Augustine, 130 Prince St. . . . ¶ Richter's comprehensive "Atlas" is at Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

**"PASTE-UP: PAST AND PRESENT"**—A survey of art works made with pasteup and photocollage techniques, by Max Ernst, John Heartfield, Jess, Barbara Kruger, Man Ray, Mark Tansey, and others. Through Dec. 23. (Kent, 67 Prince St.)

**"CODE"**—A large convocation of the latest in digitally created art. "Osmose," Char Davies'

virtual environment, induces contemplation rather than excitement. There are also several interactive pieces and some World Wide Web art works. Through Dec. 2. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

**SHORT LIST**—**BETH B.**, P.P.O.W. 532 Broadway. Through Dec. 22. . . . **JOHN BALDESSARI**, Lowinsky, 578 Broadway. Through Nov. 30. . . . **FRANCESCO CLEMENTE**, Blum, 99 Wooster St. Through Jan. 27. . . . **BRUCE CONNER**, Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through Dec. 22. . . . **ROBERT GINDER**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through Dec. 2. . . . **MARY HEILMANN**, Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through Dec. 10. . . . **PETER HUTCHINSON**, Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. Through Dec. 9. . . . **RICHARD KALINA**, Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway. Through Dec. 22. . . . **ALEXANDER KU**, Merians, 76 Greene St. Through Dec. 2. . . . **GUILLERMO KUITCA**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Dec. 22. . . . **MARTIN MULL** and **WILLY HECKS**, Beitzel, 102 Prince St. Through Dec. 22. . . . **SEAN SCULLY**, Boone, 417 West Broadway. Through Dec. 16.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)**—Stately, exquisite moonrises and sunrises from the forties, photographed in the American West. Through Dec. 2. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

**MERRY ALPERN**—"Dirty Windows," a series of grainy black-and-white photos that the artist took from one window looking into another—the other being the bathroom window of an illegal financial-district sex club. Most of the pictures hang close together on one wall in two long rows; the panes through which everything is seen create a built-in framing device. The money, wristwatches, breasts, lipsticks, cordless phones, and lines of coke make us feel like voyeurs, obviously, but also make us feel overwhelmingly sad. Through Nov. 25. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

**RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)**—Crawford was well known for his linear, near-abstract paintings of a narrow range of subjects: grain elevators, the Third Avenue El, lobster pots, and the seafaring life. He also took photographs throughout his career; vintage black-and-white images showing details of his usual subject matter are on display. Through Dec. 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

**BRUCE DAVIDSON**—Powerful black-and-white photographs of teeming activity and precious solitude in Central Park. In these panoramic, often wide-angle views (on display in a hermetic, carpeted gallery), frissons abound: you can sense the beat of the rollerbladers' music; touch taut, sweaty skin; feel a blizzard's cold in your bones—a range of tactility you would more readily expect from color work. It's all bound together with an incisive social-documentary vision; Davidson treats people, animals, and the landscape with evenhanded respect. Through Dec. 9. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St.)

**LEN JENSHIEL AND DIANE COOK**—If the Ansel Adams exhibit at Danziger doesn't get a rise out of you, drop by this show of American landscapes; the subject is volcanic hot spots, and the observations are fresh and unexpected. Over the past four years, the couple (they're married) trekked to a wide range of sites—misty geysers, near-barren lavascapes, rocky, moonlike basins. Jenshiel's well-balanced color prints, overflowing with description, often reduce rocks, hills, or pools to lush abstraction. Cook's black-and-white compositions pursue a simpler, more straightforward treatment of line, form, and tone. Both artists see the landscape in relation to humanity, and there are several subtle human intrusions. Perhaps the most satisfying is in Cook's "Inferno Cone, Craters of the Moon National Monument, Idaho": an empty whitish road ascends between desolate gray slopes, a meandering curve of tire tracks in a thin layer of snow (or ash?) providing the



one lonely sign of life. Through Nov. 25. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

**O. WINSTON LINK**—Two shows chart the veteran photographer's obsession with the last American steam trains; the pictures in both were taken between 1955 and 1960. At Mann (42 E. 76th St.), his well-known black-and-white images of the Norfolk and Western Railway get a restrained display. Exact, reverent description is Link's strong point. Many of the night views were lit with elaborate banks of high-key flashes, and they have a pleasing mise-en-scène effect. But the daylight shots of the trains crawling or steaming through the rocky Virginia countryside are more affecting. Through Dec. 16. . . . **¶** At Danziger (130 Prince St.), little-known color photographs of the same subjects, on view for the first time. These images are much more bucolic in tone. The trains are often shown, at a distance, traversing val-



*Self-portrait by Bruce Davidson (Burden).*

leys, rolling past backwater houses and clotheslines, each looking for all the world like The Little Engine That Could. Through Dec. 2.

**EL LISSITZKY** (1890-1941)—Photographs, photo-montages, and collages by the Russian Suprematist and Constructivist. Through Dec. 15. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

**INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Feeling the Spirit: Searching the World for the People of Africa," twenty years of photographs by *Times* staff photographer Chester Higgins, Jr. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN**, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"The Garden of Earthly Delights: Photographs by Edward Weston and Robert Mapplethorpe." Still-lives, nudes, and portraits, hung side by side in comparative groupings. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**SHORT LIST**—**KAY SIMMON BLUMBERG**, Borden, 560 Broadway. Through Dec. 21. . . . **SARAH CHARLESWORTH**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through Nov. 25. . . . **PATRICK DEMARCHELIER**, Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. Through Dec. 2. . . . **ELLIOTT ERWITT**, Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Jan. 6. . . . **SEIJI KURATA**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Through Dec. 2. . . . **ESKO MÄNNIKÖ**, Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through Dec. 6. . . . **HERBERT MATTER**, Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through Dec. 1. . . . **CARLO MOLLINO**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through Nov. 25. . . . **JOHN O'REILLY**, Saul, 560 Broadway. Through Nov. 25. . . . **LORNA SIMPSON**, Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. Through Nov. 25. . . . **DAVID TORCOLETTI**, Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. Through Nov. 25. . . . **JERRY N. UELSMANN**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Through Dec. 9.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

## CLASSICAL MUSIC

### OPERA

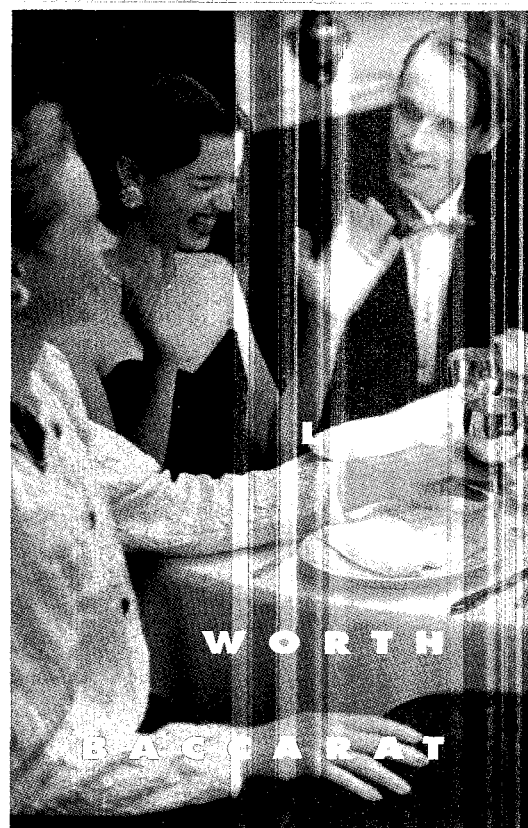
**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—**LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT**, with June Anderson, Sarah Walker, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Luciano Pavarotti, and Michel Trempont; conducted by Edoardo Müller. (Nov. 22 and Nov. 28 at 8.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA**, with Jennifer Larmore, Ramon Vargas, Roberto Frontali, Claudio Desderi, and Robert Lloyd; Adam Fischer. (Nov. 24 and Nov. 27 at 8.) . . . **RISE AND FALL OF THE CITY OF MAHAGONNY**, with Teresa Stratas, Helga Dernesch, Gary Lakes, Kenneth Riegel, Timothy Noble, and Jan-Hendrik Rootering; James Levine. (Nov. 25 at 1:30.) . . . **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA**, with Deborah Voigt, Heidi Grant Murphy, Dolara Zajick, Francisco Araiza, and Paolo Gavanelli; Mark Elder. (Nov. 25 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

**ELYSIAN OPERA GROUP**—Presenting a concert performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro." (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 27 at 8.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting. Nov. 22 and Nov. 25 at 8 and Nov. 24 at 11 A.M.: Gluck's "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from "Orphée et Eurydice," Shostakovich's Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Maxim Vengerov), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 (the "Pastoral"). . . . Nov. 25 at 2: In 1817, an obscure composer named Kaufman visited Beethoven, bearing his string-quintet arrangement of the brooding C-Minor piano trio that Beethoven had published twenty-two years earlier as his Op. 1, No. 3. The master dismissed Kaufman's work as negligible but immediately set about preparing his own quintet version of the piece, which some experts feel is little more than Kaufman's version with a few modest emendations. The publishing firm of Artaria, which had brought out the original piano trio in 1795, was pleased to print the revised version as well, and assigned it the up-to-date opus number 104. In this "Casual Saturdays" concert, members of the orchestra will play Beethoven's rarely performed quintet (which, oddly enough, is also featured on Bargemusic's programs this week); then the entire orchestra will convene for the "Pastoral" Symphony. (875-5030.)

**GREGG SMITH SINGERS**—This redoubtable ensemble was formed forty years ago to record the soundtrack for a film about Stephen Foster. Since then, they have premiered works by many notable composers (including Schoenberg and Stravinsky) and recorded an enormous corpus of choral music; their 1967 collection, "The Glory of Gabrieli," a sonic spectacular recorded in the Basilica of San Marco, in Venice, remains a benchmark of sound engineering. More than fifty



©1995 Baccarat Inc.



*Baccarat*

1995 NOEL ORNAMENT, \$65.  
OUR CHRISTMAS CHERUB WILL  
SPRUCE UP ANYONE'S TREE.  
AT BACCARAT, 625 MADISON AVENUE  
AT 59TH STREET, NY. 800-777-0100.

alumni from the past four decades will swell the ranks of the current seventeen-member group in a program (directed by Gregg Smith, of course) that includes Ives's "Psalm 90," excerpts from Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610," and several of Mr. Smith's folk-song arrangements. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 25 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990. . . .

**NOTE:** Composers Louise Talma and Ned Rorem will be on hand for a preconcert conversation, beginning at 7:30 and open to ticket holders.)

**GRANDE BANDE**—Henry Purcell died on November 21, 1695, at the age of thirty-six, and was interred several days later beneath the north aisle of Westminster Abbey; a nearby tablet reads "Here lyes Henry Purcell Esq Who left this Life, And is gone to that Blessed Place Where only his Harmony can be exceeded." Three hundred years later—to the week—Frederick Renz directs the period-instrument ensemble and several singers in a concert of Purcell's sacred and secular works, as well as a memorial elegy by his contemporary Jeremiah Clark. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Nov. 25 at 8 and Nov. 26 at 3. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

**NEW ENGLAND SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE**—John Rutter leads the orchestra and a large chorus in his *Te Deum* and his *Magnificat*, in a program that also includes Schubert's *G-Major Mass* and Mozart's motet "Regina Coeli" (K. 276). (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 26 at 2.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Georges Prêtre conducts Chausson's "Poème" and Ravel's "Tzigane" (both featuring violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg), as well as eight of Brahms's Hungarian Dances and Ravel's orchestration of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 28 at 8.)

## RECITALS

**BARGEMUSIC**—Presenting Berio's Duos (for violin and viola) as well as Beethoven's *G-Major String Trio* (Op. 9, No. 1) and *C-Minor String Quintet* (Op. 104, arranged from his *Piano Trio*, Op. 1, No. 3). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 23 at 7:30 and Nov. 26 at 4.)

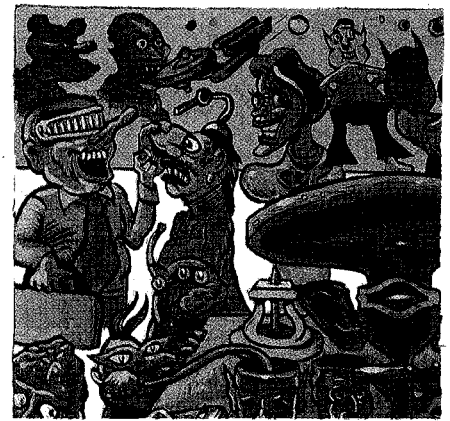
**JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET**—The foursome celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its founding by embarking on the cycle of Beethoven's quartets, distributed over five concerts (one for each of the ensemble's decades). The opening installment features the *Quartets in E-Flat Major* (Op. 127), *G Major* (Op. 18, No. 2), and *E Minor* (Op. 59, No. 2). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 24 at 8.)

**ESSEX STRING QUARTET**—Performing works by Haydn and Mozart. (*Le Refuge Inn*, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. Nov. 26 at noon.)

**ALICIA DE LARROCHA**—The pianist performs music by Mendelssohn (four "Songs Without Words"; the *Caprice*, Op. 33, No. 1; and the "Variations Sérieuses"), as well as works by Carlos Surinach and de Falla (including his "Fantasia Bética"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Nov. 26 at 3.)

**COLIN JACOBSON AND AYNER ARAD**—Violinist and pianist, performing Beethoven's first three violin sonatas. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Nov. 26 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

**EARL WILD**—On the day following his eightieth birthday, the pianist performs Beethoven's *E-Flat-Major Sonata* (Op. 31, No. 3), Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise," and Liszt's "Après une Lecture du Dante," as well as his own transcriptions from Handel and Rachmaninoff and Paul Pabst's knuckle-busting *Paraphrase on Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty."* (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 27 at 8.)



**SONIC BOOM FESTIVAL**—This year's installment closes with *Speculum Musicae's* performance of works by five American composers: Crumb (the premiere of his revision of "Night Music I"), Cage, Carter ("Fragment for String Quartet"), Frederic Rzewski, and Harvey Sollberger. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 27 at 8.)

**MARGARITA SHEVCHENKO**—In her New York debut recital, the winner of the 1995 Cleveland International Piano Competition performs Bach's Third "English" Suite, Schubert's *Impromptu in B-Flat Major*, Carl Vine's "Sonata in Two Movements," and Chopin's *B-Minor Sonata* and "Andante Spianato and Grande Polonaise." (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Nov. 27 at 8.)

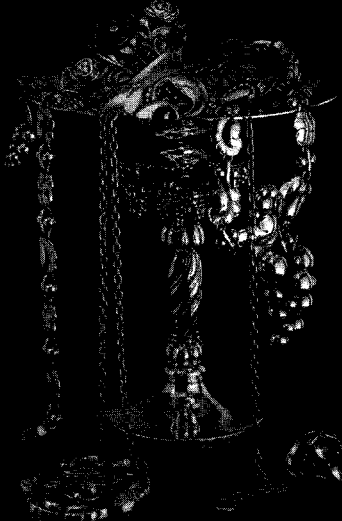
**NEW MUSIC FOR YOUNG ENSEMBLES**—This organization, which commissions chamber music accessible to players of less than virtuoso attainment, sponsors a recital that includes music by Ned Rorem and Dick Hyman. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 27 at 8.)

**TODD CROW**—The pianist performs numerous works of Bartók—his *Elegy* (Op. 8b, No. 2), "Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs," "Three Studies" (Op. 18), "Improvisations on Hungarian Folk Songs" (Op. 20), "Allegro Barbaro," and selections from "Mikrokosmos, Volume 6"—as well as music by the composer's Hungarian compatriots Liszt and Kodály. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 28 at 8.)

**MAGELLAN STRING QUARTET**—The foursome plays quartets by Britten (his Second) and Bartók (his Fourth); violist Samuel Rhodes and cellist Fred Sherry assist in Erwin Schulhoff's *Sextet* (1924). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 28 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

## GEORG JENSEN

*Georg Jensen*



Celebrated design in sterling silver for over 90 years.  
Handcrafted jewelry, hollowware and flatware.

To inquire: 800 546-5253  
New York Chicago Costa Mesa Vancouver

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**LIVE LONG AND PROSPER**—It's been twenty-six years since NBC pulled the plug on "Star Trek," and the U.S.S. Enterprise still rules the gilded universe of syndication. The sequels—"Star Trek: The Next Generation," "Deep Space Nine," and, most recently, "Star Trek: Voyager"—continue the tradition with the latest in pseudoscience and interspecies romance. Years ago, someone had the bright idea that Trekkies, the show's insatiable devotees, might enjoy getting together to boldly put on Mr. Spock ears and meet their heroes in the flesh. Thus was born the Star Trek convention, which, like the Tupperware party, has become an American institution, a final frontier of kitsch, and you should go, *once*, if only to say you've done it all. This year's event includes a trivia contest, an award for best costume, and appearances by Brent (Data) Spiner, Marina (Counselor Troi) Sirtis, and Jonathan (Commander Will Riker) Frakes. (Meadowlands Exposition Center,

GARY LEIB





*Signs of intelligent life throughout the universe: the Star Trek Convention.*

355 Plaza Drive, Secaucus, N.J. 212-307-7171. Nov. 25-26, from 11 to 6.)

**RING CYCLE**—This year's Big Apple Circus spectacular, set during the Roaring Twenties, is packed with clowns, flappers, and trapeze artists in black tie and top hats (who somehow soar through the air without losing them). Steeds thunder around the ring, glowing hula hoops swirl in the darkness, and a trio of elephants hoist young women high above the ground as a combo beats out jazz. Who knew that one ring could hold so much? (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. 721-6500. Through Jan. 7.)

**BLOW UP**—The lineup changes (Ronald McDonald is out this year, Dudley the Dragon is in), but the balloons are still the main attraction at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Starting at 7 on the eve of the parade, the stars (Bart, Barney, Snoopy, Big

Bird, the Cat in the Hat, Clifford the Big Red Dog, et al.) load up on helium and air and are then held down with sandbags and passive restraints on the streets around the American Museum of Natural History (Central Park W. at 77th St.). Then on Nov. 23, from 9 to noon, the whole parade—the balloons and their supporting cast, the floats, the marching bands, Santa and other wavers—will wend its way down from 77th Street along Central Park West, through Columbus Circle, and along Broadway to Herald Square.

**TAKE FIVE**—People who enjoy running five miles before holiday meals have the opportunity to race each other, in Prospect Park on Nov. 23 at 9:30 a.m. For more information, call the New York Road Runners Club at 860-4455.

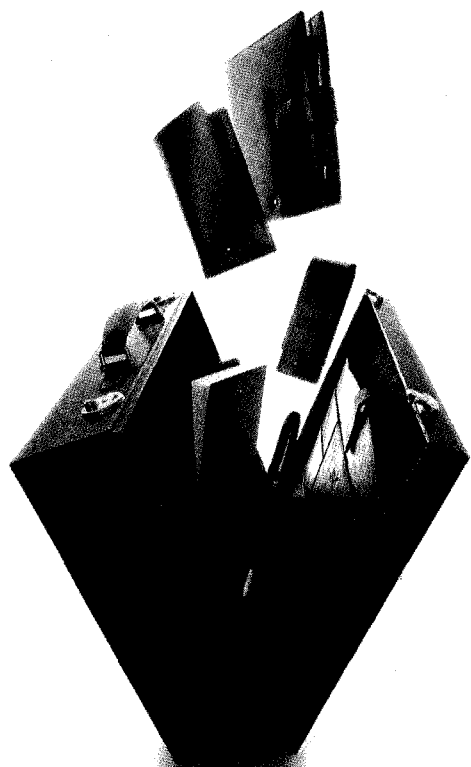
**STAYIN' ALIVE**—Participants in the annual AIDS Danceathon rack up pledge money, then move to the beat, on Nov. 25, from 7

to midnight. (Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. For more information, call 807-9255.)

**READINGS**—Nov. 25 at 10 p.m.: Bob Holman hosts the annual Lo-Ball Poetry Slam, in which the worst poem wins. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 505-8183.) ... ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: Novelists Oscar Hijuelos and Jamaica Kincaid read from their work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) ... ¶ Nov. 28 at 7: Poets Terese Svoboda and James Lasdun and novelists Michael Drinkard, Jill Eisenstadt, and Jim Lewis read from their work. (Fez, Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. 533-2680.) ... ¶ Nov. 28 at 7: Poets Lucie Brock-Broido and Gregory Orr read from their collections. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For more information, call the Academy of American Poets at 274-0343.)

**TALKS**—Nov. 26 at 1: Using a magic lantern (a precursor of the movie projector), historian Henry Clark presents sequences of hand-tinted slides that give the illusion of movement; a man tumbles from a horse, another snores so deeply that he swallows a rodent, and so on. (New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W. No charge beyond museum admission.) ... ¶ Nov. 27 at 7:30: Filmmaker Joan Micklin Silver and historians Stanley Karnow, J. Anthony Lukas, David L. Lewis, and Joyce Antler will run film clips in order to weigh the merits of Hollywood's versions of history. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.) ... ¶ Nov. 28 at 6:30: Columbia University historian Henry D. Smith unfolds a sixteen-panel screen from the beginning of the Tokugawa shogunate (1620-1640), depicting the hubbub in the pleasure quarters and theatre districts around Edo Castle, in Tokyo. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. For more information, call 517-2742.)

© Montblanc Meisterstück



The Meisterstück Leather Collection. The Organizer, Siena Pouch, Notebook, Attaché Case and Slim Wallet, along with the Meisterstück 149 Fountain Pen and LeGrand de Montblanc 161 Ballpoint. Available at Montblanc Boutiques in New York, Chicago, Boston and worldwide. (800) 388-4810

"The

business

of every art is

to bring something into

existence."

Aristotle

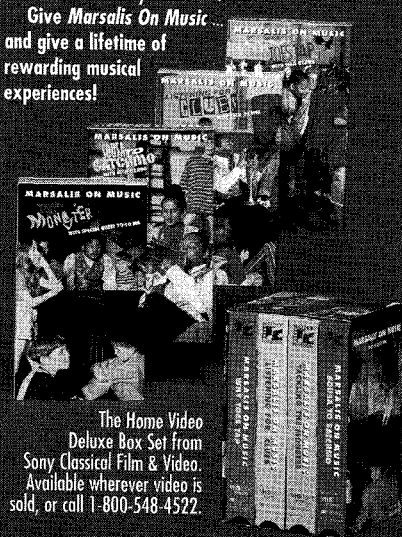
**MONT  
BLANC**  
THE ART OF WRITING

## Discover The Joy Of Music With Wynton Marsalis

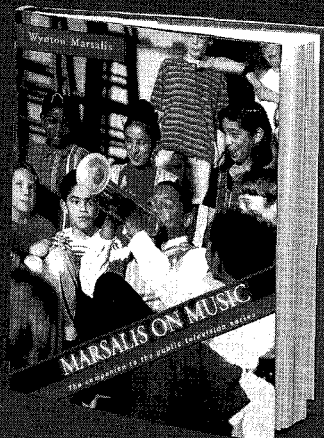
**Marsalis On Music** — the most entertaining  
and educational gift of the season!

**Marsalis On Music**, the acclaimed PBS series, is now available on home video and in a companion book-with-CD that brings celebrated musician and composer Wynton Marsalis' inspiring teaching and sense of fun into your home.

Give **Marsalis On Music**... and give a lifetime of rewarding musical experiences!



The Home Video  
Deluxe Box Set from  
Sony Classical Film & Video.  
Available wherever video is  
sold, or call 1-800-548-4522.



The Companion Book-With-CD  
from W.W. Norton & Company. Available wherever books  
are sold, or call 1-800-233-4830.

As seen on PBS.

"This is bound to inspire a new generation of  
musicians...Dig in. You'll dig it." — *USA Today*

**TEXACO**

Corporate underwriter for the  
PBS 'Marsalis On Music' Series



NORTON  
<http://www.wwnorton.com>



<http://www.sony.com> "Sony Classical Film & Video" are trademarks of Sony Corporation.  
© 1995 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

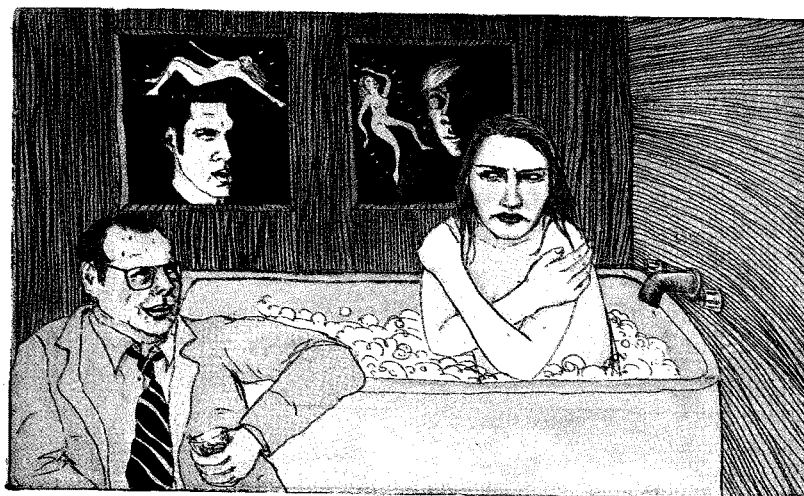
## THE MOVIES



### FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

**CASINO**—Robert De Niro, Sharon Stone, and Joe Pesci star in Martin Scorsese's examination of the Mafia in Las Vegas during the early seventies. Written by the director and Nicholas Pileggi. Opening November 22. (Beekman, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

**FRANKIE STARLIGHT**—A romantic drama, set in Dublin after the Second World War, that centers on a dwarf (Corban Walker) who writes a novel about his mother (Anne Parillaud) and her lovers (Matt Dillon and Gabriel Byrne). Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. Screenplay by Chet Raymo and Ronan O'Leary, from Raymo's 1993 novel "The Dork of Cork." Opening November 22. (Quad Cinema and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)



J. T. Walsh and Alicia Silverstone in "The Babysitter."

**MONEY TRAIN**—Joseph Ruben's thriller stars Wesley Snipes and Woody Harrelson as New York City transit police officers out to hijack an armored subway train carrying a cargo of collected fares. Written by Doug Richardson and David Loughery. Opening November 22. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and National Twin.)

**NICK OF TIME**—Terrorists seize the daughter of an accountant (Johnny Depp) and force him to attempt to assassinate the Governor of California, in a thriller directed by John Badham. With Christopher Walken, Charles S. Dutton, and Marsha Mason. Written by Patrick Sheane Duncan. Opening November 22. (19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

**TOY STORY**—A computer-animated feature. (Reviewed below in Current Films.) Opening November 22.

**TRAPS**—A drama directed by Pauline Chan, set in French Indochina in 1950—on the eve of revolution—in which a journalist (Robert Reynolds) and his photographer wife (Saskia Reeves) visit a rubber plantation run by a Frenchman (Sami Frey) and his strange daughter (Jacqueline McKenzie). Written by the director and Robert Carter, from Kate Grenville's 1986 novel, "Dreamhouse." Opening November 22. (Cinema Village.)

**TWO BITS**—An old man (Al Pacino) in Depression-era Philadelphia shares the last day of his life with his grandson (Jerry Barone). Directed by James Foley. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio and narration by Alec Baldwin. Written by Joseph Stefano. Opening November 22. (68th St. Playhouse.)

### CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 32.)

**ACE VENTURA: WHEN NATURE CALLS**—On paper, Jim Carrey's latest smash is just a bunch of strung-together set pieces that make the writing on last season's "Saturday Night Live" look hilarious. But like Jerry Lewis and, to a degree, Steve Martin, Carrey can make the idiotic seem inspired, and his manic mugging creates some big laughs. It's not acting, but what other star can turn his mouth into—literally—a toilet?—B.D. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

**THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT**—In Rob Reiner's romantic comedy, the Chief Executive (Michael Douglas) is a widower—a lonely guy in the White House. The script, by Aaron Sorkin, wastes no time setting him up with a nice

girl (Annette Bening), who is lobbying him for tougher environmental laws. This dopey premise creates enough crises to keep the lovers from achieving their destined bliss until an hour and fifty minutes has passed; but if contrivance this monumental is what it takes to put over an "old-fashioned" romantic comedy these days, the genre is in big trouble. There's a political agenda, too: this President gradually sheds his Clark Kentish New Democrat disguise and transforms himself into a liberal Man of Steel. Douglas isn't ideally cast, but Bening is spirited and glamorous, and the picture benefits from hilarious bits by some of the supporting players—notably David Paymer, Richard Dreyfuss, and Michael J. Fox. It's a shame that the movie whose coattails these wonderful actors are attached to is such an empty suit. Also with Martin Sheen, Anna Deavere Smith, and Shawna Waldron.—T.R. (11/20/95) (Vil-

LARA TOMLIN



lage Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Criterion Center.)

**THE BABYSITTER**—Before Alicia Silverstone starred in "Clueless," she took the lead in this drama about a suburban teen-ager hired to watch over three children. Written and directed by Guy Ferland, who based his screenplay on a Robert Coover short story. (Film Forum.)

**CARRINGTON**—A drama about the relationship between the painter Dora Carrington (Emma Thompson) and the writer Lytton Strachey (Jonathan Pryce); written and directed by Christopher Hampton. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Paris.)

**COPYCAT**—Movies about serial killers are now reaching epidemic proportions, and this latest contribution to the genre, directed by Jon Amiel, is one of the least convincing. Sigourney Weaver stars as a San Francisco serial-murder buff (great job); she is first seen lecturing on famous killers, is then attacked by a particularly nasty specimen (Harry Connick, Jr., plus pimples), and spends most of the rest of the picture hiding at home. From there she helps a local cop (Holly Hunter) in the search for *another* murderer, whose idea of fun is to copy famous slayings of the past. The plot would seem more ingenious if the movie itself didn't copy so many other thrillers (notably "The Silence of the Lambs"), and if it weren't so easy to spot every twist half an hour in advance.—A.L. (11/13/95) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

**THE CROSSING GUARD**—Jack Nicholson plays an alcoholic jeweler, Anjelica Huston his estranged wife, and David Morse the drunk driver who accidentally killed their daughter, in a drama written and directed by Sean Penn. (Angelika Film Center, Gotham Cinema, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

**FAIR GAME**—Cindy Crawford's screen debut (she plays a lawyer on the run—God knows why—from former K.G.B. agents) is a true disaster from start to finish. She has the impressive physical qualities that James Cameron finds so attractive in his action heroines, but her voice, like Keanu Reeves's, is inflectionless. It doesn't matter much, anyway—the abominable screenplay is filled with zingers on the order of "My job is like the toilet: it ain't over till the paperwork's done." Not all the bad acting is Crawford's (who, at least, is game); William Baldwin and Steven Berkoff do their share, too. Directed, with tremendous explosions, by Andrew Sipes.—B.D. (Village East Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and 84th Street Triplex.)

**GET SHORTY**—John Travolta plays Chili Palmer, a small-time Miami loan shark who winds up in Hollywood, where he discovers his true métier and fulfills his destiny: he becomes a movie producer. Scott Frank's screenplay is based on an Elmore Leonard novel. The director, Barry Sonnenfeld, doesn't have the dexterity to trap the story's tiny, quick ironies; he works too strenuously for laughs. But Travolta's no-sweat acting—which deftly captures the dry comic tone of Leonard's prose—keeps the movie watchable. Also with Rene Russo, Gene Hackman, Danny DeVito, Delroy Lindo, and Dennis Farina.—T.R. (10/23/95) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

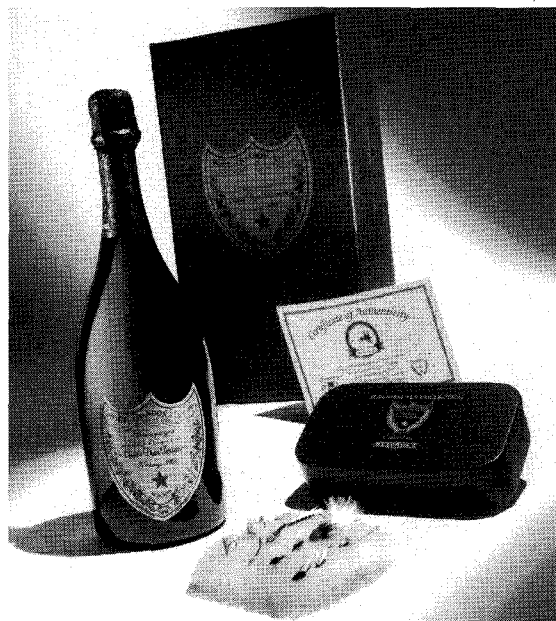
**GOLDENEYE**—James Bond returns, in the form of Pierce Brosnan, to battle double agents and keep the world safe from hijacked military satellites. Directed by Martin Campbell. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

**HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS**—An ensemble piece for Thanksgiving, directed by Jodie Foster. Most of it takes place in Baltimore, where members of a semi-ordinary American family gather to eat and bond and generally make life a complete screaming hell for one an-

Dom Pérignon Champagne. Imported by Schieffelin & Somerset Inc., NY, NY.

"Life should be lived as play."

- PLATO -



*L'art de Pêcher*

- BY DOM PÉRIGNON -

A bottle of the incomparable Cuvée Dom Pérignon Vintage 1988, accompanied by a limited-edition set of hand-tied flies, specially made by the Orvis Company. 1-800-624-5450.

# Chef'sChoice®

World's Best Tools  
for the Serious Cook

Chef'sChoice® Model 110  
Incredibly sharp edges...quickly  
...safe for quality knives.

Chef'sChoice® Model 450  
The manual sharpener  
that really works!



Chef'sChoice® Fully Forged Cutlery  
Acclaimed for superb craftsmanship and  
edges that stay sharp up to 10X longer.

For a store near you call:

**(800) 342-3255**

©EdgeCraft Corporation 1994 (610) 268-0500 Patents Pending Many EdgeCraft products include DuPont TEFLON™ resin.





### Shop at Home Service—Buy, Sell or Trade.

If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing...now you can recoup its hidden value!  
Call 1-800-528-5871 for free appraisal information.



**BREITLING**  
1884



#### OLD NAVITIMER II

New version of the timepiece worn by flyers worldwide since 1952.  
Rotating bezel with circular slide rule and variable tachymeter.  
Self-winding mechanical chronograph movement is the world's smallest. Water-resistant to 100 feet.

Stainless steel, stainless steel and 18K gold or all 18K gold.  
With strap or bracelet, from \$2,700 to \$18,375.

NEW YORK • GENEVA  
PALM BEACH • BAL HARBOUR  
COSTA MESA

**CORNER**

**TOURNEAU**

NEW YORK NYC: Madison Ave. & 52nd St. / Madison Ave. & 59th St. / Seventh Ave. & 34th St. • Garden City; Roosevelt Field  
FLORIDA Palm Beach, 175 Worth Ave. • Bal Harbour, Bal Harbour Shops  
CALIFORNIA Costa Mesa, South Coast Plaza • SHOP AT HOME: 1-800-348-3332

Watch enlarged to show details.

other. The parents (Charles Durning and Anne Bancroft) are sliding sadly toward old age; the wacko aunt (Geraldine Chaplin) is already there; the son (Robert Downey, Jr.) is married to a man; one daughter (Cynthia Stevenson) is married to a jerk; and the other (Holly Hunter) isn't married to anyone and has a lousy cold. Foster connects with her cast (with the funny and fearless Hunter most of all), but the tone staggers wildly, as if the camera had got at the eggnog, and long before the end any inquiring edge has dulled into softness. It's an aw-shucks picture: people are impossible, it says, but hey, we love them anyway.—A.L. (11/13/95) (19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Tower East, Orpheum VII, Lincoln Square, and Embassy 2.)

**IT TAKES TWO**—A social worker (Kirstie Alley) in charge of a nine-year-old orphan and a wealthy widower (Steve Guttenberg) with a nine-year-old daughter fall in love through the scheming of the two girls (played by Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen), in a romantic comedy written by Deborah Dean Davis and directed by Andy Tennant. (Village East Cinemas, New York Twin, East 85th Street, and Lincoln Square.)

**KICKING AND SCREAMING**—Noah Baumbach's first movie focusses on the indecisive, enervated months that four college buddies spend together after graduation, before they go their separate ways. What finally makes them move on, and sets this film apart from other slacker comedies, is the women they're attracted to: risk-taking students who are more capable than their men of standing on their own. Baumbach doesn't write grand speeches; he lets details and repartee carry the movie's emotional weight. The picture has a lovely, understated autobiographical lilt. The perfect ensemble cast includes Josh Hamilton, Olivia d'Abo, Parker Posey, and the reigning king of independent-film ennui, Eric Stoltz.—B.D. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

**LEAVING LAS VEGAS**—In Mike Figgis's startlingly beautiful new movie, Nicolas Cage gives a great performance as a failed writer who is consciously drinking himself to death. Figgis tells the story as a series of vivid, intense moments; the sole trace of conventional drama is the hero's affair with a kindhearted young hooker (superbly played by Elisabeth Shue). But the possibility that love will rescue him from his fate vanishes quickly, like a mirage. Although the movie is terribly, crushingly sad, its honesty is invigorating: it names its poison and downs it, neat.—T.R. (11/6/95) (Village Theatre VII, 59th Street East Cinema, and Lincoln Square.)

**MIGHTY APHRODITE**—Woody Allen stars in his latest picture as Lenny, a New York sports-writer bored by his wife (Helena Bonham Carter) and attracted to a hooker (Mira Sorvino) who happens to be the mother—though she doesn't know it—of his adopted son. The movie treads enjoyably over old ground, though rather than cruising along with the ease of Allen's best work it tends to hobble, and it closes in a flurry of undecided endings. Sorvino's comic momentum rescues it. She offers the alarming prospect of sexual comedy without neurosis; you don't see that too often in a Woody Allen film.—A.L. (10/30/95) (19th Street East 6, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**LES MISÉRABLES**—Jean-Paul Belmondo, looking like a wise, weather-beaten walrus, plays an illiterate ex-boxer who befriends an intellectual Jewish family fleeing the Nazis. They read him Victor Hugo; he identifies with the stoic reformed hero Jean Valjean and begins to carry out good works in his own life. Claude Lelouch's adaptation of the 1862 novel plays fast and loose with its setting and social context but preserves the melodrama—it's a righteous, passionate, and witty soap opera. In French.—S.K. (Sutton.)

**NOW AND THEN**—A writer (Demi Moore), a starlet (Melanie Griffith), a doctor (Rosie O'Donnell), and a housewife (Rita Wilson) gather in their Indiana hometown and recall the



summer of 1970, when they were twelve. The phony "Big Chill" premise is a shame—the four talented actresses who play the girls (Gaby Hoffmann, Thora Birch, Christina Ricci, and Ashleigh Aston Moore, respectively) could have carried the movie far better on their own. Directed, baggily, by Lesli Linka Glatter.—S.K. (Village East Cinemas and Sutton.)

**PERSUASION**—The young British director Roger Michell has made a Jane Austen movie that is never pretty and only occasionally charming; instead, it is troubled, astringent, and touched with melancholy—not unlike the novel. Amanda Root plays Anne Elliot, who once turned down Frederick Wentworth (Ciaran Hinds) and has regretted it ever since. They come together again—in the country, by the sea, and on the streets of Bath—and you can guess the outcome, but Michell somehow tenses a simple narrative into suspense. With Sophie Thompson as Anne's sister, Corin Redgrave as their monstrous father, and Fiona Shaw as the worldly wife of an admiral.—A.L. (9/25/95) (Eastside Playhouse, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Square.)

**THE POSTMAN**—Antonio Skármeta's bittersweet 1985 novel, "Burning Patience," upon which this movie is loosely based, told the story of Mario, a lonely postman who delivers mail to Pablo Neruda in Isla Negra, the desolate corner of Chile where the poet spent his final years. In Michael Radford's lovely but sanitized version, the action has been moved two decades earlier to picturesque Italy. As Neruda, the great Philippe Noiret somehow conquers being dubbed in Spanish-accented Italian; as Mario, the late Italian comedian Massimo Troisi is painfully affecting. In Italian.—S.K. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

**POWDER**—A saccharine nightmare about an albino teen-ager (Sean Patrick Flanery) with telekinetic powers and an otherworldly I.Q. It begins with a rip-off of "Edward Scissorhands," moves into De Palma territory, then becomes a tearjerker, and finally crashes in a lightning storm of special effects. With Mary Steenburgen and Jeff Goldblum. Directed by Victor Salva.—B.D. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 3.)

**RECKLESS**—Craig Lucas has written this film adaptation of his 1988 black comedy, in which a housewife (Mia Farrow) embarks on a journey of self-discovery after her husband (Tony Goldwyn) hires a hit man to murder her. With Scott Glenn, Mary-Louise Parker, Eileen Brennan, Giancarlo Esposito, and Stephen Dorff. Directed by Norman René. (Village East Cinemas and Lincoln Square.)

**RHYTHM THIEF**—Jason Andrews plays a Lower East Side rock-and-roll bootlegger, in an independent drama directed by Matthew Harrison, from a script by the director and Christopher Grimm. (Film Forum; through Nov. 28.)

**TOTAL ECLIPSE**—Unwatchable. The obsessive, destructive love affair of the poets Arthur Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine, as envisioned by director Agnieszka Holland and screenwriter Christopher Hampton, was an opera of mutual abuse, without humor or romantic passion. Leonardo DiCaprio plays Rimbaud as a drunken club kid, running wild over the well-dressed sets; David Thewlis's Verlaine is a parody of his magnificent creep in "Naked," ranting and raving dementedly about life. The movie is filled with so many hysterical let's-trash-the-hotel-room scenes that the audience goes numb.—B.D. (23rd St. West Triplex.)

**TOY STORY**—The computer-animation company Pixar, which is responsible for some great state-of-the-art TV ads (Listerine, Levi's), has teamed up with Disney on what they both hope will be a merchandising phenomenon. The easy-to-follow screenplay, about the rivalry between two toys—cowboy Woody and spaceman Buzz Lightyear—should excite young children; teen-agers and parents can enjoy the brilliantly executed



Opening November 22, "Toy Story."

action sequences. The filmmakers have gotten around the coldness of so much computer animation by using the warm and friendly voices of Tom Hanks and Tim Allen. Yes, it's a come-on for Disney products, but all their children's films are about marketing; at least this one—unlike "Pocahontas"—has some zip.—B.D. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I,

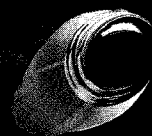
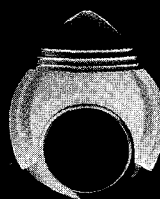
the circus performer (Rachael Crawford) she has fallen in love with. (Angelika Film Center.)

#### ALSO PLAYING

**THE ADDICTION**: Angelika Film Center. . . . **APOLLO 13** (reviewed in our issue of 7/10/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BABE** (9/4/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BLUE IN THE FACE** (10/23/95): Angelika

# BOUCHERON

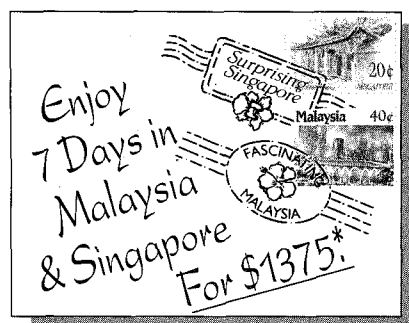
PARFUMS  
PARIS



More than a perfume, a jewel.

BLOOMINGDALE'S • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

# Have You Heard? You Can...



For more information, call:  
**Pacific Bestour:**  
800 688-3288  
**Vacationland:**  
800 245-0050

**FASCINATING MALAYSIA**  
**SURPRISING SINGAPORE**  
**2 great countries 1 great holiday!**

\*Rate is per person based on double occupancy and includes the following: roundtrip airfare from Los Angeles International Airport on designated carrier, hotel accommodation, American breakfast, roundtrip foreign airport/hotel transfers, overland tour from Singapore to Malacca and Malacca to Kuala Lumpur, and half day sightseeing. Prices do not include the following charges: US international departure tax, custom users fees or passenger facility charges of up to \$22.95 per person; per person airport departure taxes of Singapore S\$15; Ringgit Malaysia RM 5 (domestic) and RM 20 (international) which are paid at time of departure from each city. Package is valid till June 30, 1996, add high season surcharge of \$123 for the months of December 1995 and June 1996. Cancellation fees and other restrictions may apply.

Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . **THE BROTHERS MC MULLEN:** Village East Cinemas. . . **CLUELESS:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . **CRUMB** (5/1/95): Cinema 3. . . **DEAD PRESIDENTS:** Embassy 4. . . **DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS** (10/2/95): Waverly. . . **DR. JEKYLL AND MS. HYDE:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . **ECLIPSE:** Quad Cinema. . . **GOLD DIGGERS: THE SECRET OF BEAR MOUNTAIN:** 62nd & Broadway. . . **HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN QUILT:** Manhattan Twin. . . **THE KINGDOM:** Angelika 57. . . **A MONTH BY THE LAKE:** Plaza. . . **MOONLIGHT AND VALENTINO:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . **NOBODY LOVES ME:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . **SEVEN:** Village East Cinemas and 84th Street Sixplex. . . **SMOKE:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . **STRANGE DAYS** (10/9/95): Movie-land 8th Street Triplex and Regency. . . **TO DIE FOR:** Movieland 8th Street Triplex. . . **THE USUAL SUSPECTS** (8/14/95): Quad Cinema. . . **WATERWORLD** (8/7/95): Worldwide Cinemas.

## THEATRE ADDRESSES

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

### EAST SIDE

**ANGELIKA FILM CENTER,** 18 W. Houston St.  
**MOVELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX,** 36 E. 8th St.  
**VILLAGE THEATRE VII,** Third Ave. at 11th St.  
**CINEMA VILLAGE,** 22 E. 12th St.  
**VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS,** Second Ave. at 12th St.  
**19TH STREET EAST 6,** Broadway at 19th St.  
**MURRAY HILL CINEMAS,** 160 E. 34th St.  
**34TH STREET SHOWPLACE,** 238 E. 34th St.  
**34TH ST. EAST,** 241 E. 34th St.  
**EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE,** Third Ave. at 55th St.  
**SUTTON 1 AND 2,** Third Ave. at 57th St.  
**GOTHAM CINEMA,** Third Ave. at 58th St.  
**PLAZA,** 42 E. 58th St.  
**MANHATTAN TWIN,** Third Ave. at 59th St.  
**59TH STREET EAST CINEMA,** 239 E. 59th St.  
**BARONET AND CORONET,** Third Ave. at 59th St.  
**CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE,** Third Ave. at 60th St.  
**FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS,** 400 E. 62nd St.  
**GEMINI 1 AND 2,** Second Ave. at 64th St.  
**BECKMAN,** Second Ave. at 66th St.  
**NEW YORK TWIN,** Second Ave. at 67th St.  
**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE,** Third Ave. at 68th St.  
**TOWER EAST,** Third Ave. at 71st St.  
**EAST 85TH STREET,** First Ave. at 85th St.  
**PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS,** 125 E. 86th St.  
**ORPHEUM VII,** Third Ave. at 86th St.  
**86TH STREET EAST TWIN,** Third Ave. at 86th St.

### WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM,** W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).  
**WAYERLY 1 AND 2,** Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.  
**ART GREENWICH TWIN,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.  
**QUAD CINEMA,** 34 W. 13th St.  
**CHELSEA CINEMAS,** 260 W. 23rd St.  
**23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX,** 333 W. 23rd St.  
**GUILD,** 33 W. 50th St.  
**WORLDWIDE CINEMAS,** 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.  
**ZIEGFELD,** 141 W. 54th St.  
**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS,** Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.  
**ANGELIKA 57,** 225 W. 57th St.  
**PARIS,** 4 W. 58th St.  
**CINEMA 3,** 2 W. 59th St.  
**62ND & BROADWAY,** 62 W. 62nd St.  
**LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS,** Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).  
**REGENCY,** Broadway at 67th St.  
**LINCOLN SQUARE,** Broadway at 68th St.  
**84TH STREET SIXPLEX,** Broadway at 84th St.  
**METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2,** Broadway at 99th St.  
**OLYMPIA 1 AND II,** Broadway at 107th St.

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**CRITERION CENTER,** Broadway at 44th St.  
**EMBASSY 1,** Broadway at 46th St.  
**EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4,** Seventh Ave. at 47th St.  
**ASTOR PLAZA,** 44th St. at Broadway.  
**NATIONAL TWIN,** Broadway at 44th St.

## REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

**ALL THAT JAZZ** (1979)—In Bob Fosse's semiauto-biographical movie, Roy Scheider plays a director-choreographer who feels the strain of editing a film much like "Lenny" in the midst of staging a Broadway show with the flickering sexual energy that was Fosse's signature. It's a Great White Way "8½," with no revelations beyond the desperation and blues of the supposedly misunderstood artist. Every other character is refracted through the hero and wasted, including his mistress (Ann Reinking), his wife (Leland Palmer), and his personal angel of death (Jessica Lange). There are two compensations. The opening chorus-line tryout is breathtaking; the sure, rhythmic editing contrasts comically with the anxious, off-kilter dancing. And Scheider gives his best performance. He conveys both exhaustion and exhilaration; he fans the soulful gleam in his eye to his character's (and the movie's) bitter end. Script by Robert Alan Aurthur and Fosse.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 25.)

**THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES** (1941)—Charles Coburn plays "the richest man in the world," a stuffy old grouch who goes to work as a shoe clerk in a department store he happens to own in order to do a little spying on the employees, who are joining a union. Jean Arthur is appealing enough as the working-girl heroine, but her antics seem forced, and she's not at her best (who is?) with Robert Cummings; he plays her boyfriend, the union organizer. With Edmund Gwenn as a nasty department head, Spring Byington, William Demarest, and S. Z. Sakall. Directed by Sam Wood.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 28.)

**IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK** (1935)—This eminently watchable romantic comedy has a neatly contrived thirties-style opening. An automobile engineer and tycoon (Herbert Marshall) becomes impatient with his board of directors and walks out on them. He goes to the park to cool off and meets a girl (Jean Arthur) who's perusing the want ads. She thinks that he's unemployed, too, and proposes that they hire out as cook and butler. There are some gracefully conceived sequences; there are also some silly melodramatic moments, but Jean Arthur brings out the best in Marshall—or maybe the director, William Seiter, livened him up. (He smiles—almost broadly—now and then.)—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 28.)

**ISHYAR** (1987)—Written and directed by Elaine May, this must have started out to be a casual, tacky "Road to" comedy about two aging nonentities—singer-songwriters (Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman) who can only be booked into faraway night spots. Dreaming of show-business success, they arrive in the Middle East and get caught up in revolutionary politics they don't know a thing about. Though determinedly inconsequential, the picture was made on authentic locations and in a glamorous romantic style; it gets stalled in exposition and in the sand of the Sahara. It isn't dislikable, but it has no comic energy. May's directing is limp, passive; she doesn't do the obvious, but sometimes she doesn't do anything else, either. With Isabelle Adjani, whose pure, childlike face peeps out of the dark Moroccan clothes she's swathed in; she seems hidden in the picture.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 26.)

**IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT** (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the



Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 24-25.)

**REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955)**—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood as Judy, Sal Mineo as Plato, Corey Allen as Buzz, Nick Adams as Moose, Dennis Hopper as Goon, and Jim Backus and Ann Doran as Jim's parents. Directed by Nicholas Ray.—P.K. (Whitney Museum; Nov. 22 and 24.)

**THE THIN MAN (1934)**—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett detective novel took only sixteen days to film, and the result was one of the most popular pictures of its era. It started a new cycle in screen entertainment by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated screwball comedy. And it turned several decades of movies upside down by showing a suave man of the world (William Powell) who made love to his own rich, funny, and good-humored wife (Myrna Loy); as Nick and Nora Charles, Powell and Loy startled and delighted the country by their heavy drinking (without remorse) and unconventional diversions.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 23.)

**TOM, DICK, AND HARRY (1941)**—Ginger Rogers, a telephone operator, has three suitors: Alan Marshal is the millionaire of her dreams, George Murphy is a car salesman sure to get on in the world, and Burgess Meredith is a happy-go-lucky mechanic somewhat loose in the head. The movie is a series of sketches, as the heroine, trying to choose among them, dreams of her future life with each. Garson Kanin directed this Cinderella comedy; it's a little too jaunty and much too comfy in its stereotypical assumptions, but a lot of people enjoyed it.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 26-27.)

**THE VERDICT (1982)**—The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When he goes into court to fight the powerful archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, and Lindsay Crouse. Script by David Mamet; directed by Sidney Lumet.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 25.)

**WOLFEN (1981)**—A catastrophically muddled ecological horror movie. Whether through intention or incompetence, it concludes with the implication that the superwolves of the title have the territorial right to devour every derelict in the South Bronx. The cast includes Albert Finney, Diane Venora, Gregory Hines, and Edward James Olmos. Michael Wadleigh directed and, with David Eyre, co-wrote a script filled with odd notions about evolution and Native Americans.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 24.)

#### LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

**FILM FORUM 2**, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Screwball comedies from the thirties and forties. Through Nov. 23: "The Thin Man" (†) and "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" (1936, Stephen Roberts), with William Powell and Jean Arthur. . . . Nov. 24-25: "It Happened One Night" (†) and "The Awful Truth" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . Nov. 26-27: "Roxie Hart" (1942, William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou, and "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (†). . . . Nov. 28: "The Devil and Miss Jones" (†) and "If You Could Only Cook" (†).

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from Australia. Nov. 24 at 2:30:

"Devil in the Flesh" (1989, Scott Murray). . . . Nov. 24 at 6: "Between Wars" (1974, Michael Thornhill), with Corin Redgrave and Judy Morris. . . . Nov. 24 at 8:15 and Nov. 26 at 2: "Newsfront" (1978, Phillip Noyce), with Bill Hunter and Wendy Hughes. . . . Nov. 25 at 2: "Dusty" (1983, John Richardson), with Bill Kerr. . . . Nov. 25 at 5 and Nov. 27 at 2:30: "Three in One" (1957, Cecil Holmes). . . . Nov. 26 at 5: "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984, Carl Schultz), with Hughes. . . . Nov. 27 at 6 and Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Cars That Ate Paris" (1974, Peter Weir). . . . Nov. 28 at 6: "Goodbye Paradise" (1983, Schultz). . . . ¶ Films based on the novels of Knut Hamsun. Nov. 24 at 3: "Ice Age" (1974, Peter Zafek; in German). . . . Nov. 24 at 6: "Victoria" (1979, Bo Widerberg). . . . Nov. 25 at 2:30: "The Telegraphist" (1993, Erik Gustavson; in Norwegian). . . . Nov. 25 at 5: "Hard Wills" (1923, John W. Brunius; silent).

**WALTER READE THEATRE**, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—Films directed by Lars von Trier; in Danish, with English subtitles. Nov. 22 at 2, Nov. 23 at 6:15, and Nov. 25 at 4: "Epidemic!" (1987). . . . Nov. 22 at 4 and 8:30 and Nov. 23 at 2 and 8:30: "Zentropa" (1991). . . . Nov. 22 at 6:15, Nov. 23 at 4:15, and Nov. 25 at 2: "The Element of Crime" (1984). . . . ¶ Nov. 24-25 at 8 and 10: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1928, Dziga Vertov; silent). . . . ¶ Films starring Jessie Matthews. Nov. 26 at 2 and 6 and Nov. 27 at 4: "First a Girl" (1935, Victor Saville). . . . Nov. 26 at 4 and Nov. 27 at 2 and 6: "Evergreen" (1934, Saville). . . . Nov. 26 at 8 and Nov. 28 at 2: "The Good Companions" (1933, Saville). . . . Nov. 27 at 8 and Nov. 28 at 4:15: "It's Love Again" (1936, Saville).

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE**, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—A sampling of films made at the Astoria Studio over its seventy-five-year history. Nov. 24 at 3:30:

"Wolfen" (†). . . . Nov. 25 at 2: "All That Jazz" (†). . . . Nov. 25 at 4:30: "The Verdict" (†). . . . Nov. 26 at 2: "Radio Days" (1987, Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Dianne Wiest. . . . Nov. 26 at 4: "Ishtar" (†). **SYMPHONY SPACE**, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Nov. 28 at 7: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937, Leo McCarey), with Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi. . . . Nov. 28 at 8:45: "L'Atalante" (1934, Jean Vigo; in French), with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, and Michel Simon. **FLORENCE GOULD HALL**, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 28 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Danton" (1983, Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

**A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE**, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Nov. 26 at 7, "Queen of Outer Space" (1958, Edward Bernds), with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Eric Fleming.

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Beat Culture and the New America: 1950-65." Nov. 22 and Nov. 24 at 12:30: "Rebel Without a Cause" (†). . . . Nov. 25-26 at 1:30: "The Cry of Jazz" (1958, Ed Bland) and "The World According to John Coltrane" (1991, Toby Byron and Robert Palmer). . . . ¶ Films directed by Robert Frank. Nov. 22 and Nov. 24-26 at 4: "The Sin of Jesus" (1961) and "O.K. End Here" (1963).

**GRAMERCY THEATRE**, 127 E. 23rd St.—Starting Nov. 24, the 3rd Annual Contemporary African Diaspora Film Festival, featuring thirty-four films from twenty-eight countries. (For information about tickets, call 749-6020.)

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Nov. 23 at 8: "Eat" (1963, Andy Warhol). . . . Nov. 27 at 8: "Modesty Blaise" (1966, Joseph Losey), with Monica Vitti, Dirk Bogarde, and Terence Stamp.

**MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO**, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—James Dean's television appearances. Through Dec. 17: "Glory in the Flower" (1953) and "Keep Our Honor Bright" (1953).

JAÏPUR

Le nouveau parfum de Boucheron.

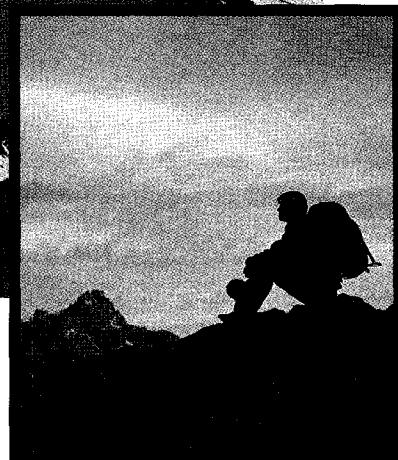
BOUCHERON

PARIS

BLOOMINGDALE'S • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



# IT'S YOUR WORLD. INVEST IN IT.<sup>SM</sup>



Each of us is part of a larger picture today. A global economy. Which is why we believe it makes sense to look beyond our national boundaries for investment opportunities.

Look to G.T. Global. We specialize in global mutual funds. Since our founding in London over 25 years ago, we've witnessed the economic ups and downs in every part of the world. Our experience and world-wide presence help us distinguish the peaks from the valleys. And our broad selection of funds gives you a range of choices based on your own objectives and comfort level.

Talk to your financial adviser about G.T. Global, or call us for more information. We have all kinds of ways to invest in your world. Whether you're trying to take a big leap, or simply seeking a careful but steady ascent.

1-800-824-1580



**G.T. GLOBAL  
MUTUAL FUNDS**

You will receive a prospectus for the G.T. Global Growth Funds with more complete information, including charges, expenses and the risks associated with global and emerging market investing, including political and currency risk. Please read the prospectus carefully before investing. G.T. Global Financial Services, Inc., Dist. 50 California St. San Francisco, CA 94111

LONDON HONG KONG SAN FRANCISCO TOKYO SYDNEY SINGAPORE TORONTO





## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### THE WIDOW

**S**HE was the wife of a general and politician for forty-seven years—a long service in a difficult line of work. But clearly it has paid off for Leah Rabin. “It was very horrible for her, having him shot like that in front of her,” a longtime friend says. “But they



Leah Rabin

had a long life together. The strength you see in her now comes from that.”

Leah Rabin has the inborn fortitude of the first Israelis, as her husband did. She and Yitzhak grew close while she was serving under him in the Palmach, emergent Israel’s elite armed force.

Like him, Leah was, as one friend from those days says, “an active soldier, with a gun.” Of the spark that lit their romance, Yitzhak wrote in his memoirs, “It began with a chance encounter in a Tel Aviv street in 1944: a glance, a word, a stirring within, and then a further meeting.” The couple, who were both still in the Palmach, married in 1948, during the Arab-Israeli war.

Yitzhak Rabin was shy and soft-spoken, but with a devilish side. Every woman who knew him as a younger man describes him as painfully attractive. “So handsome,” they all say with a sigh. And Leah was a slim, dark-haired, blue-eyed beauty. They were from different social circles: through his mother, Yitzhak was a member of a Jerusalem family with connections to practically everyone in Israel; Leah Schlossberg, on the other hand, was a German immigrant whose family had settled in Tel Aviv, a new city.

Over the years, Leah has become

identified with that city’s brash, arriviste image. She moves in its wealthiest circles. She used to play tennis twice a week, including mixed doubles on Saturdays with her husband (on opposing sides, because he quibbled with her every shot). She has her pet charities—the Association for Autistic Children and the Tel Aviv Museum—and she keeps up socially with people she met as the Prime Minister’s wife. She phones Queen Noor of Jordan just to chat. She maintains a relationship with Suha Arafat. And, of course, she is that sine qua non of political housewifery, an impeccable hostess—houseproud, with good dishes, good food, good wine, and a perfect touch with the guest list. “A painter here, a politician there,” an acquaintance says.

**L**EAH is a real Tel Avivi,” says one friend, in a slightly derogatory tone. “She’s of the generation that grew up with ideology but then became snobs and took on riches, and became a sort of social elite.” Her husband was first chosen as Prime Minister in 1974 but was forced to resign three years later because of a scandal involving their American bank accounts, which were illegal under Israeli law. The Rabins never forgave the presiding judge. “She didn’t like people who didn’t like Yitzhak,” another friend says. “She was like a tiger around him.”

Her reputation for never forgetting an offense has been upheld since the assassination. Known among her detractors as Mme. Ceaușescu, she has exhibited a sinewy political fibre that is a bit shocking to anyone who expects from those widowed by political assassination a Pietà-like acceptance of fate, in the manner of Jackie Kennedy. Leah Rabin is not interested in becoming a passive icon (although she is reputed to have been a big admirer of Mrs. Kennedy’s style—and

sunglasses). There’s even some speculation that she might run for political office.

Since the killing, it has been her voice that has been raised in the bitterest criticism of her late husband’s political enemies. Nothing sticks like blame from a widow’s pointed finger. Ask Benjamin Netanyahu, the head of the opposition Likud Party and a likely future candidate for Prime Minister, who in the past failed to show much public disapprobation when his audiences labelled Rabin a Nazi and called for his blood. Netanyahu’s popularity, high in the days before Rabin’s murder, has now sunk far below that of the formerly unpopular Shimon Peres, who has the widow’s backing.

At the end of the weeklong mourning period, Leah Rabin addressed a huge crowd in the Tel Aviv square where a week earlier she had heard the gun go off. Her craggy face was brightened by a slice of red lipstick, and she spoke with amazing aplomb. “I was so many years in the shadow of your enormous strength,” she said, addressing her husband before the crowd. “Only thus would you like to see me now: strong.”

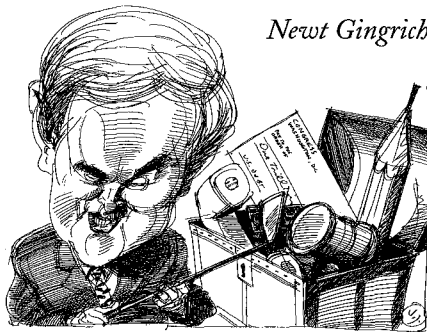
### PROP POLITICS

**T**HERE is in Washington a constant, and cheaply cynical, temptation to treat politics as theatre. You try to avoid it, but sometimes the players leave you no choice. Last week, for instance, as the budget spectacle approached the first of (inevitably) many false climaxes, the Republicans went beyond fiery soliloquies and carefully scripted choruses and began brandishing bits of scenery to dramatize their arguments. Soon a new political dynamic was escalating wildly: brinksmanship through propmanship.

First, a few days before the govern-

ment was set to shut down, Newt Gingrich turned up at a press briefing armed with two bills ("real" bills, he noted) and a golf club, which symbolized that Republicans were hard at work ("real" work) while President Clinton was—well, not. (He was golfing.) "This is sort of a tale of several props," the Speaker said, and he wasn't kidding. Two days later, Bob Dole appeared on "This Week with David Brinkley" toting a cellular phone and imploring the President to call. When the call failed to arrive, Sam Donaldson, intrepid as ever, pointed to the phone and asked Dole, "Shouldn't you have a battery in it?" To which, naturally, an adequate reply was neither required nor offered.

In a speech the next day, Gingrich was at it again, this time holding aloft his congressional voting card, which he described as "the most expensive credit card in the world." The card—and, presum-



ably, others just like it—was responsible, the Speaker explained, for running up the deficit that he and fellow-Republicans were now trying to eliminate. The fact that Clinton has never owned such a card, and that the deficit was largely run up under two Republican Presidents with the acquiescence of Republican congressmen such as Gingrich, was left unmentioned.

By prevailing standards, Dole's and Gingrich's propmanship was fairly understated: at least their chosen props were inanimate objects. In contrast, the chairman of the House Budget Committee, John Kasich, was seen earlier this month with a live primate on his shoulder ("It's time to take the monkey off the taxpayers' back"), while in late September several Republicans trotted out a live ostrich to illustrate the diminished vision of their partisan rivals.

To be fair, the Democrats have hardly been immune from this expository plague. Their retort to the "ostrich op" was a fifteen-foot Trojan horse; more recently, a handful of their leaders walked around Capitol Hill with a pack of bloodhounds,

supposedly in search of a secret Republican budget meeting. And, of course, the White House might be said to have started it all by invoking the infamous ketchup bottle—as in "How dare they call this a vegetable?" But now the Administration declares that it has given up the tactic. "We don't need props," a spokeswoman says. "We've got Medicare."

## THE SHAME OF THE MARATHON

ON Marathon Sunday, as Bob Hall, a long-distance wheelchair-racing champion, and about seventy other wheelchair racers were waiting for the gun in near-freezing weather and a lashing northwesterly, marathon organizers and city officials scrubbed the wheelchair division's start. The ferocious winds on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge had blown away some plywood boards covering the roadway's four metal expansion joints. Race officials thought that the crossings were unsafe, and, as they mulled over their options, the wheelchair racers sat there in the cold. Finally, someone yelled, "Get these people out of here." Some racers were loaded onto buses and, after an hour and a half and twenty-eight thousand runners had passed, were driven across the bridge and deposited beyond the two-mile mark. Others, including Hall, just left. "I was so disappointed I couldn't even speak," he said later that afternoon.

For almost twenty years, Hall, a quiet-spoken, barrel-chested forty-four-year-old with a vise-grip handshake, has pioneered the movement to get "élite," or competitive, wheelchair racing incorporated into major marathons. Organizers in Boston, Berlin, L.A., and even Falmouth, Massachusetts, promote wheelchair racing as a competitive event on a par with running, but in New York, Hall said, "there's no money, no wreath—just another 'attaboy.'"

Competitive wheelchair racers train with the same discipline and zeal as marathon runners, and with fluid, mighty strokes they can heave their lightweight, three-wheeled chromoly or aluminum chairs forward at around seventeen miles per hour, about thirty per cent faster than élite runners. Hall has raced more than sixty marathons all told, but his first competition in New York was in a courtroom: in 1977, he had to obtain an order compelling the New York Road Runners Club to allow him to enter its marathon. The Road Runners Club, under the leadership of Fred Lebow, who died last year, steadfastly refused to establish an élite division for wheelchairs. Hall raced here five times but eventually soured on the event. Then, this year, he received an invitation to race from the Achilles Track Club, which oversees participation of the disabled in the New York Marathon. "I was told that this year was going to be different," he said, in what was to have been a post-race interview. "But, frankly, I'd say it was worse than ever."

THE scrubbed start wasn't the half of it. Wheelchair racers said that none of the portable bathrooms at the start were equipped for the disabled. (The Road Runners Club claims that one was.) And some of the buses used to ferry the racers across the bridge were not equipped for wheelchairs. Even worse was the fact that, had all gone according to plan, the wheelchair racers would have started out an hour and a half ahead of the runners, and thus found themselves on the streets of Manhattan a half hour before they were closed to traffic, with only volunteer cyclists to run interference.

Hall believes that much of the press coverage of wheelchair racers here has been imbued with "the stereotype that we're in constant need of assistance." He was angered by a recent *Times* article that characterized the sport as dangerous, focussing on the veteran racer John





Rodolph, a friend of Hall's, who was killed during a road-training session. "A truck lost control and hit another truck, which hit him," Hall said. "That's like getting struck by lightning." And some wheelchair racers took offense at another *Times* article, which repeatedly referred to wheelchairs as "machines." "It suggests that the power comes from somewhere else, but for us a wheelchair is just an extension of our physical selves," the racer Joe Dowling said.

Allan Steinfeld, the president of the Road Runners Club, said after the race that he had decided to bus the wheelchair racers across the bridge because "the conditions were adverse and created a dangerous situation—we were doing what we had to do." Hall and Dowling would rather have been left to their own devices. As it happened, they headed back to their hotel, changed clothes, and, in the afternoon, wheeled themselves through the lobby and out onto Central Park South to watch the marathon winners finish.

## HAIL TO THE CHEF

ANDRÉ SOLTNER does not look altogether comfortable in a dark-gray tweed jacket and a tie. For thirty-four years, he buttoned a starched white jacket across his chest and installed himself in the kitchen of America's most famous French restaurant, Lutèce, of which he was the chef and, later, the owner. Soltner in his kitchen was as contented as a great ballplayer roaming the outfield. But last year, still in his prime at sixty-two, he sold a majority interest in the restaurant. His wife, Simone, who served as *maitre d'*, had had it, and the chef's knees were giving out. He feared a diminution of his powers. "Figure out they took me a star or two away," said Soltner, who after all this time in New York has retained the syntax and the German-flavored accent of his native Alsace. "Who knows? Maybe they would have done it for good reasons. Then I would have been miserable." Better to go out like Joe DiMaggio.

Soltner's new jacket is an artifact of his civilian life. Knopf has just published "The Lutèce Cookbook," which he wrote in collaboration with the food writer Seymour Britchky, and Soltner is now keeping himself busy promoting it. He is also much in demand for cooking demonstrations. The other day, he went downtown to give a class at the French Culinary In-

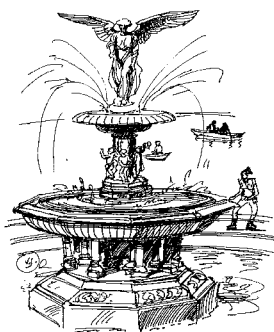
## SUNDAY IN THE PARK

OUTDOORS looked ravishing—a brilliant, cloudless, bright-blue sky, truly a benign day. Sunday, and home, I instinctively turned on the tube: governments paralyzed, assassinations revisited. A disgruntled group of commentators, sitting on their duffs in Washington, were engaging in their Sunday-morning litany of negativism and hopelessness. One of them, a cynical old codger with a voice that would curdle mother's milk, allowed that the City of New York was a *real* mess, millions and millions of unhappy people packed together in utter despair and gridlock.

The leaves must be turning, I thought. I snapped off the set and walked, in easy comfort, several blocks into Central Park—another world. A lone bagpiper sat on a bench, playing for his own pleasure. The sound was sobering, even mournful, but ended on a long, haunting upbeat note filled with wild hope. Quiet, strolling people were everywhere—lots of them. I headed toward Dog Hill, a paradise of unleashed dogs—from greyhounds to dachshunds—who race and frolic in a state of perfect freedom. Presumably cooped up all week, they have sense enough to relish these unfettered moments. "To heel, to heel," said the owner of an immense, shaggy beast, who, in turn, had his eye on a prim white poodle. Heated sniffing ensued. Swift human intervention prevented Senator Helms from swooping in and closing down the Park forever, on moral grounds. A cat on a leash was observing with amusement a group of elaborate picnickers, lunching on china plates. Someone was pushing a three-legged dog in a baby carriage. Two-legged babies in carriages were not in short supply. A leather-jacketed man with three earrings in each ear strolled past, a green parrot perched on his right shoulder. "Polly want a cracker?"

I asked. "Polly want a cracker!" said the parrot. I wondered if this erudite feathered friend might have a sense of Central Park history. "Frederick Law Olmsted?" I asked. "Blast off!" said the parrot.

Joggers by the hundred, all sizes, shapes, and colors, trotted by. Bicycles moved along the Park Drive in an endless stream—some cyclists puffing, some almost at rest, some fiercely racing, others gliding by without using their hands. Everywhere, I saw newly seeded bright-green grass, much of it fenced off—Irish green, as



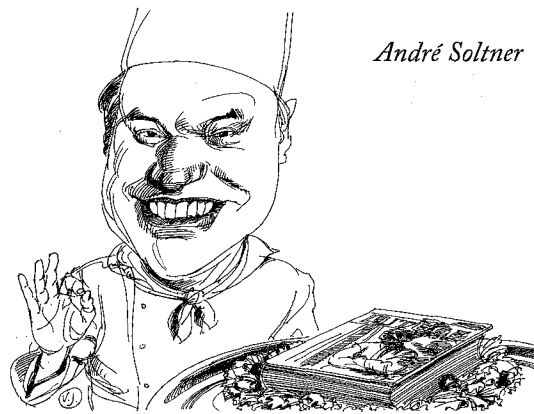
green as the lamented long-lost spinach in the old Horn & Hardart Automats. There were more picnickers near a statue of the Polish King Wladyslaw II Jagiello. The inscription said he had turned back the Teutonic aggressors at Grunwald in 1410. I bought a slim hot dog on a roll, complete with mustard, relish, and sauerkraut that had been turned back by Teutonic aggressors in 1410. I also bought the obligatory bottle of ambulatory mineral water and took a long, satisfying swallow.

I walked and walked through the cosmopolitan crowd. I spied a silver plate bolted to a bench which read "Patty Loves Johnny," and a similar plate on a nearby bench reading "Please Sit and Enjoy the Park." And always the ballet of Rollerbladers moving forward, sidewise, backward—but no gridlock. Quite suddenly, I came across a combo of guitar, sax, drums, and double bass, playing soft music in the sunlit Park, under a linden tree. Someone passed the hat. My expenses for the outing: a buck and a half for the miserable weenie, a buck and a half for the mineral water, four bucks for the musicians. Total outlay: seven dollars. I looked at the gleaming skyscrapers, unbombed, on the horizon. I counted my blessings: an afternoon amid a passing semblance of peace.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

stitute, whose faculty he recently joined. Some forty students took notes, and two other chefs looked on intently, like doctors following the senior surgeon on grand rounds. Soltner, a handsome man with thinning silver hair and round brown eyes, was preparing salmon with pike mousseline in pastry—just the sort of rich, classic confection that Lutèce was famous for. He is of the view that chefs who promise to banish cream, butter, and flour from their sauces don't know how to make a sauce.

Snip, snip, and the Master had pried a perfect fillet from the salmon. After a minute's deft slicing, crimping, and trimming, the fillet was stuffed with herbs and the mousseline and was then locked into a puff pastry shaped like a fish—tail, scales, and an eye. Another salmon was already baking, and a warm, crusty smell began to waft across the room. As Soltner worked, with his ministrations reflected in a mirror overhead, he talked, running aphorisms together with fine points of technique. The mousseline would need more heavy cream if the pike was dry or very cold, less if it was oily or at room temperature. "Cooking is not exactly two plus two



André Soltner

is four," he said, peering at his handiwork. "You do a little bit with your feelings." The students were shy, and the chef started answering his own questions. "What's wrong in most restaurants is the portions are too big," Soltner said, hauling out a large knife to slice up the golden-brown salmon en croûte that had been removed from the oven. "When he has enough, and he just could eat a little more—that's when the customer is satisfied."

Soltner then bent to the task of slicing the salmon into slender ribbons. Plates were passed around the class, each with a little puddle of *sauce choron*—a béarnaise infused with tomato pulp. The room fell into an awestruck silence; no one was

heard to complain of satiation. Then the class was over, and the students surged to the front to ask advice, take pictures, commune with the chef of chefs. Soltner smiled, a man in his element. As he wrote in a preface to his new book, "My wish to cook for others, and for my food to be appreciated, is a wish to do what my mother did, a wish to be for others what she was for us. The possibility that my cooking will please people, and that they will be pleased with me because of it, is what always excited me about being a chef."

## SABRINA PÈRE

SAMUEL TAYLOR, who is eighty-three years old, is spry and youthful and handsome enough to be in pictures himself. In the living room of his house in East Blue Hill, Maine, there is a framed photograph of him and Marlene Dietrich in the fifties, in which he bears a striking resemblance to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Taylor wrote the 1953 Broadway play "Sabrina Fair," which told the story of Sabrina Fairchild, a North Shore, Long Island, chauffeur's daughter who falls in love with the boss's son. Paramount bought the film rights before the play was produced, and Taylor and Billy Wilder worked on the screenplay together until Taylor had to return to New York to begin rehearsals for the play with Margaret Sullivan and Joseph Cotten. Ernest Lehman co-wrote the last third of the screenplay with Wilder, who then directed the movie, starring Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart, and William Holden. Now Paramount is set

to release a remake directed by Sydney Pollack, this time starring Julia Ormond, Greg Kinnear, and Harrison Ford. It remains to be seen whether Sabrina Fairchild, the most memorable Galatea of the postmodern era, has survived.

Taylor, who co-wrote Alfred Hitchcock's "Vertigo" and has written many other movies and plays in his long career, recently recalled "Sabrina" 's transition from stage to film. "Billy asked me if I minded changing the play, and I said, 'No, let's change it. I don't want to write the play again,'" Taylor said. So they shaped Taylor's gritty, edgy story into what he laughingly calls "a Mitteleuropean fairy tale." The result, aside from an oddly cast Bogart as

the older brother (Cary Grant turned down the role), is a timeless, shimmery movie in no apparent need of remaking.

Shortly after Paramount chose Pollack to direct, he called Taylor to ask if he could come to Maine to discuss the project. He said he would fly himself (he pilots his own Learjet), and asked if there was a nearby airport that could accommodate a jet. Taylor assured him that, since the Hancock County-Bar Harbor Airport was big enough for Rockefellers summering nearby, his plane would probably not run out of runway. "So he flew in," Taylor said. "I met him, we talked for a while. He ate two lobsters. We talked a bit more, and he said, 'Oh my God, I've got to get back to the Coast!' And away he went."

"It was amusing while he was here, because I challenged him. I said, 'As long as you're doing it, why don't you do it the way you want to? Change it. Make it your own.'" But Pollack told him he liked it just fine as it was. "He said, 'They just want me to bring it up to date.' It's very interesting, that word 'they.' It's always in quotes, especially in Hollywood. No names are ever mentioned, because actually no names are ever involved. It's just 'they.'"

Taylor says that the shooting script he was shown was somewhat more straightforward than either his own play or the Wilder movie. In the new script, for instance, Harrison Ford asks Julia Ormond to "save" him. It's a line from the play, but this time it is rendered without irony. Today's Hollywood is unable to resist the notion that businessmen need to be saved.

It's not that Taylor doesn't approve of the new "Sabrina" script, and he likes and admires Sydney Pollack. It's more that he seems disappointed that Hollywood, the second time around, didn't want to change Sabrina enough. Oddly, the *ur*-Sabrina, in the play, was the most liberated of all the Sabrinas so far—she had a good college education and worked in Paris for the Marshall Plan. In the Wilder movie, she's a Givenchy-dressed waif who trained as a chef; in the Pollack movie, a gofer for a fashion-magazine stylist.

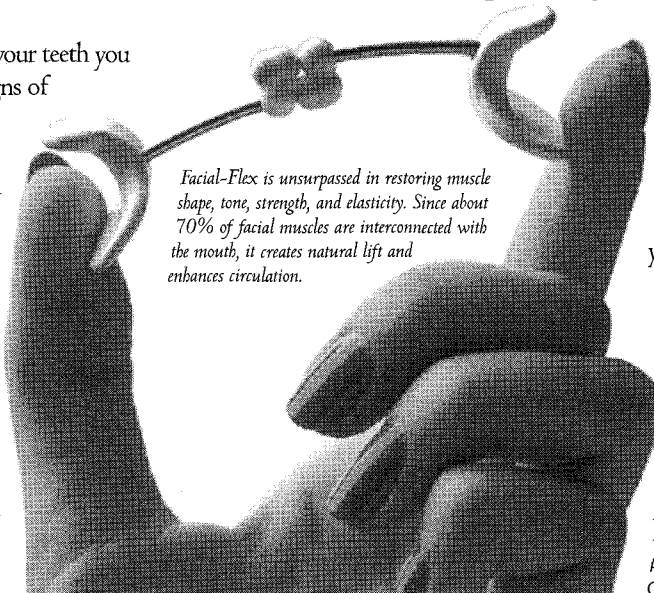
"You know, if they really wanted to make it interesting they'd find a really good black actress to play her," Taylor said, and added, laughing, "But they'd never do that." ♦

"The Widow," Amy Wilentz; "Prop Politics," John Heilemann; "The Shame of the Marathon," Warren St. John; "Hail to the Chef," James Traub; "Sabrina Père," Christopher Buckley.



# Give your face a lift. Without surgery.

In the time it takes to brush your teeth you can actually reverse the visible signs of aging. Introducing the Facial-Flex® exerciser. It does for your face what no beauty cream could ever do: get clinically proven results where it really counts—below the skin. Your face, chin and neck become tighter, better toned. Your skin glows. In fact, clinical trials show a 32% increase in facial firmness and a 250% increase in facial muscle strength in just eight weeks. First used for stroke rehabilitation, Facial-Flex uses flexible resistance—the same



*Facial-Flex is unsurpassed in restoring muscle shape, tone, strength, and elasticity. Since about 70% of facial muscles are interconnected with the mouth, it creates natural lift and enhances circulation.*

efficient exercise used to tone the other muscles in your body.

Try it today. Your face, chin, neck and skin will feel tighter and look younger, or your money back.



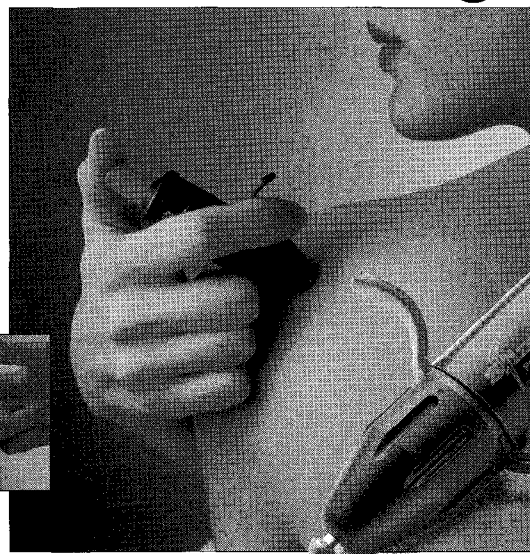
*In just minutes a day, you can take off years.*

**Order now!**  
**1-800-520-9924.**

**Facial-Flex® A3491 \$69.**  
*plus \$4.95 s+h (In CA and TN, add 7.25% tax. Canada residents, add \$10 add'l s+h.)*

# Immediate pain relief without drugs.

Don't live with aggravating pain. Zap it! Introducing The Stimulator™, the revolutionary drug-free device that helps relieve almost any kind of pain—muscle tension, cramps, lower back pain, arthritis, even headaches. Relief in many cases is virtually instantaneous. Just apply The Stimulator to the affected area and push the plunger. A slight, harmless tingle of electricity stimulates your



body's own natural pain-blocking response. Use as often as needed. There are no side effects. And for ease and convenience no matter

where you are, it even works through clothing. Always ready for instant use! Instructional book and video included.

**Order now!**  
**1-800-520-9924.**

**The Stimulator™ A4066 \$79.**

*plus \$4.95 s+h (In CA & TN, add 7.25% tax. Canada residents, add \$10 add'l s+h.)*

*Get pain relief where you need it.  
Simply point and press.*

Make checks payable to:

SelfCare Catalog  
P.O. Box 182290  
Chattanooga, TN 37422



- ☐ Facial-Flex (A3491)  
☐ The Stimulator (A4066)  
☐ Send me a free catalog

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State / Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Payment: ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover ☐ Check \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Total

Credit Card Number \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Authorized Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Daytime Phone \_\_\_\_\_

**CODE: 319**

**100%  
Risk-Free  
GUARANTEE**  
Money Back  
Anytime



Products For Healthy Living™

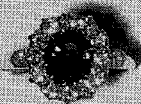


## Antique Diamond and Sapphire Rings

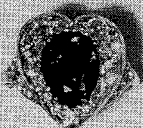
\$12,500



\$5,000



\$24,500



\$8,7000



\$4,750



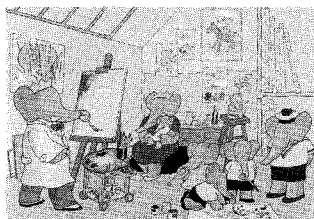
\$8,800



\$8,500


**S. J. SHRUBSOLE**
ESTABLISHED 1910  
104 EAST 57TH STREET, NY 10022 • (212) 753-8920

## BABAR



For the first time, Laurent de Brunhoff, author and illustrator of the Babar books, has made original color silkscreen prints. Each original print is signed and numbered from an edition of 100. Four different images are available, \$850 each. Call or write for brochure.

**MARY RYAN GALLERY**
24 WEST 57 STREET NEW YORK, NY 10019 212 397-0669

## Discover the Writer's Life in New York City

### Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

Over more than six decades of steady innovation, The New School has been a vital center for writing.

Beginning Fall 1996, The New School will offer—for the first time in its history—an MFA in Creative Writing, with concentrations in fiction, poetry, non-fiction and writing for children.

Fellowships and financial aid available. For information contact:

**The New School**
66 W. 12th St. New York, NY 10011
212-229-5630 ext. 36

## THE POLITICAL SCENE

# NEGATIVE CAPABILITY

*Before Colin Powell made his decision not to run, he seems to have conferred with everybody—except Mario Cuomo.*

BY DAVID REMNICK

ON a miserable November morning, with his sinuses clogged and his throat raw and his ears filled with the bleat of the vox populi, Mario Cuomo sits in the modern politician's hell: a glassed-in radio studio, waiting for callers. Cuomo is host of "The Mario Cuomo Show," broadcast from nine to noon Saturdays on more than thirty stations nationwide. Things might have been otherwise. A series of spectacular political refusals—refusals far more mystifying than Colin Powell's—and then a loss at the polls a year ago landed Cuomo in this well-cooled inferno. The former Governor tries never to admit to a moment of regret, but the fact is that the man who said no—no to a Presidential run in 1991, and no in 1993 to a seat on the Supreme Court—is taking a call from "J.C. from San Diego." J.C. is a libertarian, and he would like to get rid of all laws.

"Now, *Marion*," says J.C., "do you know why we have laws? Laws are to protect criminals, and . . ."

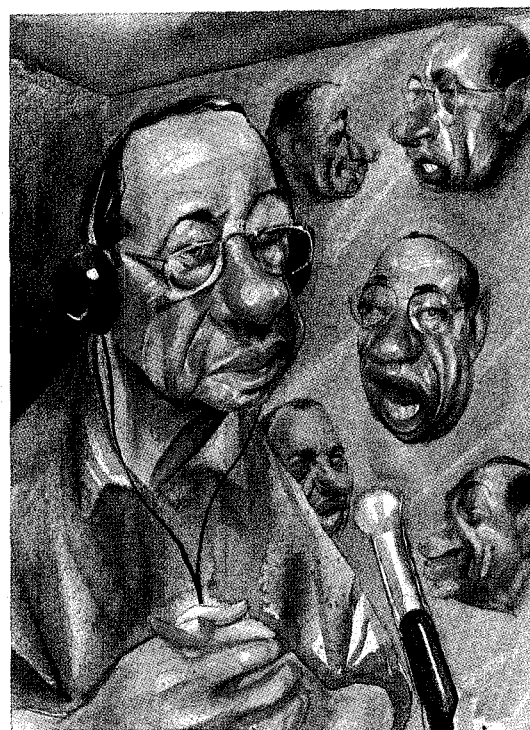
Cuomo peers sadly over his half glasses at the control booth. He knows that his producer is screening out most of the callers: the sleepless, the strange. J.C. is the cream. Cuomo sighs, but even now, when he is being paid for his patience toward the furious and the dim, he cannot suffer them for long. Finally, he interrupts, asking J.C. what he does for a living.

"I do some market research and collect tin cans."

"Well, good luck with your tin cans, J.C.," Cuomo says. "It really has been a pleasure."

The promise that Cuomo showed at the 1984 Democratic National Conven-

tion, his ability to frame an inclusive, liberal vision in a rhetoric suffused with the rhythms of Queens County and Lincoln, has come to this modest end. Ever since he lost the governorship to an obscure state legislator named George Pataki, he has been putting together a new life. In



*Cuomo: This is not how he envisioned his future.*

the weeks after the defeat, friends say, he struggled to understand what had happened when every trend—the polls, the endorsement by Rudolph Giuliani—had seemed to hint at victory. For several weeks, some of his friends thought he was depressed, disoriented. Cuomo and his wife, Matilda, moved from Albany to Sutton Place. He turned down the chance to do a daily radio show but took on the Saturday-morning gig. The rest of the week he makes speeches, writes books, and practices law at the firm of Willkie Farr & Gallagher. He says he's handling an interesting case for an Italian firm that makes a state-of-the-art

STEVE BRODNER



composter and he's also involved in a matrimonial case for "one of the best-known people in the country." But Cuomo makes no secret of it: this is not how he envisioned his future. "It's tragic what's happened to Mario," one of his oldest friends says. "He gave up a seat on the Supreme Court, God knows why, to lose to a nobody like Pataki. Seeing Mario now is a little like seeing Muhammad Ali. It's terribly sad." Tim Russert, the host of NBC's "Meet the Press" and a former Cuomo staffer, says his old boss is "dying not being in the arena."

In his broadcast booth, Cuomo waits out the commercials for anti-baldness salve, for an investment guide, for Preparation H. Then another caller, Adrian from San Diego, is on the line, crowing in triumph. He is a Gingrichite who was willing to wait half an hour on hold to announce it. "We've been playing it your way for forty years," he says. "And now..."

After a while, Cuomo tries to engage Adrian in much the same way Gunther Gebel-Williams engages his cats.

"Adrian, will you listen, please?"

Adrian will not be engaged.

"Adrian," Cuomo says finally, cracking the whip, "I think your factual command needs a little improvement. Then you'd have a little less aggravation."

As a talk-radio host, Cuomo went on the air last June advertising himself less as an ideological alternative to Rush Limbaugh and G. Gordon Liddy than as a man who would listen. He doesn't listen much. Cuomo's show lacks both the snap of drive-time entertainment and the velvety usefulness of National Public Radio. Limbaugh is a strange and effective mixture of propagandist and comedian, of V. I. Lenin and Jack E. Leonard. Liddy is a shock artist, the Karen Finley of radio. Cuomo, by contrast, often begins his show with an earnest sermon on the issues of the week and then seems to lose patience as the calls accumulate. He would like to believe that this is a good forum for rational debate, but it so rarely happens. You quickly get the sense that Cuomo would rather be somewhere else.

"Somebody asked me about the difference between last year and this year," he says over a cup of coffee after the show. "Last year, I had my shoulder to the stone and was pushing it, and every once in a while the damn thing moved. You'd come home and be all

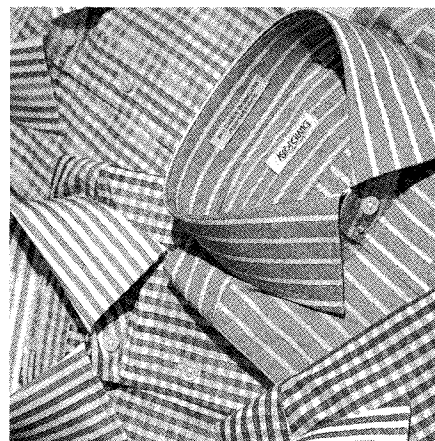
scarred and sweaty and exhausted, your legs would pain you, but I made it move. As governor, I was changing the world just a little bit. Being there at the World Trade Center after the explosion and talking to the people of the world and saying exactly the right thing—or exactly the wrong thing. Or when they took the seventeen hostages at Ossining, getting them all out without a loss, fifty-odd hours without any sleep, constantly on the phone. Or making the budget, finally, without savaging all the programs for poor people. Doing what you had to do. I could make a hundred speeches a year, do radio every day, and be more visible than Rush Limbaugh, but it's not the same as having your shoulder to the stone. So I miss public service, because that is an immediate way to get it done. Now I only do it in a remote way, through surrogates. It's not what I want to be doing."

**I**N the days that followed Colin Powell's announcement of non-candidacy, Cuomo studied the reruns with professional interest and a measure of satisfaction, for he was among the few commentators who had said all along that Powell would not run for President. No one could know better the motivation for and the pain of saying no. Now, as he relaxes in the lounge after his show, the mention of Powell's withdrawal vaults him into a kind of Joycean monologue, in which he is at once analyst and subject, outside and inside the mind of the refuser.

"I'd give him an A for his performance," Cuomo says. "It was highly competent. It was very military. It was unadorned, well strategized, well executed. On content, he did not satisfy me from my lawyer's point of view. If what you're saying, in effect, is that you don't feel it—which is what you said—then you knew that before the book tour. What were you looking for? Someone to light a fire in your belly? I mean, the logic escapes me a little bit. And the notion that I tried very hard to get the vocation. I mean—what?—you went up on a mountain? You prayed? You chanted? What were you talking to Ron Lauder for if you were looking for the vocation?"

"The reason I thought he wouldn't run is that he is a general. He is accustomed to studying the weather, the terrain, all conditions and circumstances,

## WHY AN ASCOT CHANG SHIRT IS ONE OF THE BEST IN THE WORLD...



### Fabrics:

2,500 selections. From 100s 2x2 Egyptian to 200s 2x2 Swiss poplin.

### Stitching:

Special needles create an almost invisible 22 stitches per inch. Other makers are satisfied with 16.

### Seams:

All single needle French seams for durability and a neater classic look.

### Buttons:

Only mother of pearl. Hand picked and matched. Wok shaped bottoms for easy access.

### Collar Styles:

Unlimited. Every collar is designed and built to the client specific need.

### Cuff Options:

15, to begin with.

### Measurements:

Just the collar alone takes 7. There are 31 in all.

### Body Reading:

The most critical aspect of custom shirt making. An art.

### Trained Fitters:

On premise—minimum 20 years experience in every store.

### Referrals:

10% of our new business comes from laundry recommendations.

### Guarantee:

The same for 50 years. Satisfaction.

### Pricing:

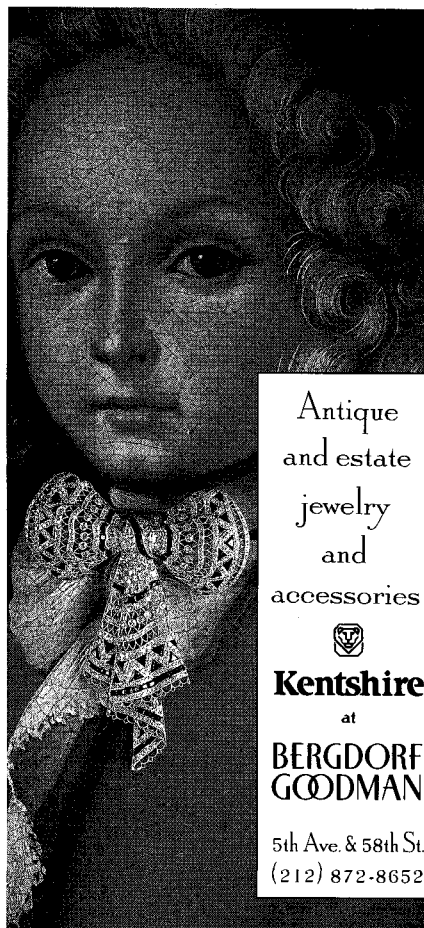
\$85. to \$450.

## PERHAPS THE BEST?

# ASCOT CHANG

A Gentleman's Shirtmaker

7 West 57th Street  
New York, New York 10019 212-759-3333  
9551-9553 Wilshire Blvd.  
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211 310-550-1339  
For more information, please call 1-800-486-9966



Antique  
and estate  
jewelry  
and  
accessories



**Kentshire**  
at  
**BERGDORF  
GOODMAN**

5th Ave. & 58th St.  
(212) 872-8652

Also at Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 Street, NY

### SHAKER CHAIR KITS

An exciting collection of Shaker chairs, tables, clocks and other furniture available in kits or completely finished.

All exemplify the simplicity and versatile beauty of Shaker design. Pegs, pegboard, Shaker baskets and oval boxes.

Large selection of replacement chair tapes.

New color Catalog \$1.00

### SHAKER WORKSHOPS

Box 8001-NY115, Ashburnham, MA 01430  
1-800-840-9121



### GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.

Inca Floats 510-420-1550  
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

### HOME FROM HOME

Privately owned London Flats  
and Houses for Short Term Lets.  
Centrally located. Competitive prices.

TEL: 1-800 748 9783

FAX: 011-44 171 823 8433



*"No giblets, but there's an organ-donor card."*

plotting out every move, making sure you have overwhelming strength that blows them all away. But he was not about to blow away Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, Pat Buchanan, Phil Gramm, all these others. They would not go away. He's a general, unaccustomed to subordinates' challenging him. He never had to fight in the gutter. He was in the military, and now all of a sudden he was going to be out in the streets and people were going to be challenging you from your own party. But say you can deal with that. You say, O.K., I can take it. I've been in wars. But it is a little messy. Now, let me think about my positions and how that works out. I'm for affirmative action; they're not. I'm for choice; they're not. What does that mean? What about all those cardinals we're counting on showing up for pictures the way they always did for Reagan and Bush?"

As Cuomo warms to the subject, he seems to light up. J.C. and his tin cans and his opinions are a million miles away.

"There are bills being passed every day by the Republicans—what does General Powell say about them?" Cuomo goes on. "Is he for those Medicare cuts? As soon as I announce, I have to deal with the Gingrich-Dole package that is already there. What do I say? If I say I

agree with them, can I go back on everything I've said about my positions? If I say I don't agree, I'm going to war with Gingrich and Dole at the beginning of a primary.

"Then, what happens if you win? Now you're the President. Does Gingrich come in, genuflect, make an act of humility, and say, 'From now on, I'm more moderate, just like you, Colin'? Or do you genuflect and say, 'I'm your President and I'm more conservative, just like you? How do you reconcile that?'"

Cuomo's advice to the Clinton Administration is to seize the political opportunity, to invite Powell to take a top-level Cabinet post. Coöpt him if you can—steal him, in effect, from the other side. Never mind that they tried once already. Never mind that Powell has declared himself a Republican. A top adviser to Clinton says that such an offer "hasn't been ruled out" by Clinton, but "we haven't spent a lot of time thinking about it, either."

"It's no lose for Clinton," Cuomo says. "I'm Bill Clinton: Why should I invite him in? Because I want to show I agree with America, I think he's a terrific guy. I also want to show the African-Americans, and that this man is black and that's something special. . . . I'm prepared to add a Republican to my govern-



ment. It's all good. What does Powell say? No, I wouldn't think of it, I would never serve in a Democratic Administration? You can't say that. Incidentally, your opinions on the issues are exactly the same as mine, right down the line. You won't serve your country. I'm very disappointed, Colin. That makes Powell less effective as, say, a Vice-Presidential candidate. That takes a little chunk out of him."

**C**UOMO may question the wisdom of some of Powell's political choices, he may tease the General for his contradictions, and yet Powell's choices, just days after the fact, seem far more comprehensible than Mario Cuomo's. Even now, years after Cuomo refused to enter the Presidential race or accept a seat on the Supreme Court, his reasoning defies understanding. Even those who have known him for decades cannot fathom his decisions.

"I think I can understand not running for President," Jack Newfield, a columnist for the New York *Post* who has been a friend of Cuomo's for twenty-five years, says. "It wasn't a matter of a skel-

eton in the closet. I think he's lived a life of extreme probity and integrity. But not everyone can stand what it takes to run. But for such a legal mind, for someone with those interpersonal skills to have turned down a seat on the Supreme Court is beyond me. Mario Cuomo could have forged a center-left coalition on the court with Anthony Kennedy and David Souter. He could have held his own with Antonin Scalia. But no. He had to go for a fourth term as governor. And now he's doing talk radio. I don't get it."

Cuomo's most effective defender is his son Andrew, who works now in the Clinton Department of Housing and Urban Development. "They were rational choices," he says. "Might I have made different conclusions? Yes. But so what? He had the choices, not us."

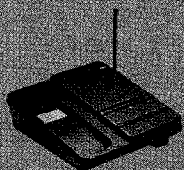
Cuomo's explanations have not changed much over the years, and they are no less tortured than they ever were. He wants history to believe that he never really thought about the Presidency until one of his friends brought it up on the eve of the 1992 race itself.

"There was a point in the fall of 1991,

and I had a meeting with some contributors at a hotel," Cuomo says. "These were people who mostly went way back to the beginning of my political career—friends from St. John's and the neighborhood, who encouraged me. Some of them had done very well. One of them, Vincent Albanese, from Queens, who is a very successful lawyer and a close friend, said, 'Mario, what about the Presidency?' I said, 'What do you mean?' He says, 'You don't have any right not to be interested. Let me tell you directly. We've been with you from the beginning. We don't agree with everything you do. But don't you think you owe it to us?' Well, that stopped me right in my tracks. I felt, suddenly, that I had been guilty of an injustice. These people had been supporting me, and it never occurred to me that maybe I should have gone to them, just out of respect, to say, 'How do you feel about it?' I was acting as if it were all my decision, which is what I'd always done. I'd never even talked about it with Matilda. . . .

"On the spot, I said, 'Vincent, I'll tell you what I'd like to do. If it's all right

ONLY ONE THING  
CAN MAKE IT  
SOUND CLEARER.



You won't believe your ears. VTECH's **DIGITAL, 900 MHZ** cordless technology ensures maximum **RANGE**, unparalleled **SECURITY** and above all, **CLARITY**. Call us today for information and the dealer nearest you. You'll like what you hear. 1-800-624-5688.



## M FINE ANTIQUES A P S & P R I N T S

Send \$4 for Holiday Catalogue  
or call for further information.



James Otto Lewis. Philadelphia: 1835-1836.  
Hand-colored lithograph.



**The Philadelphia  
Print Shop, Ltd.**

Visit us on the World Wide Web at:  
<http://www.w2.com/prints.html>

8441 Germantown Avenue  
Philadelphia, PA 19118  
(215) 242-4750

**THREE  
COLORS  
YOU'LL  
LOOK  
GREAT IN.**

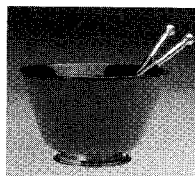


It's the famous designer in color ring in gold, 14K yellow, pink  
and white gold - \$149. Bracelet - \$379. Earrings - \$159.

**Call 800-725-1520**

Visa/MC - \$6.14 - Satisfaction Guaranteed - Check or M.O. to:  
Marc Simon Fine Jewelry, 19360 Rinaldi St., Suite #301,  
Porter Ranch, CA 91326

### THE PERFECT GIFT



AMANDARI  
Salisbury, CT.

Exquisite solid mahogany  
salad bowl on pewter  
base. Beautifully gift  
boxed. Available in 10"  
diam. \$135, 12" diam.  
\$175, 14" diam. \$225,  
matching servers \$75.

To order or for a catalog  
1-800-449-7844.

**ARTWISE®**

Supple leather envelope with maps of  
Rome, Florence & Venice highlighting  
cultural attractions. \$49.95

To know where you're going, take a good nap.

STREETWISE MAPS INC. 1-800-497-1314

with Matilda, I think I'd like to get together some people and start immediately to look at this in an objective way—as fast as we can, because we're running out of time. I'll tell you in a matter of weeks whether we can do this.' Well, committees came from out of the blue. They reported to me in no time at all, and they all said, 'We'll get money. There's no question, we have a shot at this.'"

What stood in his way was Ralph Marino, the leader of the Republicans in the State Senate, Cuomo claims. "I told him, 'How do you lose? We make the budget. I run. I win, I'm the President, and that's very good for you, good for New York. I lose, that's good for you, because you think you can beat Stan Lundine, the lieutenant governor. And you've gotten rid of me. I'm a pain in the neck to deal with, you all say that, so you're rid of me either way.' He said, 'We can't make the budget.'"

Cuomo will not say it directly, but it is clear he suspects that Marino and the Republican Party, state and national, deliberately held up a budget agreement to keep him out of the race.

"What he did was consistent with the Republicans' political needs," Cuomo says. What does not figure into Cuomo's telling is the postscript: When he finally left office, the state had a projected deficit for 1995 of more than four billion dollars.

Some of Cuomo's closest advisers had recommended that he bolt the state before the budget issue ever arose. His son Andrew had counselled against his seeking a third term in 1990. Don't run, Andrew said, and the field will be clear for a run at the White House. "It was my fault for running for a third term," Cuomo says now. "The truth is I never thought about myself as a President. People hear that and they say, 'See, the guy has no self-confidence.' That's not it. I just didn't think I was the best you could find. I don't know if you can understand this, because you haven't been in the position, but, if you have any kind of intelligence, to run you have to conclude that you're better than all the other people. Either that or you have to have the fire in the belly, which is just stupid. Fire in the belly! I'm dying to be President? Why would anyone die for that? Are they crazy?"

If, in Cuomo's telling, Marino is the antagonist in the Presidential epic, Stan

Lundine, his lieutenant governor, plays a similar role in the Supreme Court story. "When the President asked me to go to the Supreme Court, I said, 'Mr. President, if I had someone who could win the Democratic nomination and then beat the Republican I'd do it.' . . . But I went to Stan Lundine, and I offered it to Stan, but Stan didn't want it. He said, 'I can't do it, Mario. Maybe together we can do it. Can you think of anyone else?'"

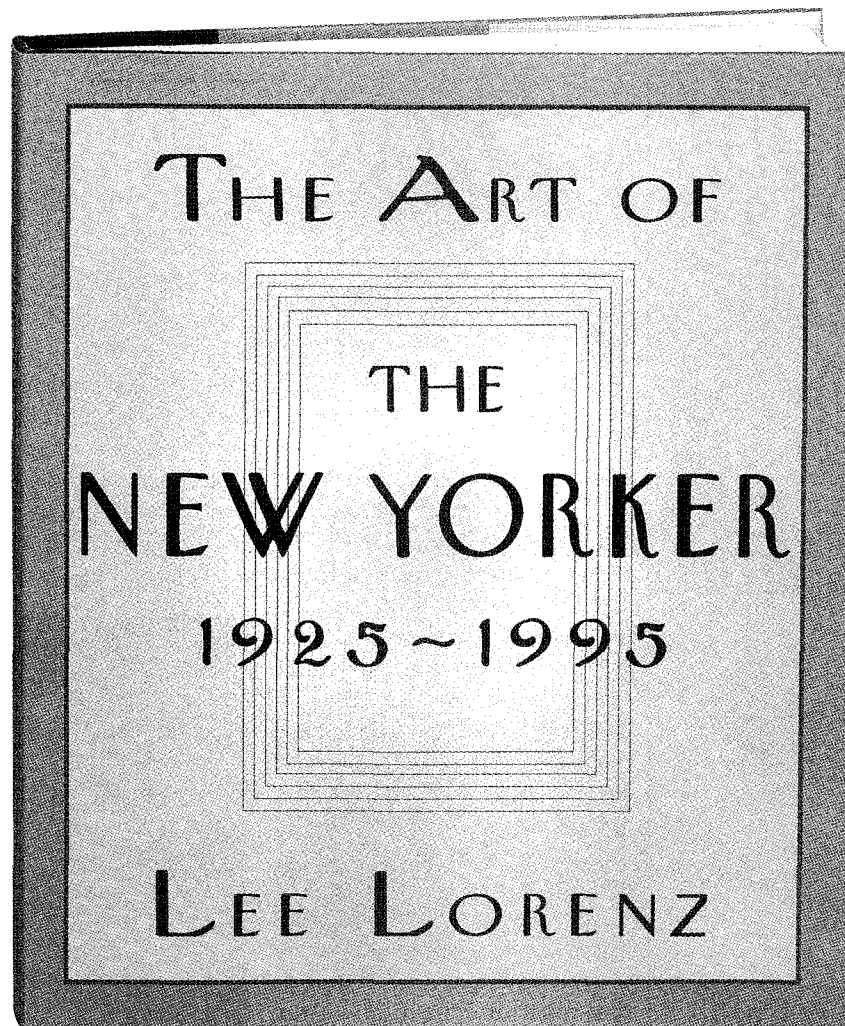
Cuomo shrugs. But even that explanation is incomplete. At the time, Cuomo told his friends that if he were an associate justice his "free-speech rights" would be hamstrung, that he couldn't make a dent in the economic and cultural issues that really mattered to him. He would be just one judge on a panel of nine, sworn to a kind of monastic existence. "I don't feel that by not being on the Supreme Court I lost out," he says. "The Supreme Court is very important and very prestigious and very easy. It's a very easy way to live out your life. But for a guy like me that's not where the problems are."

Cuomo remained a deeply provincial figure, a politician who rarely ventured for long out of his state. On his few trips overseas, he would keep his itinerary short and head back to Albany as soon as possible. To the end, he heeded his own counsel—and his counsel never permitted the highest level of ambition. His achievement was ever potential, vague, theoretical.

Cuomo is sixty-three. There might be another Presidential shot for Colin Powell, but that is not likely for Mario Cuomo. He doesn't rule out running for office, but he says it's more likely that his son will run for something now. Political operatives in the state are already talking about Andrew as a candidate to run against Al D'Amato for the Senate in 1998. Mario Cuomo, for his part, will do this and that: make some money, do the radio show. He's got a book out called "Reason to Believe"—a lonely reply to the Contract with America. Last week, he appeared at Barnes & Noble and then at the 92nd Street Y.

"So, do I feel bad?" he says. "No. Do I feel cheated by fate? No. Do I kick myself around the corner for making a bad judgment? No. Do I think I missed anything? It's difficult for me to feel regret in that regard. When I sum up my whole life, I feel so lucky." ♦





**A new *New Yorker* treasure!**

A big, charming, funny, and serious book in which 400 great *New Yorker* cartoons, covers, spots, caricatures and photographs illustrate the behind-the-scenes story of the art of *The New Yorker* through the decades.

Stories of the artists...anecdotes of life at *The New Yorker* from the Harold Ross years to the present...how *The New Yorker* has revolutionized the American cartoon and interpreted

the changing scene...and a glorious array of the art itself in black-and-white and in full color—the published and unpublished work of the *New Yorker* greats from Peter

Arno, James Thurber, Helen Hokinson, Ed Koren, William Steig, George Price, George Booth and Charles Addams to Saul Steinberg, Edward Sorel and Roz Chast.

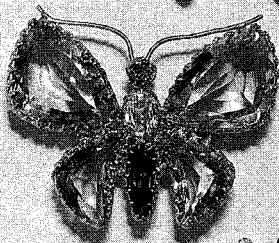
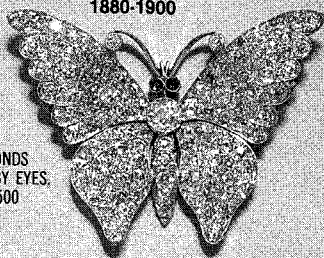
Told by Lee Lorenz, the magazine's art editor for two decades

At all bookstores  Knopf

# ESTATE BUTTERFLY BROOCHES

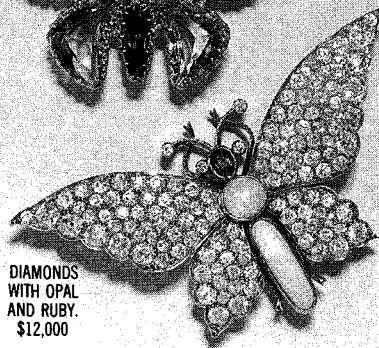
1880-1900

DIAMONDS  
WITH RUBY EYES  
\$11,500



CITRINE AND  
SEMI-PRECIOUS  
STONES  
\$2750

DIAMONDS  
WITH OPAL  
AND RUBY.  
\$12,000



SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE.

**FIRESTONE AND PARSON**  
No. 8 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON, MA 02116  
(617) 266-1858

## Maui Room & Car For Only \$525

per person  
dbl. occ.

Relax and enjoy the unhurried way of life at Maui's Most Hawaiian Resort situated on 10 secluded acres. Package includes five nights in a deluxe ocean view room with a fully equipped kitchen, tropical flowers and an automatic, air-conditioned compact car with unlimited mileage.



CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-367-5030

**NAPILI KAI BEACH CLUB**

Maui's Most Hawaiian Resort

Valid to 12/31/96

A rich taste of history since 1832

## ORIGINAL SACHER TORTE

{ SAY 'SOCCER' }

First presented to Vienna's Royal Court, this legendary chocolate cake is rich but not too sweet. Shipped from the Hotel Sacher Vienna.

It's ready to make history on your gift list.



Call 1-800-793-3863

## CULTURAL PURSUITS

# THE CASINO CUT

*How did Martin Scorsese put together the longest and most ambitious movie of his career? The author visited the "Casino" cutting room.*

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

ON the video monitor, two giant red dice floated into view. One at a time, they crashed down upon the green baize, very, very slowly. Then they caromed majestically toward a distant black void. If the dice had made any sound at all, they would probably have rumbled like those buildings on the evening news that are gently blown up at the behest of real-estate developers. "Yeah, it looks like a skyscraper coming in," the film director Martin Scorsese agreed. "It looks great." Another pair of dice bloomed onto the screen, and then another. "That one was very nice," Scorsese said. "Oh, *that!* That's *very* nice! That looks like a monolith coming down, you know? Interesting." Sitting at the controls, the film editor Thelma Schoonmaker twisted backward in her chair and gazed over her glasses at Scorsese. "As opposed to . . .," she said, and two more red dice bounded slowly before us, one at a time. "But there was too much time between the first die and the second," Scorsese said. "Wasn't there?"

Was there? I was sitting next to Scorsese in his editing room, on the seventh floor of a midtown-Manhattan skyscraper, and, peer and ponder though I might, I found it humiliatingly difficult to tell whether there was too much time between the first die and the second. If there were too little, you might reason, the impact of their size and slowness would be diminished; too much, and the shot would grow boring. And it all depended on what came before and after, didn't it? Would the dice slow down the action or provide a welcome respite from some previous frenzy?

Such are the quandaries of the editing room, where the questions a filmmaker faces lend his enterprise a kinship with

endeavors far afield from cinema—music, for instance, and mathematics, and even epistemology. Popular magazines and television shows have exposed us so exhaustively to the ins and outs of filmmaking that we feel we know what happens on a movie set. We understand that



*Scorsese: Las Vegas in three hours.*

every moment of a film gets shot over and over again, in a dozen different ways. We know that when the director gets to the editing room he wants to see each moment of the film represented from all sorts of angles and distances, so that he and the editor can choose from a menu of shots and splice together a smooth, captivating whole. But here is where the questions arise. What makes something smooth and what

MARK LUKSEN



makes it captivate? And, more epistemologically: What makes audiences pay attention? How much attention do audiences have to pay? And when they pay all that attention what makes them feel they are getting their attention's worth, so to speak?

The movie Scorsese was editing was "Casino," which opens this week. It runs nearly three hours, so it's the longest film Scorsese has ever made. It is also the most ambitious. Focussing on a period from the early seventies until 1983, it uses a romantic triangle among a casino manager (played by Robert De Niro), his alcoholic wife (Sharon Stone), and a depraved gangster (Joe Pesci) to tell the largely true story of the last days of the Mob in Las Vegas; along the way, it provides a detailed map of the town's mazelike inner workings—the payoffs and scams, the hirings and firings, the cultivation of high rollers, the placating of town fathers, and, when all else fails, the mysterious burials in the desert. The screenplay was written by Scorsese and the journalist Nicholas Pileggi (whose literary version of this material, a nonfiction book called "Casino," has just been published), but it changed innumerable times in the course of filming; it was being altered even during the last few weeks of editing. And the complexity (some might say chaos) of the project was exacerbated by Scorsese's use of two elaborate voice-over narrations—one by De Niro and one by Pesci—and by an intricate soundtrack pieced together from old pop songs, everything from "Stella by Starlight" to "Gimme Shelter."

"This picture's a big one, so it's like chipping away at a big sculpture," Scorsese said. "Honing constantly. And it's tough, because there is no plot, really. It's just how these three characters interrelate throughout the picture and how things intensify." Scorsese sucked in a breath and beat a tattoo against the arms of his chair. "O.K., Thelma. What's next?"

What was next was one of those voice-overs. On the video monitor, Sharon Stone was striding confidently through the casino, folding wads of bills and distributing them, along with a fetching variety of winks and grins, to assorted doormen, card dealers, and valet parkers. On the soundtrack, the Roxy Music song "Love Is the Drug" was thumping, and Robert De Niro was delivering the voice-over: "Ginger had the hustler's code. She knew how to take care of people, and that's what Vegas is all about. It's Kick-

**GIVE A LITTLE**

# Tenderness!

USE YOUR MAJOR CREDIT CARD...

TO ORDER IN A FAST CALL TOLL FREE  
**1-800-228-9055**  
PERSONAL WAY



**Send specially-priced Holiday Gift Packages of world-famous Omaha Steaks.® So tender and juicy. Delivered nationwide, unconditionally guaranteed! Hurry...your gift orders must be received by December 19th for delivery in time for Christmas!**

**Special Holiday Prices Expire 12/31/95**  
(EXTRA CHARGE FOR ALASKA/HAWAII/CANADA GIFTS)

*Many other great specials available. Act now!*

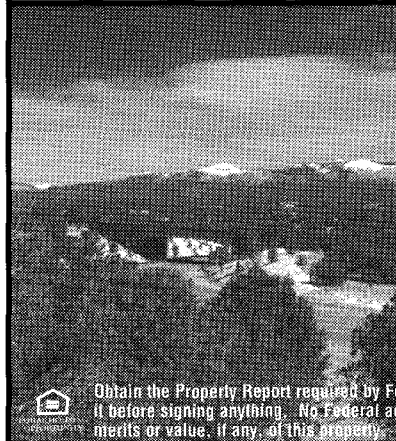
**#1135 4 (5 oz.) Filet Mignons,**  
*Save \$12.00* Regularly \$41.95 **NOW \$29.95**  
(PLUS \$7.95 SHIPPING)

---

**#515 8 (6 oz.) Filet Mignons,**  
*Save \$20.00* Regularly \$79.95 **NOW \$59.95**  
(PLUS \$7.95 SHIPPING)

## Omaha Steaks International®

Dept. AD5114 • 4400 South 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127



### Defined living in Santa Fe.

Generously sized home sites start at \$200,000. Club membership with full Jack Nicklaus-signature golf privileges included with limited inventory

**LAS CAMPANAS**  
SANTA FE

Call for information packet  
(505)989-8877 or (800)237-0088

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal Law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property.

))) *The Tea Club* (

### A TERRIFIC GIFT IDEA

Featuring 2 exquisite selections of rare full-leaf teas delivered each month. Gift boxes and memberships available to fit every budget.

**1-800-FULL-LEAF** (800-385-5532)



## PSV

*A Romantic Private Island Hideaway*

**Petit St. Vincent Resort** 800-654-9326  
Grenadines, West Indies Fax 513-242-6951

## PARIS NOTES

The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris

A fine way to stay in touch with the world's favorite city.

History, Culture, Art, Trends, Books, Current Events, People, Fun Facts, Restaurants, Hotels, and More.

**\$39 per year (10x). Sample copy \$6. Cheques only.**  
PO Box 3668, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266  
(310) 545-2735 • Full money back guarantee!

**The Big Apple?**



\$175  
\$175.00

**or the little apple?**



\$39  
\$39.00

Sterling Sculpture. Paintings with gold wash interior.

**WENDY LEWIS DESIGNS** 1-800-313-7165

CHECK/CREDIT CARDS/CATALOG Satisfaction Guaranteed 30-90 days  
170 Boston Post Road, Suite 114, Madison, CT 06443 203-245-3064

If our current guests  
weren't so satisfied,  
we'd have to  
run a bigger ad.



Hotels, Resorts  
& Nile Cruises

Small Chain.  
Big Reputation.

CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR  
1-800-SONESTA

• COMING SOON: COSTA RICA IN 1996 •

FRENCH QUARTER/NEW ORLEANS • KEY BISCAYNE/MIAMI • SANTIAGO • THROUGHOUT EGYPT • THE NILE •

**EXPERIENCE CALIFORNIA'S SMALLER WINERIES**

Each month, two bottles of award-winning wine, PLUS an informative 8-page newsletter.

Only \$30.00 each month (incl. shipping).

Gifts shipped in 24 hours. Send as many months as you choose.

800/777-4443  
24 HOURS  
Visa • MasterCard • American Express

*Cheer*

**The California Wine Club**



#### AMERICAN WRITERS

Dickinson • Frost • Hemingway  
Thoreau • O'Neill • Melville  
Whitman • Twain • Poe • others

Hydrostone **BUSTS: \$49-\$79**  
Sculptor Fred Blatt  
607-547-9459; brochure  
P.O. Box 206 • Fly Creek NY 13337

**CANDLES**

Call for a free brochure of our extraordinary candles.

(505) 867-4245

**WAX POETIC**

PO 1218 BERNALILLO NM 87004 FAX (505) 867-1510

**THE MENORA**  
\$49.50

back City. She took care of the dealers, pit bosses, floor managers. But mostly she took care of the valet parkers, the middlemen of Las Vegas. Ginger took care of the parkers because they took care of the security guards, who took care of the metro cops, who let her operate."

Schoonmaker stopped the clip, turned, and, once again, peered over her glasses at Scorsese. At fifty-five, she is an ebullient woman with plump, ruddy cheeks and wild white hair; in another decade or so, she might easily play Mrs. Santa Claus. She and Scorsese met as film students at New York University in the sixties; Schoonmaker went on to edit documentaries (including "Woodstock," which Scorsese also helped edit), but her first big feature was Scorsese's "Raging Bull," in 1980. The movie won her an Academy Award—"It was Marty's Oscar, not mine," she says—and she has edited every Scorsese film after that. "I wouldn't want to work for anybody else," she says. And since "Raging Bull" she hasn't.

The question now was this: Scorsese and Pileggi had come up with a line that they were thinking of wedging into De Niro's voice-over, after "the valet parkers, the middlemen of Las Vegas." They thought it might clarify matters if they added "the guys who can get you anything."

"The way it is now, first of all I'm not sure if we're listening," Scorsese said, assuming the role of the audience. "Are we listening to it? And, you know, do we even have to be? In other words, the actual voice-over—'Ginger took care of the parkers because they took care of the security guards, who took care of the metro cops—it sounds byzantine enough, don't you think? Do we have to put in 'the guys who can get you anything'? If they're the middlemen in Las Vegas, that kind of says it. Hey! What if you dropped 'middlemen' and put in 'the guys who can get you anything' instead? Know what I'm saying? Because 'middlemen' is more abstract. Because if a guy can 'get' you anything, it's 'get'—something physical. It's money, drugs, whatever. Getting things. So 'get' might cut through all the images, and maybe the audience will hear. 'Get.'"

During this speech, Scorsese had leaped to his feet, smoothed his hair, sat down again, leaped back up, pounded his fist into his palm, thrust a hand into his pocket, taken the hand out, and sat down yet again. Schoonmaker took it all very calmly. "Shall we try that?" she said.

"Will it take a long time?" Scorsese

asked. To me, he added, "With this computer, sometimes it's so fast. I mean, before when you wanted to make a cut, you changed the reel, and I could get up and make a phone call. But here you take a second and it's done, and I can't leave. I can't take a break. I'm trapped." While he was saying this, Schoonmaker was manipulating the computer, and you could hear De Niro's voice drawling over and over, forward and backward, "The valet parkers, srekrap telav eht, the valet parkers, srekrap telav eht, the valet parkers..."

Scorsese leaned back in his Eames lounge and stretched his legs straight out in front of him. He is a small man with profuse black eyebrows and quick, dangerous-looking eyes. In the old days, he used to wear a Satanic black beard, and, since he would occasionally portray scoundrels in his own movies (in "Taxi Driver," for instance), he acquired a somewhat sinister aura. But on this day, a few weeks before his fifty-third birthday, he looked exceedingly civilized, even elegant: he could pass for an obscure Sicilian duke. He wore a beautifully pressed pin-striped shirt, silky tan slacks, and woven loafers. His graying hair was swept regally back on the sides, and his nose was a complicated, chiselled affair whose facets and planes suggested privileged bloodlines, though during the Satanic-beard days

they mainly suggested a series of run-ins with much bigger guys.

To get to the editing room, you had to go through a room that looked as though it ought to be the

editing room: brown-black celluloid was draped across tables, and earnest young men and women were poring over it as though they were translating cuneiform. But the real editing room was the light-filled aerie next door, and there wasn't a strip of film in it anywhere. Instead, there was a huge wall chart that described "Casino's" two hundred and sixty-nine scenes in the tersest possible terms: "Dead Dealer," "Body in Trunk," "Lawyer's Car Explodes." Below it were two video monitors, a keyboard, and a console that resembled something from a miniature-train set. These were part of the Lightworks computer editing system.

"Ordinarily, I would be saying, 'Let's go to the next reel,'" Scorsese explained, "but there's no such thing. See, she has all those 'tiles' up on the screen—those are the rushes. And the film is all divided up into these 'towers.'" He pointed out several gray metal boxes that were far too squat to merit so lofty a designation. The towers are es-



## VENISON

Paul set the bags down, told how they had split the deer apart, the ease of peeling it simpler than skinning a fruit, how the buck lay on the worktable, how they sawed an anklebone off, the smell not rank. The sun slipped into night.

*Where are you* I wondered as I grubbed through cupboards for noodles at least. Then came venison new with blood, stray hair from the animal's fur. Excited, we cooked the meat.

Later, I dreamt against your human chest, you cloaked me in your large arms, then went for me the way you squander food sometimes. By then, I was eating limbs in my sleep, somewhere in the snow alone, survivor of a downed plane, picking at the freshly dead. Whistles of a far-off flute—legs, gristle, juice. I cracked an elbow against a rock, awoke. Throughout the night, we consumed and consumed.

—KAREN CHASE

entially enormous computer drives, and they contain everything that Scorsese shot during the production of the film. But they don't contain film, or even videotape. They contain patterns of numbers: zeroes and ones. Every face, every color, every scream that Scorsese shot and printed has been "digitized"—turned into binary data, just as music is turned into binary data when it's imprinted on a CD. And, instead of actually snipping celluloid, the way editors did in the old days (which is to say five years ago), he and Schoonmaker now use keyboards and mice to manipulate "information." That information is then handed over to the earnest young cuneiform readers in the next room, who translate it back into actual snips and splices.

In the editing room, the conversation often sounds encoded. "This?" Schoonmaker will say, and Scorsese will say, "Tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter." Sometimes he will simply slap the arm of his chair and whisper "Bam!" at the moment he wants a cut. On one occasion, as I was watching what struck me as a perfectly smooth sequence Scorsese and Schoonmaker looked at each other and sighed.

"Right?" she said.

"Yeah, it's slowing the whole picture up," he replied.

Schoonmaker removed a nanosecond or two of footage and played the sequence again. This time, it felt fleetier, more vivid, more alive. "Excellent," Scorsese said. "What's next?"

What was next was a reel change, and for editors as fastidious as Schoonmaker and Scorsese the reel change is one of the most vexing bugaboos. To put it simply, projectionists in many movie theatres have to change reels several times as the movie plays. Twelve feet (or eight seconds) before the end of a reel, a little mark in the upper right-hand corner of the screen signals the projectionist to get ready. About ten feet later, another mark tells him, "Change the thing now." If the projectionist does his job well, no one watching the film will notice the switch. But projectionists often don't do their job well. "Inevitably, you're going to miss part of the scene is what happens," Scorsese said. So he and Schoonmaker were trying to determine which bits of dialogue or action they could allow the audience to miss.

On the screen, Robert De Niro, as the casino manager, had just fired a witless local bumpkin who was supposed to be supervising his slot machines. Now Kevin Pollak, who plays the casino's figurehead owner, was telling him, "You can't just fire



### *Goose down robe*

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, bluetie, teal, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly \$160 **Sale \$89** Shipping and handling, \$6.75

**Goose Down Slippers** match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, bluetie, teal, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly \$38 **Sale \$22** Shipping \$4.75

- ☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.
- ☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7% tax

**WARM THINGS**

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY / San Rafael, CA 94903  
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

### THE CHAIN THAT LINKS YOU BEAUTIFULLY

- sterling silver necklace 16" long, \$188
- bracelet, \$90
- pierced earrings \$34

To order please call:  
(800) 730-5643

Or mail your order to:  
PO Box 367  
Purchase, NY 10577  
FAX: (914) 694-6173

**CALL FOR A FREE BROCHURE**

*Libby Peters*

VISA, MasterCard, American Express - Check or M.O.

### LONDON FLATS

English Charm with American Standards  
Selective Locations & Prices  
Weekly and Long Term Lets

## FARNUM & CHRIST

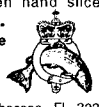
800-366-2048 • 615-652-2048

### SCOTTISH SMOKED SALMON

Smoked by the river Spey with oak chips from vintage Scotch whisky barrels. Then hand sliced.  
**1 1/4 lb by air. \$46.00 + \$3.50 s/h.**  
Major credit cards. Free Brochure

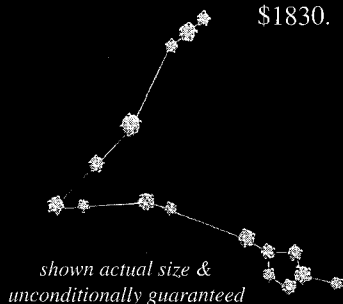
**1-800-331-3001**

**SCOTTISH CROWN LTD**  
1704 Thomasville Road Suite #115, Tallahassee, FL 32303



## Our Diamonds Are Like The Stars

**Pisces** - (Feb. 20 - March 20) - *The Fish*  
Diamond Astrological Pin  
\$1830.



One evening I visualized the stars as diamonds initiating this design. Sky charts assure total accuracy (each diamond is proportional to the magnitude of its corresponding star). All constellations are available and the setting is 14k white gold.  
*Please call or write for our catalogue.*



**A.G.A. Correa**

PO Box 401NY-2

Wiscasset, Maine 04578

**(800)341-0788 • Monday-Friday 9-5**

Fax(800)555-9324 • Visa, MC, AmEx

©A.G.A. Correa 1995. All Rights Reserved.

## SANIBEL & CAPTIVA ISLANDS

There's a pair of sundrenched shell-laden islands off the Gulf coast of Florida where you can explore miles of natural sugar-sand beaches & vacation in a fully equipped condominium or private home. Sound tantalizing?

**800-237-6008**  
**Island Accommodations**

**PMR**

**Priscilla Murphy  
Realty, Inc.**

P.O. BOX 5 • SANIBEL, FL 33957

**OUR CATALOGUE  
ANTIQUE  
SAMPLERS**  
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION BRINGS 2 COLOR  
CATALOGUES ANNUALLY \$35  
**M. Finkel & Daughter.**  
936 PINE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA 19107 • 215-627-7797

**ORIGINAL CARTOON ART**  
One-of-a-kind drawings and paintings by  
BOOTH, LEVIN, DEDINI, ROTH and more.  
Comic strips by your favorites. \$5 for cata-  
log, refundable with purchase. V/MC/AE.  
Mark J. Cohen, P.O. Box 1892-N, Santa Rosa,  
CA 95402-1892 707-528-3440

him. Webb's his brother-in-law. He's county commissioner." Schoonmaker stopped the clip.

"All right," Scorsese said. "If you do the reel change right after he fires him, guaranteed you're gonna lose 'He's county commissioner.' You're gonna lose it."

Schoonmaker played a little more of the scene. There was a closeup of a yellowish blueberry muffin, largely bereft of blueberries. De Niro gazed down at it and said sourly, "Look at yours. Look at that." A shot of Pollak's muffin, glistening with blueberries. De Niro said, "Look at this, there's nothin'. Look at how many blueberries your muffin has and how many mine has. Yours is falling apart. I have nothing."

"What are you talking about?" Pollak said.

"It's like everything else in this place," De Niro replied. "You don't do it yourself, it never gets done."

Cut to the casino kitchen, where De Niro was about to bawl out the muffin chef.

Scorsese looked mournful. "You've got to do the reel change there," he said. "That's all you can do." He turned to me. "It's really bad when the logistics affect the picture. All the technical stuff affecting the aesthetics of it." He shook his head.

"You know, there are several voice-overs still in the film where they're not listening, really, for some reason," Schoonmaker said. "I don't know what it is."

"I don't know what it is, either," Scorsese murmured. He rubbed his eyes with his fists.

Whatever it was, it was one of those editing-room questions, one of the perplexing epistemological questions that no one has time to think about while the film is still being written and shot—like the question about what information the audience can do without during a reel change, or, in the "valet parkers" scene, the question about whether the audience will get "get."

Now we were watching one of Scorsese's beautiful, gliding dolly shots—a shot that took us into a room full of surveillance devices and fancy microphones and men sitting in front of spinning tape recorders. A voice-over explained what was going on. But I noticed that no matter how many times Scorsese and Schoonmaker played back the scene I always stopped listening to the voice-over at exactly the same point—the point at which one of the men lifts a weird electronic contraption toward the ceiling, and the camera rapturously follows the movement. At first, I thought it must be me—I was getting sleepy, perhaps, or the Editing Room Diet (choco-

late, coffee, more chocolate) was making my head swim. But then Schoonmaker turned to Scorsese and said, "That's one of those voice-overs I was talking about."

Scorsese shook his head. "I know, I know," he moaned.

"What is that thing?" I asked. "That thing he holds up toward the ceiling—is that some kind of bugging device?"

Scorsese's eyes widened. "That's interesting," he said. "See what you said? This is one of those times when the images just carry the wrong weight. Something intangible you can't touch, a combination of the word with the image that it's on, and suddenly the audience doesn't hear or comprehend. Now, why? We don't know what it is. You said, 'Gee, it's interesting—that bugging device going up to the ceiling.' Well, of course. Your eye is going up there—you're not listening to what this guy in the voice-over is saying. The shot alone makes sense, the voice-over alone makes sense. Put them together, it's a mess."

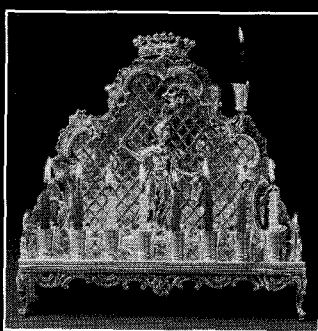
This was somewhere between an artistic discovery and a philosophical one: human beings—at least, *Homo cinematicus*—have a limited amount of attention at their disposal. When you throw too much information at that attention, it does not necessarily expand to receive your offering; instead, it may contract or flee or, if you continue to tax it beyond its limits, shut you out completely—at which point *Homo cinematicus* announces that he is going out for some popcorn. "It's amazing how just moving something a little bit can make a big difference in the way it plays," Schoonmaker said.

"It reminds me of painting," Scorsese said. "As a painter, you put one color against another color, but you never know what the feeling will be until you try it. There's no intellectual reason or concept behind it. It just feels better. So there's no way to relax when you're doing this stuff. There's no way to relax and say, 'At least, here we know.' You never know."

Scorsese stopped for a moment, put his hands together as though he were praying, and pressed his index fingers to his lips. "Every time you go out to do a picture, you learn that you really don't know," he said. "You rediscover how to make pictures every time—every time you're out." He stopped himself, took a breath, and rubbed his hands together fiercely. "All right, Thelma," he said. "No more fooling around. What do we got?" ♦



# The Jewish Museum



## NO ONE CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO US.

Stop into the Shops at The Jewish Museum — you could find everything you need for the holiday. A miraculous selection of items to make your head spin — as simple as a dreidel, or as splendid as a silver menorah — including reproductions from the Museum's collection, jewelry, art objects, books and posters.

The Cooper Shop and Design Shop at The Jewish Museum.

**WHERE GIFT GIVING IS A YEAR-ROUND TRADITION.**

T · H · E  
JEWISH  
MUSEUM

### The Cooper Shop

1109 Fifth Ave., NY, NY (212) 423-3211

### Design Shop

1 East 92nd St., NY, NY (212) 423-3260

The Jewish Museum is under the auspices of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

## Slow down!



Biking and walking trips for people who enjoy freedom by day and the finest châteaux by night.

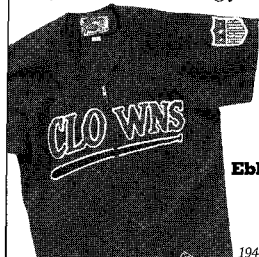
Slow down and treat yourself to a B&R vacation. Call 1-800-678-1147.

**Butterfield  
& Robinson**

BIKING & WALKING SINCE 1988

## WEAR A PIECE OF BASEBALL HISTORY

They were known for their comedy routines, but once the game started they took no prisoners. Jerseys, jackets, and caps from the Indianapolis Clowns and over 100 other historic Minor, Negro, and Latin American league teams are lovingly re-created in exacting detail and available through our Historic Baseball Apparel Catalog. Call 1-800-377-9777.



**Ebbets Field Flannels**  
PO Box 19865  
Seattle, WA 98109

1944 Indianapolis Clowns Jersey

## IN MEMORIAM

# DEATH OF A WRITER

*He was a nuisance, someone who got in the way of rich men getting richer. So why not kill him?*

BY WILLIAM BOYD

**K**EN SARO-WIWA was a friend of mine. At eleven-thirty in the morning on November 10th, he was hanged in a prison in Port Harcourt, in eastern Nigeria, on the orders of General Sani Abacha, the military leader of Nigeria. Ken Saro-Wiwa was fifty-four years old, and an innocent man.

I first met Ken in the summer of 1986 at a British Council seminar at Cambridge University. He had come to England from Nigeria in his capacity as a publisher and had asked the British Council to arrange a meeting with me. He had read my first novel, "A Good Man in Africa," and had recognized, despite fictional names and thin disguises, that it was set in Nigeria, the country that had been my home when I was in my teens and early twenties.

Ken had been a student at the University of Ibadan, in western Nigeria, in the mid-sixties. My late father, Dr. Alexander Boyd, had run the university health services there, and had treated Ken and come to know him. Ken recognized that the Dr. Murray in my novel was a portrait of Dr. Boyd and was curious to meet his son.

I remember that it was a sunny summer day, one of those days that are really too hot for England. In shirtsleeves, we strolled about the immaculate quadrangle of a Cambridge college, talking about Nigeria. Ken was a small man, probably no more than five feet two or three. He was stocky and energetic—in fact, brimful of energy—and had a big, wide smile. He smoked a pipe with a curved stem. I learned later that the pipe was virtually a logo: in Nigeria, people recognized him by it. In newsreel pictures that the Nigerian military released of the final days of Ken's show trial, there's a shot of him walking toward the courthouse, leaning on a stick, thinner and aged as a result of eighteen

months' incarceration, the familiar pipe still clenched between his teeth.

Ken was not only a publisher but a businessman (in the grocery trade); a celebrated political journalist, with a particularly trenchant and swingeing style; and, I discovered, a prolific writer of novels, plays, poems, and children's books (mostly published by him). He was, in addition, the



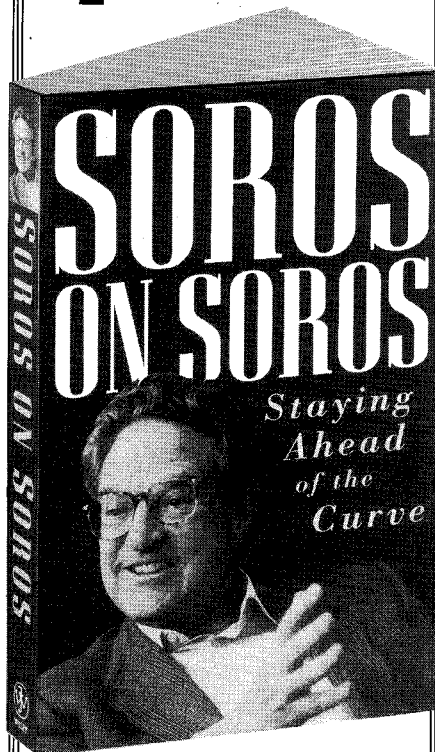
*Ken Saro-Wiwa: With moral rigor and literary skill, he confronted the persistent ills of Nigerian life.*

highly successful writer and producer of Nigeria's most popular TV soap opera, "Basi & Co." "Basi & Co.," which ran for a hundred and fifty-odd episodes in the mid-eighties, was reputedly Africa's most watched soap opera, with an audience of up to thirty million. Basi and his cronies were a bunch of feckless Lagos wide boys who, indigent and lazy, did nothing but hatch inept schemes for becoming rich. Although funny and wincingly accurate, the show was also unashamedly pedagogic. What was wrong

DAVID TOMB

**NATIONAL  
BEST SELLER!**

## Ending the Speculation.



**The enigmatic  
financier talks  
about his life,  
his work, and  
his ideas.**

"If you have ever  
wanted to sit down for  
a candid conversation  
with a phenomenal  
financial success,  
George Soros' book  
provides the opportunity."

—Henry A. Kissinger

Available at bookstores



**WILEY**  
Publishers Since 1807

with Basi and his chums was wrong with Nigeria: none of them wanted to work, and they all acted as though the world owed them a living; if that couldn't be acquired by fair means foul ones would do just as well. This was soap opera as a form of civic education.

Whenever Ken passed through London, we'd meet for lunch, usually in the Chelsea Arts Club. His wife and four children lived in England—the children attended school there—so he was a regular visitor. And, though I wrote a profile of him for the *London Times* (Ken was trying to get his books distributed in Britain), our encounters were mainly those of two writers with something in common, hanging out for a highly agreeable, bibulous hour or three.

Ken's writing was remarkably various, covering almost all genres. "Sozaboy," in my opinion his greatest work, is subtitled "A Novel in Rotten English" and is written in a unique combination of pidgin English, the lingua franca of the former West African British colonies, and an English that is, in its phrases and sentences, altogether more classical and lyrical. The language is a form of literary demotic, a benign hijacking of English, and a perfect vehicle for the story it tells, of a simple village boy recruited into the Biafran Army during the Nigerian civil war. The boy has dreamed of being a soldier (a "soza"), but the harsh realities of this brutal conflict send him into a dizzying spiral of cruel disillusion.

"Sozaboy" is not simply a great African novel but also a great antiwar novel—among the very best of the twentieth century.

"Sozaboy" was born of Ken's personal experience of the conflict—the Biafran War, as it came to be known—and, indeed, so were many of his other writings. Biafra was the name given to a loose ethnic grouping in eastern Nigeria dominated by the Ibo tribe. The Ibo leader, Colonel Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu, decided to secede from Nigeria, taking most of the country's oil reserves with him. In the war that was then waged against the secessionist state, perhaps a million people died, mainly of starvation in the shrinking heartland.

Not all the ethnic groups caught up in Ojukwu's secessionist dream were willing participants. Ken's tribe, the Ogoni, for one. When the war broke out, in 1967, Ken was on vacation and found himself trapped within the new borders of Biafra. He saw at once the absurdity of being forced to fight in another man's war, and he escaped through the front lines to the federal side. He was appointed civilian administrator of the crucial oil port of Bonny on the Niger River delta, and he served there until the final collapse of the Biafran forces in 1970. Ken wrote about his experiences of the civil war in his fine memoir, "On a Darkling Plain."

Ken's later fight against the Nigerian military, as it turned out, was oddly pre-



"Sir, the following paradigm shifts occurred while you were out."



figured in those years of the Biafran War: the helplessness of an ethnic minority in the face of an overpowering military dictatorship; oil and oil wealth as a destructive and corrupting catalyst in society; the need to be true to one's conscience.

This moral rigor was especially apparent in Ken's satirical political journalism (he was, over the years, a columnist on the Lagos daily newspapers *Punch*, *Vanguard*, and *Daily Times*), much of which was charged with a Swiftian *saeva indignatio* at what he saw as the persistent ills of Nigerian life: tribalism, ignorance of the rights of minorities, rampant materialism, inefficiency, and general graft. Apart from "Basi & Co.," his journalism was what brought him his greatest renown among the population at large.



IN the late eighties, I remember, Ken's conversations turned more and more frequently to the topic of his tribal homeland. The Ogoni are a small tribe (there are two hundred and fifty tribes in Nigeria) of about half a million people living in a small area of the fertile Niger River delta. The Ogoni's great misfortune is that their homeland happens to lie above a significant portion of Nigeria's oil reserves. Since the mid-nineteen-fifties, Ogoniland has been devastated by the industrial pollution caused by the extraction of oil. What was once a placid rural community of prosperous farmers and fishermen is now an ecological wasteland reeking of sulfur, its creeks and water holes poisoned by indiscriminate oil spillage and ghoulishly lit at night by the orange flames of gas flares.

As Ken's concern for his homeland grew, he effectively abandoned his vocation and devoted himself to lobbying for the Ogoni cause at home and abroad. He was instrumental in setting up the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP) and soon became its figurehead. That struggle for survival was an ecological more than a political one: Ken protested the despoliation of his homeland and demanded compensation from the Nigerian government and from the international oil companies—Shell in particular. (He resented Shell profoundly and, with good reason, held the company responsible for the ecological calamity in Ogoniland.) His people, he said, were being subjected to a "slow genocide." But

from the outset Ken made sure that the movement's protest was peaceful and nonviolent. Nigeria today is a corrupt and dangerously violent nation: it was enormously to the credit of the Ogoni movement that it stayed true to its principles. Mass demonstrations were organized and passed off without incident. Abroad, Greenpeace and other environmental groups allied themselves with the Ogoni cause, but, ironically, the real measure of the success of Ken's agitation came when, in 1992, he was arrested by the Nigerian military and held in prison for some months without a trial. The next year, Shell Oil

ceased its operations in the Ogoni region. At that time, the Nigerian military was led by General Ibrahim Babangida. Ken was eventually released (after a campaign in the British media), and Babangida voluntarily yielded power to General Abacha, a crony, who was meant to supervise the transition of power to a civilian government after a general election, which was duly held in 1993. The nation went to the polls and democratically elected Chief Moshood Abiola as President. General Abacha then declared the election null and void and later imprisoned the victor. Nigeria entered a new era of near-anarchy and despotism. Things looked bad for Nigeria, but they looked worse for the Ogoni and their leaders.

OVER these years, Ken and I continued to meet for our Chelsea Arts Club lunches whenever he was in London. In 1992, he suffered a personal tragedy, when his youngest son, aged fourteen, who was at Eton, died suddenly of heart failure during a rugby game. Strangely, Ken's awful grief gave a new force to his fight for his people's rights.

We met just before he returned to Nigeria. From my own experience of Nigeria, I knew of the uncompromising ruthlessness of political life there. Ken was not young, nor was he in the best of health (he, too, had a heart condition). As we said goodbye, I shook his hand and said, "Be careful, Ken, O.K.?" And he laughed—his dry, delighted laugh—and replied, "Oh, I'll be very careful, don't worry." But I knew he wouldn't.

A succession of Nigerian military governments have survived as a result of the huge revenues generated by oil, and the

Give the gift of Maine,  
a fragrant **BALSAM FIR**  
**WREATH** \$27.  
Includes Shipping!

Adorned with cones and crabapples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed.

Shipped UPS anywhere in continental U.S. All major credit cards accepted.

Approx. 22" diameter  
Color brochure upon request.

**The Christmas Greens Shop**  
Dept. N27 • Blue Hill, ME 04614  
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-255-8874  
In Maine: 207-374-5156  
9-6 EST Monday-Saturday  
FAX 207-374-2967

**Laps of Luxury**

Reward yourself with fitness in the comfort and privacy of your home. The compact pool preferred by health and sports professionals. Superior design. Fastest water current available. Effortless maintenance. 10 year warranty.

For brochure and video call 800-877-7046  
Units start at \$22,950

**SwimEx®**

Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant

**WOOL CAPES**

Classically tailored. Top quality pure woolsens. Three styles. Jewel colors. Long, regular, petite sizes. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes. Brochure and Free swatches.

(800) 788-9842 or write:  
Casco Bay Fine Woolsens,  
34 Danforth St., Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

**GOLF CLUB PIN**  
Handcrafted in solid 14K Gold

**\$125.00**  
ADD \$3.50 FOR S/H

Visa/MC Accepted  
24 Hours/7 Days

**1-800-689-5104**

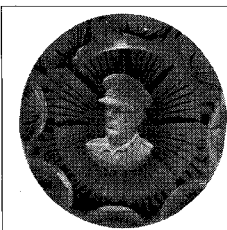
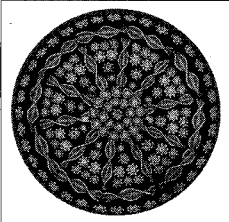
**JOHN AUGUST**

ACTUAL SIZE 3722 West 50th St., Minneapolis, MN 55410

## Discover the Beauty of Glass PAPERWEIGHTS

Millefiori  
with Twists  
from  
Perthshire  
Paperweights

*This impeccable Scottish glasshouse specializes in the art of millefiori or "thousand flowers." Intricate glass canes are created in a variety of colors with patterns as delicate as a snowflake. (PP1) \$105*



**General Douglas MacArthur (DA123) \$90**

*Famous figures, sculpted by renowned French Medallists, including Mark Twain, Prince Charles, The Kennedys, Benjamin Franklin, Mahatma Gandhi, Ernest Hemingway, Abraham Lincoln, Eleanor Roosevelt, Charles Lindberg, George Washington and many others. Call for a more complete list of available subjects.*

*To order or for more information, call or write:*

**L. H. Selman Ltd.**  
761 Chestnut Street, Suite YB  
Santa Cruz, CA 95060  
Toll-free: 800 538-0766

## The Weather Glass

An invention dating back to the 16th C. Instantly shows air pressure and predicts the weather by the water level in the glass spout. Hand blown teardrop glass vessel is suspended in its elegant presentation stand, handmade of selected hardwood and solid tooled brass. Invoking the era of antique scientific instruments, it combines beauty and function. This 13" tall accessory makes a wonderful conversation piece and a clever and thoughtful gift.

13" Table Weather Glass \$99.50  
(+ \$9.95 S&H)

We ship in 24 hours.

Brochure or Order: 1-800-895-3050

**TRADING STORIES**  
P.O. Box 604 • Cottage Grove, OR 97424

THOUGHTFUL GIFTS NEED A STORY



## DISCOVER TUSCANY

with courses in Italian & Art History at  
**The British Institute of Florence**  
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, Firenze Italia  
Tel 011 39 55 /284031 Fax /289557

## The Big Aircraft Carrier

"Awesome!"

- A Five & Seven Year Old

Children's video - Only \$14.95 plus shipping

1-800 KID VIDEO (543-8433)



## A CAT/A FUTURE

A cat can draw  
the blinds  
behind her eyes  
whenever she  
decides. Nothing  
alters in the stare  
itself but she's  
not there. Likewise  
a future can occlude:  
still sitting there,  
doing nothing rude.

—KAY RYAN

military leaders themselves have routinely benefitted from the oil revenues, making millions and millions of dollars. Any movement that threatened this flow of money was bound to be silenced—extinguished. With the ascendance of Abacha and his brazenly greedy junta, Ken was now squarely in harm's way. Even so, he returned to Nigeria to continue his protests. These protests were now conducted in a more sinister country than the one I had known—a country where rapes, murders, and the burning of villages were being carried out as a deliberate policy of state terrorism. There have been two thousand Ogoni deaths thus far.

In May of last year, Ken was on his way to address a rally in an Ogoni town but was turned back at a military roadblock and headed, reluctantly, for home. The rally took place, a riot ensued, and in the general mayhem four Ogoni elders—believed to be sympathetic to the military—were killed.

Ken was arrested and, with several others, was accused of incitement to murder. The fact that he was in a car some miles away and going in the opposite direction made no difference. He was imprisoned for more than a year and then was tried before a specially convened tribunal. There was no right of appeal. This "judicial process" has been internationally condemned as a sham. It was a show trial in a kangaroo court designed to procure the verdict required by the government.

On Thursday, November 2nd, Ken and his co-defendants were found guilty and sentenced to death. Suddenly the world acknowledged the nature of Nigeria's degeneracy.

Things did not augur well. But, instinctively wanting to make the best of a bad situation, I hoped that the publicity surrounding Ken's case, along with the timely coincidence of the Commonwealth conference in New Zealand (a biennial gathering of the former members of the British Empire), would prevent the very worst from happening. Surely, I reasoned, the heads of state congregating in Auckland would not allow one of their members to flout their own human-rights principles so callously and blatantly? General Abacha, however, did not dare leave his benighted country, which was represented by his Foreign Minister instead.

The presence of Nelson Mandela at the conference was especially encouraging, not only for me but also for all the people who had spent the last months fighting to free Ken. (We were a loose-knit organization, including International PEN, the Ogoni Foundation, Amnesty International, Greenpeace, and others.) We felt that if anything could persuade the Nigerians to think again it would be Mandela's moral authority. We were baffled and confused, though, when Mandela did little more than persistently advocate that we should all be patient, that the problem would be resolved through an easy, low-key diplomacy.

Despite Mandela's advice, there was a clamorous condemnation in the media of the Nigerian military. In response, Abacha's junta released newsreel pictures of Ken's trial to establish the legality of the "judicial process." One saw a row of prisoners, still, faces drawn, heads bowed, confronting three stout officers, swaggered



# GET A FREE GUIDE TO NEW ORLEANS!

It's your treasure map to the Birthplace of American Music.



Call now for your New Orleans Good Times Guide to fun, food and excitement, plus \$2,000 dollars in shopping and entertainment bargains, a Lodging Guide and a Calendar of Events.

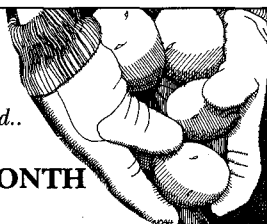
## 1-800-474-7690

Something new for something old...

### POTATO OF THE MONTH

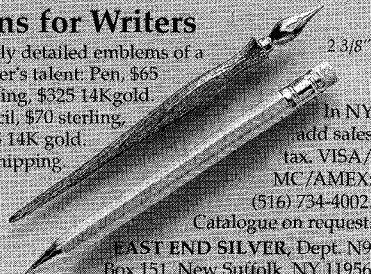
postage paid

New Penny Farm offers potatoes in many of the old-fashioned, flavorful varieties — delivered to your door each month. For a free catalog, write: PO Box 448-N: Presque Isle, ME 04769. Or call: 1-800-827-7551 VISA/MasterCard accepted.



### Pins for Writers

Finely detailed emblems of a writer's talent. Pen, \$65 sterling, \$325 14K gold. Pencil, \$70 sterling, \$385 14K gold. \$4 shipping.



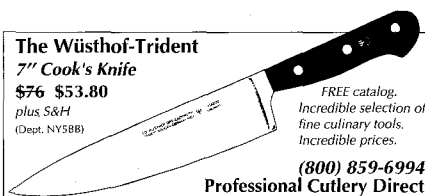
In NY add sales tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: (516) 734-4002. Catalogue on request.

EAST END SILVER, Dept. N9  
Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

### The Wüsthof-Trident 7" Cook's Knife

\$76 \$53.80 plus S&H (Dept. NY588)

FREE catalog. Incredible selection of fine culinary tools. Incredible prices.



(800) 859-6994  
Professional Cutlery Direct

with gold braid, ostentatiously passing pieces of paper to each other. In the background, a soldier strolled back and forth. Then Ken addressed the court. His voice was strong: he was redoubtably defiant; he seemed without fear, utterly convinced.

These images both defied belief and profoundly disturbed. If Abacha thought that this would make his tribunals look acceptable, then the level of naïveté, or blind ignorance, implied was astonishing. But a keening note of worry was also sounded: someone who could do something this damaging, I thought, was beyond the reach of reason. World opinion, international outrage, appeals for clemency seemed to me now to be nugatory. Abacha had painted himself into a corner. For him it had become a question of saving face, of loud bluster, of maintaining some sort of martial pride. I slept very badly that night.

The next day, November 10th, just after lunch, I received a call from the Writers in Prison Committee of International PEN. I was told that a source in Port Harcourt had seen the prisoners arrive at the jail at dawn that day, in leg irons. Then the executioners had presented themselves, only to be turned away, because—it was a moment of grimmest, darkest farce—their papers were not in order. This source, however, was “a hundred and ten per cent certain” that the executions had eventually occurred. Some hours later, this certainty was confirmed by the Nigerian military.

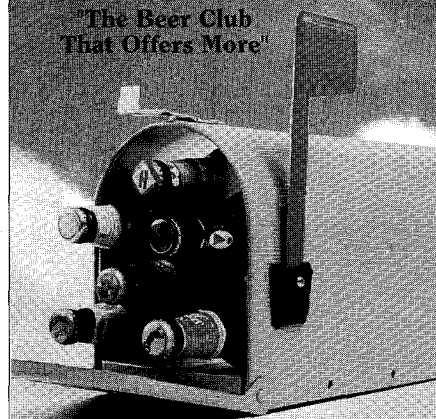
So now Ken was dead, along with eight co-defendants: hanged in a mass execution just as the Commonwealth Conference got under way.

I am bitter and I am dreadfully sad. Ken Saro-Wiwa, the bravest man I have known, is no more. From time to time, Ken managed to smuggle a letter out of prison. One of the last letters I received ended this way: “I’m in good spirits. . . . There’s no doubt that my idea will succeed in time, but I’ll have to bear the pain of the moment. . . . The most important thing for me is that I’ve used my talents as a writer to enable the Ogoni people to confront their tormentors. I was not able to do it as a politician or a businessman. My writing did it. And it sure makes me feel good! I’m mentally prepared for the worst, but hopeful for the best. I think I have the moral victory.” You have, Ken. Rest in peace. ♦

Holiday Cheer... Delicious Beer!

## ALE IN THE MAIL

"The Beer Club That Offers More"



Treat yourself or someone special to the perfect gift. Ale In The Mail brings America's Best Microbrew to you. Members receive a variety of four rich & flavorful beers from across the USA each month, that's double the selection of most other clubs. You'll get 4 twin paks, a total of 8 beers per month, for only . . . **'13<sup>95</sup>** Per Mo. + S&H

Giftpaks also available

## 1-800-5-SEND-ALE

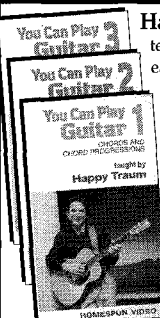


1-800-573-6325

Void where prohibited. Participants must be 21 or older.



## YOU CAN PLAY GUITAR!



Happy Traum, the world-renowned teacher/performer makes learning easy. Beginners master all the basics and start playing songs almost immediately. Guaranteed. A perfect gift!

Video 1: Chords & Chord Progressions  
Video 2: Strumming & Picking  
Video 3: Understanding The Guitar

Three-video set \$79.95 + \$7 p/h  
VISA/MC/Discover accepted

**1-800-33-TAPES**  
**HOMESPUN VIDEO**  
Box 325N, Woodstock NY 12498

CALL FOR CATALOG OF HUNDREDS OF AUDIO AND VIDEO LESSONS

## ANGEL BELL Collectible Bell Pendant in Sterling Silver

A miniature working bell with a wonderful, light tone. On 32" black silk cord. \$39. (30" Sterling Silver chain available \$12) Satin Gift Pouch included.

**LIBERTY DESIGN**  
P.O. BOX 410127

SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141  
1 800 652-3557

VISA/MC/AMEX \$4 S/H

1 3/8" x 3/8"



## CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.



2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 1 800-277-0130

## LIFE AND LETTERS

## CATHER AND THE ACADEMY

*Was Willa Cather a great American novelist, or was she old hat?  
A lesbian feminist or a pernicious right-winger? Why has America's literary  
establishment never been able to decide, despite eighty years of trying?*

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

NEAR the end of her 1915 novel, "The Song of the Lark," Willa Cather serves up what is probably the most unsentimental betrothal scene in all Western fiction. Fred Ottenburg, who has been pursuing Thea Kronborg for many years, tells her he has pretty much given up on her. Thea, a great opera singer, says she doesn't blame him one bit:

I don't see why anybody wants to marry an artist, anyhow. I remember Ray Kennedy [another suitor] used to say he didn't see how any woman could marry a gambler, for she would only be marrying what the game left. . . . Who marries who is a small matter, after all. But you've cared longer and more than anybody else, and I'd like to have somebody human to make a report to once in a while. If you're not interested, I'll do my best, anyhow.

She then excuses herself. Her car is waiting. She's singing Sieglinde on Friday, and she has to get her rest.

This scene is a kind of turning point in the history of literature. "Who marries who is a small matter, after all," Thea says. In the bulk of literature about women, who marries whom—or, at least, who goes to bed with whom—is not simply not a small matter; it is the subject. From Penelope and Dido on down to Anna Karenina, a woman might be a great soul—brave, intelligent, fine-minded—but only within the confines of a drama of marriage or adultery, only in relation to love. What if portrayals of men had been similarly restricted? This is a question that Virginia Woolf took up in "A Room of One's Own":

Suppose . . . that men were only represented in literature as the lovers of women, and were never the friends of men, soldiers,

thinkers, dreamers; how few parts in the plays of Shakespeare could be allotted to them; how literature would suffer! We might perhaps have most of Othello; and a good deal of Antony; but no Caesar, no Brutus, no Hamlet, no Lear, no Jaques—literature would be incredibly impoverished, as indeed literature is impoverished beyond our counting by the doors that have been shut upon women.

That was published in 1929. Fourteen years earlier, Cather had quietly seceded from the tradition. "The Song of the Lark" contains many passionate scenes—eagles shooting across the sky, sunrises like earthquakes—but the passion is about Thea's work life, not her love life. This book, to my knowledge, is the first really serious female *Künstlerroman*, the first portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-young-woman in which the woman's artistic development is the whole story, with sex an incidental matter—as incidental, for example, as it is in Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," which was published in the same year. Sex is so unimportant in Cather's novel that it doesn't even merit a repudiation. In the end, Thea marries Fred, but this is reported so casually that some readers actually miss it.

Thea takes for herself a man's privilege: to have a sex—indeed, to have sex (she slept with Fred years before the betrothal)—and yet not to make this fact the boundary of her imagination. She is able to do so because, basically, that is what her creator did. Not only did Cather make her work her life; she decided she had the right to, and therefore wasted no energy protesting against the forces that might have stood in her way. She just opened the door and walked through it.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD STEICHEN

*Willa Cather in 1927, the year she published "Death Comes for the Archbishop."*





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For this lordly action, she has been made to pay, mostly by women.

CATHER is traditionally regarded as the elegist of the pioneer period, the repository of what America thinks of as its early, true-grit triumphs. She did write three novels—the so-called prairie trilogy, all based on her childhood in Nebraska—that can be read that way. In the

1873, at the beginning of what was to be the flood tide of westward expansion. In the eighteen-eighties, more than a million people packed up their households and moved to the plains of America's Midwest. In 1883, the Cather family joined them. At age nine, Cather was “jerked away” (her words) from the snug comforts of Virginia's hills and valleys and dropped down onto the flat plain of Ne-

braska on my knees and peered over the side of the wagon. There seemed to be nothing to see; no fences, no creeks or trees, no hills or fields. If there was a road, I could not make it out in the faint starlight. There was nothing but land: not a country at all, but the material out of which countries are made. . . . I had the feeling that the world was left behind, that we had got over the edge of it, and were outside man's jurisdiction. I had never before looked up at the sky when there was not a familiar mountain ridge



*The young Willa Cather (above) signed her name William Cather, Jr. She wrote in a friend's album that her idea of perfect misery was needlework, and her idea of perfect happiness was “amputating limbs.” Cather (at right) camping in Wyoming in 1905 with Isabelle McClung, the love of her life.*



1913 “O Pioneers!,” a young Swedish immigrant, Alexandra Bergson, raises a blooming farm out of the barren Nebraska plain. Then comes “The Song of the Lark,” in which Thea, another Swede, stuck in another prairie town, dreams of becoming an artist and actually makes it. In the beloved “My Ántonia” (1918), the struggle is more bitter and the rewards are fewer, but the heroine—a Czech girl this time—is still given what you could call a happy ending.

Those who see Cather as the bard of prairie gumption often forget, however, that she did not originally come from the prairie, and that her removal there was shattering to her. She was born on a sheep farm in the Shenandoah Valley in

Nebraska—“a country,” she later recalled, “as bare as a piece of sheet iron.” She seems to have felt stripped, skinned. “It was a kind of erasure of personality,” she said. She soon came to love Nebraska, but she never forgot the trauma of her transplantation. We find it recalled at the beginning of “My Ántonia,” where Jim Burden, a ten-year-old boy, journeys by train from Virginia to Nebraska, just as Cather did. He is not only exiled but orphaned, and is going to live with his grandparents. The train finally arrives, and Jim is packed into the back of a cart, which then takes off across the plain:

I tried to go to sleep, but the jolting made me bite my tongue. . . . Cautiously I slipped from under the buffalo hide, got up

against it. But this was the complete dome of heaven, all there was of it. I did not believe that my dead father and mother were watching me from up there; they would still be looking for me at the sheepfold down by the creek, or along the white road that led to the mountain pastures. I had left even their spirits behind me. The wagon jolted on, carrying me I knew not whither. I don't think I was homesick. If we never arrived anywhere, it did not matter. Between that earth and that sky I felt erased, blotted out. I did not say my prayers that night: here, I felt, what would be would be.

To readers of the early-twentieth-century novel, this should be a familiar scene: the human soul facing a great emptiness and feeling that prayers will no longer be of use. Cather came by it honestly, and it became the pattern of her

LEFT TO RIGHT: BROWN BROTHERS; WILLA CATHER PIONEER MEMORIAL FOUNDATION; NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY; UP/BETTMAN; BROWN BROTHERS



imagination. The two writers who probably influenced her most, Virgil and Henry James, were both poets of exile, and almost all the major characters in her novels are exiles—people trying to make their way in circumstances strange to them. Hence the inexpressible sadness of Cather's work. Thea Kronborg becomes an artist, but in the process her life empties out. She is translated; she becomes only her art.

was riddled and shot with gold; light was the reality, the trees were merely interferences that reflected and refracted light. Emil went softly down between the cherry trees.

He finds Marie and gathers her in his arms. A few minutes later, her husband, spying them through a hedge, raises his .405 Winchester and fills them full of bullets.

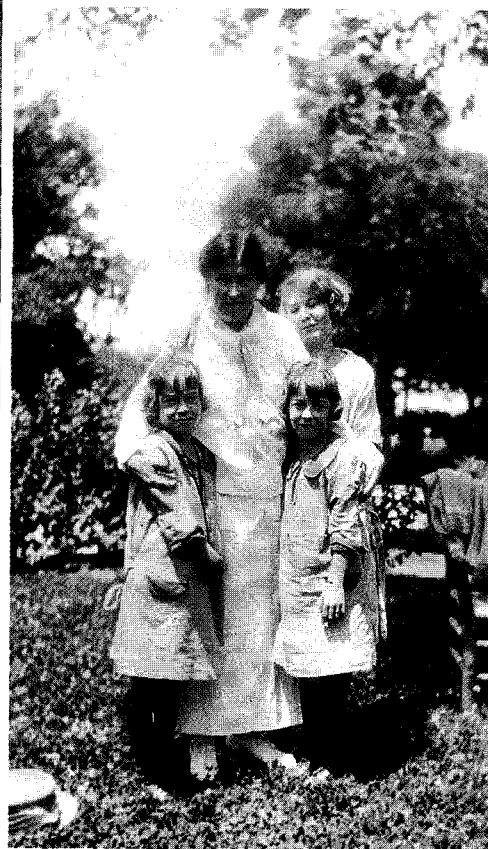
Such things are not rare in Cather. A farmer who has lost his hogs to cholera

tween that earth and that sky . . ." But then it contracts again, Jim presumably falls asleep, and the wagon goes on bumping across the darkling plain.

CATHER came from an ordinary country family. Her mother, Jennie, was a spirited, imperious woman who, when she thought it necessary, disciplined her children with a rawhide whip. The father,



*Cather (at left) in New York in 1933, with Edna St. Vincent Millay, Mrs. Dwight Morrow, and Jeanne Dauban, receiving a prize for what was at one time the most widely read novel in America, "Shadows on the Rock." Cather with three of her nieces; she had grown up the genius child of a large family.*



The Nebraska plain seems to have turned Cather into a Platonist. She saw human beings as permanently exiled from some realm of happiness which they nevertheless remembered and kept in view. Again and again in her work, she replays Plato's cave allegory. She is always lighting things up—a tree, a plow—and then telling us that the thing is unimportant, that only the light is real. The most terrible instance is the scene in "O Pioneers!" where Alexandra's brother Emil goes for the last time to meet Marie, the woman he loves. They have sworn off each other (she is married), but Emil weakens and goes back to Marie's orchard once more:

Long fingers of light reached through the apple branches as through a net; the orchard

goes home quietly and strangles himself. A hobo comes upon a group of people threshing in a field and, waving gaily at them, throws himself into the threshing machine. These events are described almost laconically—"The machine ain't never worked right since," says a witness to the hobo's suicide—so that their very clarity is baffling. And all the while that Cather is describing life's terrors she never stops asserting its beauties: the fingers of light, the orchard shot with gold. The dream is still there; we just can't have it. Jim Burden's arrival in Nebraska is recounted with the same lethal modesty. A child and, by extension, the rest of humanity are cast out into coldness, and the prose swells briefly to tell us this: "Be-

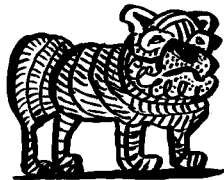
Charles, was the opposite—tenderhearted, unassertive. In Virginia, he made little leather shoes for his favorite sheepdog, so the dog wouldn't cut her feet on the rocks in the pasture. When he went to drive the sheep back into the fold at night, he often carried Willa, his first child, with him.

In Nebraska, the Cathers settled in the town of Red Cloud, named for the chief of the Sioux who had occupied the land there before the westward expansion. Charles set up a small farm-loans and insurance office, and the family—by then numbering nine and soon to increase—was packed into a seven-room rented house a few blocks away.

No money, no privacy, no great things around her, just a dusty prairie town

(population about 1,200), a mother usually either sick or pregnant, and a pack of noisy little brothers and sisters: these might seem unpromising circumstances for the development of an artist, but in fact Red Cloud was a bonanza for Cather. She was one of those genius children—a showoff, an explosion, a pest. She dogged the footsteps of adults, particularly men. There was an old German piano teacher—one of the town drunks—who never got her to do her scales but sat for hours answering her questions about music. She befriended both the local doctors and rode with them, conversing about science, as they went on their rounds. (One of them let her administer the chloroform when he had to amputate a boy's leg.) But the most important of her friendships was with an Englishman named William Ducker, a clerk in the town's drygoods store and a passionate reader of ancient literature. Starting around age thirteen, Cather studied Latin and Greek with Ducker. Together, they read Virgil, Ovid, the Iliad, and the odes of Anacreon, and they discussed the big questions: evolution, religion, good and evil. In her room, at night, Cather devoured books on her own: Shakespeare, Byron, Tolstoy, adventure novels, and the standard nineteenth-century classics—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Poe, Hawthorne, Ruskin, Emerson, Carlyle.

Did she feel hampered by being a girl? In later years, she brushed this question aside: "The fact that I was a girl never damaged my ambitions to be a pope or an emperor." But she had eyes. She saw that the people she admired—the people who were curing the sick and reading Anacreon—were men. And so, at fourteen, Cather went to the barber and got a crewcut. She began dressing like a man. She still wore skirts, but the rest of her costume was as masculine as she could make it: jackets, suspenders, a derby. She took to signing her name "William Cather, Jr.," or "William Cather, M.D." In those days, girls kept albums in which friends recorded their favorite color, what they would take to a desert island, and so forth. The album of one of Cather's friends survives, with an entry completed by William Cather, M.D., in 1888. Under the trait she most admired in women she wrote "flirting." The trait she most admired in men was "an original mind."



Her idea of perfect misery was doing needlework; her idea of perfect happiness was "amputating limbs." If stranded on a desert island, what she would most want was "pants and coat." Her ambition in life was "to be an M.D."

Of all the episodes in Cather's childhood, this so-called William Cather period is the one that is the most exclaimed over today. But what Cather did is not so remarkable. Her male impersonation began and ended with adolescence, the period in which, at that time, females were taught their proper place. How surprising is it that a brilliant and ambitious girl should have rejected the lesson? By this time, she may well have read "Daniel Deronda" and encountered Daniel's mother's words: "You may try—but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl." In any case, she would certainly have read "Little Women," where Jo, too, has her hair cut off and, in the very first pages of the novel, declares, "I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy." Those were the days before such sentiments placed one under suspicion of being a lesbian. Jo just wants to have what she sees as fun and freedom, and so, presumably, did Cather.

Upon finishing high school, she again did something strange: she insisted on going to college. The family had no money, but she was desperate to go. The funds were borrowed, and Cather went off to Lincoln, home of the University of Nebraska. The following spring, for her English class, she wrote a theme on Thomas Carlyle which so impressed her teacher that, behind her back, he submitted it to Lincoln's foremost newspaper, the *Nebraska State Journal*. One day soon afterward, Cather found herself in print. The effect, she later said, was "hypnotic." She was no longer going to be a doctor; she was going to be a writer. Soon she became a regular columnist for the *State Journal*, writing mainly on theatre. Between 1893 and 1896, during most of which time she was carrying a full load of courses at the university, she published nearly half a million words of criticism.

**B**ETWEEN the publication of Cather's first essay and that of her first novel lies a gulf of twenty years: her apprentice-

ship. Many of her biographers try to get through it hurriedly, for it is unheroic material. She is no longer the marvellous child and not yet the marvellous novelist, but for a long time—too long a time, as with so many women artists—she was a drudge, with inky fingers and no money, and bored out of her mind. She graduated from college. She moved to Pittsburgh, then to New York. She published a book of poems and a book of stories, but mostly she worked for newspapers and magazines. She met the local-colorist writer Sarah Orne Jewett, then in her late fifties, to whom she confided her frustrations and showed her stories, many of them poor imitations of Henry James. Jewett told her to get serious—stop doing magazine work, stop copying James—and then died before she could help her any further.

These were hard years, but they contained an adventure—the development of Cather's ideas about art. She had a deep vein of primitivism: she believed in energy, in the fiery mysteries of the earth. Accordingly, she despised the more decadent aspects of the fin de siècle in which she lived: languor, daintiness, "charm." Yet she was of her time, and many of her principles were consistent with the wrecked romanticism of the French Symbolist poets. Like them, she viewed art as a religion. Like them, she felt that literature should focus not on reality but on "something else"—some ineffable emotional truth lying between the mind and the world—and should invoke it by subtle, indirect means. She began developing an austere, pared-down style, a kind of writing that would not so much express things as contain them. Years later, in "The Novel Demeublé," her best-known critical essay, she spelled out her guiding principle:

Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there—that, one might say, is created. It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named, of the overtone divined by the ear but not heard by it, the verbal mood, the emotional aura of the fact or the thing or the deed, that gives high quality to the novel or the drama, as well as to poetry itself.

"The thing not named"—Mallarmé, in a famous statement, had pointed to the same ideal. "To name something is to destroy three-quarters of the pleasure of poetry," he wrote; the goal was to "evoke something little by little, in order to show a state of the soul." So Cather took the



principles of a bunch of poets who sat around Paris drinking absinthe, and applied them to immigrant farmers battling horse colic on a Nebraska prairie. It is one of the stranger conjunctions in the history of literature, but, like other marriages of realism and Symbolism in the early twentieth century (Proust's, for example), it worked beautifully. In 1912, at the age of thirty-eight, Cather finally published her first novel, "Alexander's Bridge." It was a dud—another Henry James imitation, a tale of adultery among the Boston smart set. She disliked it the minute it came out. But instead of losing heart she went back to her desk, switched gears entirely—from Boston to Nebraska, from imitation to autobiography—and, in a five-year lather of productivity ("O Pioneers!," "The Song of the Lark," "My Ántonia"), she found herself. And now she gained the attention of the critics.

TODAY'S literary critics, in defense of their tendentiously political approach, often claim that the criticism of earlier periods was political, too, but in a hidden way. This was certainly true in Cather's case: again and again, she was extolled or condemned for her subject matter. In the nineteen-teens, a rising group of young critics, led by H. L. Mencken, was calling for a new kind of fiction. These critics were tired of well-made plots about genteel Bostonians coping with suppressed emotions. They wanted novels about ordinary people—poor people, people outside the cities—experiencing "real" emotions and expressing them in plain American language. The naturalists, especially Dreiser, fit this bill; so, shortly afterward, would Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis. And so did Cather, with her farmers. She herself, in choosing this subject, probably had no political purpose in mind. She was simply writing about what she knew best. Nevertheless, it was the farmers that made her famous. Mencken, a notoriously disparaging critic, placed her in the front rank of American novelists. In "My Ántonia," he wrote, she had taken a story of "poor peasants" and made of it "the eternal tragedy of man." Other critics took up her cause, and for the same reason—her broadening of subject matter. The beauty of her prose was also noticed, but that, too, was seen as a political virtue: her language was "authentic," not from Boston. Cather had unwittingly

walked into a fight, and she was on the right side.

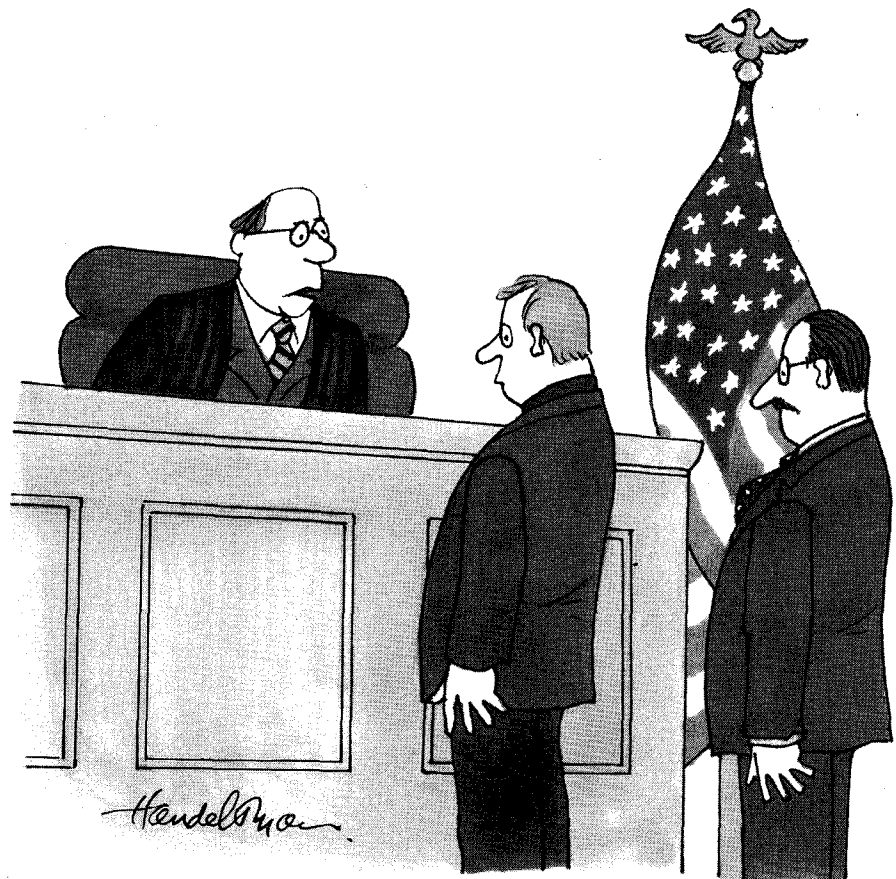
Not for long. Flushed by the success of her prairie novels, she decided to try a war novel. The First World War had just ended. Among the dead was a cousin of hers, and in her new book, "One of Ours" (1922), he became the model for Claude, a young farm boy who dreams of doing "something splendid" but can find no place for himself in the money-grubbing Midwest of the post-pioneer period. When the war breaks out, Claude enlists, and on the battlefields of France he discovers that in fact life is not all "cunning and prudence"—that "men could still die for an idea." Soon afterward, he does so.

"One of Ours" is a good novel and a bad novel in one. The first half, the Nebraska half, is superb. Nowhere else in Cather are the beauty of the world and its capacity to disappoint balanced with such mastery. The problems come in the second half: Claude's transformation from dismayed farm boy into valiant infantryman is too quick, unreal. And Cather seems never to have made up her mind about the war. Sometimes, as in Claude's

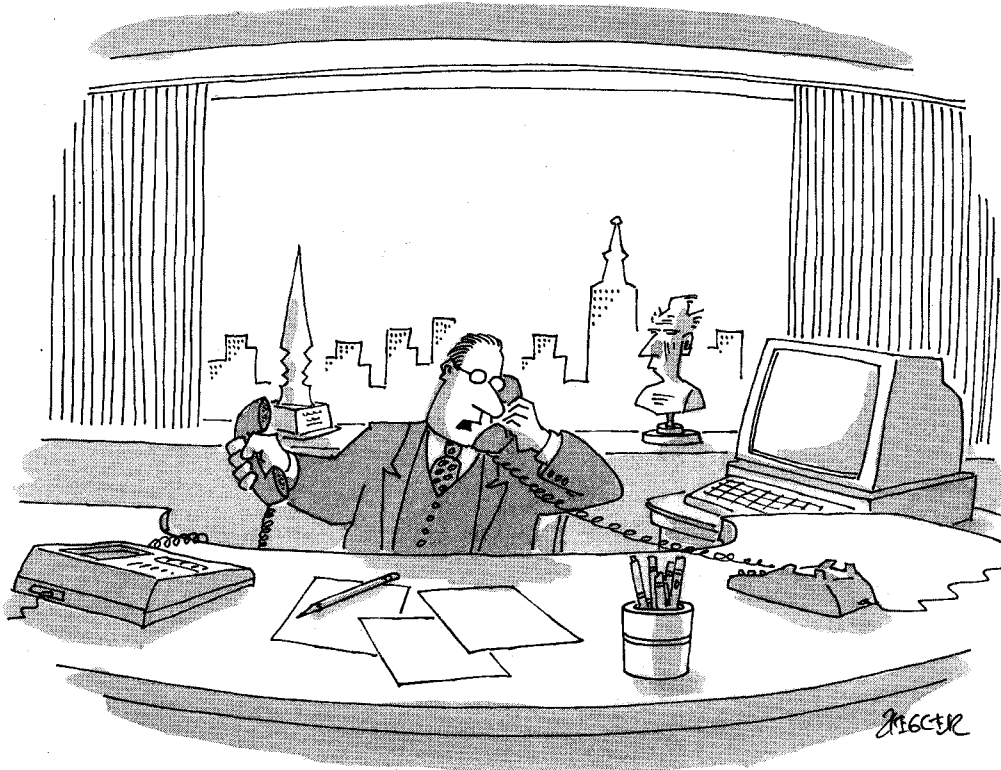
dying-for-an-idea epiphany, she seems to believe in it; elsewhere, no. She vacillated.

For many critics, however, the problem was not that she vacillated but that she could even for a moment have viewed the First World War in a heroic light. John Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers" was published in 1921, and E. E. Cummings' "The Enormous Room" in 1922, both of them vividly detailing the absurdity and butchery of the war. Then came "One of Ours," with fresh-faced Claude dying for an idea. The critics immediately went on the attack. In *Vanity Fair* Edmund Wilson pronounced the book "a pretty flat failure," and he asked, "Can H. L. Mencken have been mistaken when he decided that Willa Cather was a great novelist?" Mencken himself turned on the book with fury, claiming that Cather's idea of war was basically that of "the standard model of lady novelist."

As for the middlebrow reviewers, many of them praised the book highly; they were glad to hear that the war was not what Dos Passos had said. Probably for the same reason, "One of Ours" became a best-seller and won the Pulitzer



*"Apparently, you have very little respect for our judicial system, sauntering in here with only one lawyer."*



*"Sorry, honey, I can't talk now. I'm in the midst of some very intense negotiations with Bill Gates on the electronic rights to you and the kids."*

Prize—a reception that merely redoubled the scorn of the younger literati. In 1923, Ernest Hemingway wrote to Edmund Wilson:

E. E. Cummings' *Enormous Room* was the best book published last year that I read. Somebody told me it was a flop. Then look at *One of Ours*. Prize, big sale, people taking it seriously. You were in the war weren't you? Wasn't that last scene in the lines wonderful? Do you know where it came from? The battle scene in *Birth of a Nation*. I identified episode after episode. Catherized. Poor woman she had to get her war experience somewhere.

The thing to notice is the condescension: "poor woman." Hemingway and Wilson were young at the time—Wilson twenty-eight, Hemingway twenty-four. But within a few years these two men would dominate the American literary vanguard—Hemingway in charge of fiction, Wilson in charge of criticism—and Cather would have no place in their world.

Cather was deeply wounded by the reviews of "One of Ours," and they precipitated a crisis that had been building in her mind for several years. In "O Pioneers!" and "The Song of the Lark" she had written of victory, female victory: adolescent

girls in dirt towns dreaming of doing something great and actually managing it—a subject not unrelated to her own life. Then she stopped believing in victory. Various theories have been advanced for this change of heart, but do we need a theory to explain why a person in her late forties might begin suspecting that the race is not to the swift? For a while, she tried to pretend otherwise. Hence the sentimental endings of "My Ántonia" and "One of Ours." But then she stopped pretending. She accepted the loss, steered into it, and entered her great middle period, her tragic period.

It begins with the fragrant "A Lost Lady" (1923), in which a young man falls platonically in love with a beautiful woman who ultimately dashes his ideals. Next comes "The Professor's House" (1925), in which a man, in the *normal* course of things, loses everything he lived for, almost succeeds in killing himself, and then decides that he will simply live with nothing to live for. After this, she writes "My Mortal Enemy" (1926), a slim, cold novella about the failure of romantic love. Finally, in 1927, Cather publishes "Death Comes for the Archbishop," in which all these hard principles

are still in force but are rendered benign by the religious faith of the protagonists, who are priests. Each of the four novels makes the same point: to desire something is to have as much of it as you will ever have. The mind dreams; life mocks the dream. (Or, in the best case, the dream is fulfilled—the archbishop builds his cathedral—and then the person is left with no dreams.) The only real life is in the imagination, in desire and memory. This is the same point that Proust was making, at around the same time. Cather makes it unflinchingly, and moves to the height of her powers. Of the four novels, "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is the most celebrated, and perhaps justly—it is a nearly perfect piece of writing. But "The Professor's House," Cather's most profound book, has never received the praise it deserves, partly, I think, because it tells such a terrifying story, one that, as Doris Grumbach has

written, "impresses the mature reader as dangerously threatening to his own self-possession."

WHEN these books were published, however, none of them got the praise they deserved. By the mid-twenties, the literary terrain had shifted. Mencken and his cohort were no longer calling the shots. Wilson and his cohort were, and to them Cather was simply old-fashioned. What these people wanted was novels that would mirror their post-war disillusionment, the way "The Great Gatsby" and "The Sun Also Rises" did. They wanted experimentalism and subjectivity—James Joyce, Virginia Woolf. And they wouldn't have minded something about life in the city, about cars and gin and sex. Meanwhile, Cather kept on giving them stories about noble-minded people living in small towns, often in the past. She did not examine her characters' stream of consciousness or, for the most part, their sexual activity. She examined their ideals, which she took seriously. And she wrote about them in prose that looked decidedly nonexperimental—pure, classical, like something carved from white marble.



"A Lost Lady" received some compliments from the younger reviewers, but their tone was often belittling. "A charming sketch," Wilson called this dark book. A few years later, lining up the current writers in an essay for *The New Republic*, he gave Cather just a few brief mentions, one of which was "Willa Cather is a good craftsman, but she is usually rather dull." Other critics admired her more, but they tended to apologize for her, as if she were some old-maid aunt who had suffered disappointments. In the San Francisco *Examiner*, Tom Outland, the younger, second hero of "The Professor's House," was described as "a spinster school teacher's dream of a Zane Grey cowboy."

Modern Cather critics often blame misogyny for these attacks, but Cather's age was probably as important as her sex. The people by and against whom she was being measured—Wilson, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos—were all more than twenty years younger than she. She was old enough to be their mother. They grew up in the twentieth century, she in the nineteenth. Cather could never be mistaken for a nineteenth-century writer: her austere style is part of modernist classicism, her tragic vision part of modernist pessimism. But the nobility of her characters and the privacy she allows them are an inheritance from the nineteenth century, and it did not go down well in the twenties, a decade determined to throw off the past. Furthermore, Cather looked and acted her age. She lived in Greenwich Village, but she had no contact with the partisans of Freud, Marx, and free verse who constituted Village bohemia in those days. Did they see her from their cafés as she marched off every morning to do her grocery shopping at the Jefferson Market? Probably not. They wouldn't have been up yet.

If she was condescended to in the twenties, in the thirties she was attacked head on, for by then the literary scene had changed again. The best young critics were mostly Marxists, or, at least, convinced leftists, and to them Cather's tragic vision was a political affront. She saw the wreck of the American dream: how could she analyze it as the operation of a timeless principle—something that must always occur—when it was clearly just a matter of modern economics? To quote *The New Republic*, she acted as if "mass production and technological unemployment and cyclical depressions and the

struggle between the classes did not exist." Indeed, as others (Lionel Trilling, Clifton Fadiman) complained, she acted as if the *present* did not exist. Sensitive young men mooning around in nineteenth-century Nebraska, old priests riding their mules through nineteenth-century New Mexico: Were modern readers supposed to care about this? asked Granville Hicks in a 1933 essay. "Does it touch our lives?" No, Hicks said, it was simply "supine romanticism," harmless stuff that, as another critic put it, "could be read in schools and women's clubs."

If they despised her, why did they go on writing about her? Because she was so popular. Avant-gardes rarely waste any affection on artists whom the public prefers to them, and throughout the thirties, even though her work was becoming uneven, Cather remained one of America's best-loved writers. "Shadows on the Rock" (1931) was the most widely read novel in the United States in the year following its publication. "Lucy Gayheart," the next book, was also a best-seller. Universities gave her honorary doctorates. *Time* put her on its cover. And the regular book reviewers generally praised her.

Others did more than praise her. The real shame of the left-wing assault on Cather in the thirties is not that it removed her from serious consideration by some of the best minds (Wilson, Trilling) but that it polarized the discussion of her work. The more she was senselessly attacked by the left, the more she was senselessly exalted by the right, and used as a stick to beat the left—actually, to beat anything that the right disliked. Experimental literature, for example. In the words of *Catholic World*, Cather's work was a rebuke to the "crude realism, Freudism, inchoate prose, shallow philosophy," and other vices that dominated modern fiction. Other Catholic magazines became her champions as well. To these journals, Cather, though an Episcopalian, was an honorary Catholic, and her books were Catholic books, radiating "a living light, like candles on an altar" (*Commonweal*). With friends like these, it was not hard for Cather to find enemies.

Eventually, she, too, entered the fray. In her politics, Cather *was* a conservative. She hated Roosevelt and the New Deal and big government. She also hated political art. (The artist's mission, she wrote,

"is not to clean the Augean stables; he had better join the Salvation Army if he wants to do that.") Now she began to sound not just conservative but reactionary. When, in 1936, she published a collection of her literary essays, she entitled it "Not Under Forty," meaning, as she explained in the preface, that people under forty should not bother to read it, because they wouldn't find anything interesting in it. She reiterated the point later in the book, in an essay on Sarah Orne Jewett:

Imagine a young man, or woman, born in New York City, educated at a New York university, violently inoculated with Freud, hurried into journalism, knowing no more about New England country people (or country folk anywhere) than he has caught from motor trips or observed from summer hotels: what is there for him in "The Country of the Pointed Firs"?

As Cather saw it, Jewett's universe, and her own, had been cast into shadow; the world had been taken over by Freudians, journalists, body snatchers. This reply to her critics drew prompt rejoinders. In *The New Republic* Trilling summarized her views as merely a "defense of gentility."

Cather now withdrew from the public eye. She also restricted the public's view of her work. Paperback editions, Viking Portables, anthology requests, radio readings, movie deals, play deals—she refused them. At one point, Alfred A. Knopf, her publisher, got a six-figure offer from Hollywood for one of her books, but he didn't have the courage to mention it to her. In her will,

too, she forbade the presentation of her work in any medium other than print. (It is only because her copyrights are now expiring that we have recently had TV movies of "O Pioneers!" and "My Ántonia," both of them everything Cather might have feared.) She developed a mania for privacy. When she checked into a hospital—indeed, when she called a beauty parlor—she used a false name. When friends died, she asked the survivors to send her letters back, and she burned them. She also put a clause in her will barring anyone from quoting in print any of the letters that had escaped her incinerator.

Her old age, to all appearances, was wretched. In 1940, she published one more novel, "Sapphira and the Slave Girl." Then she developed chronic tendonitis in her right hand, and her productivity dwindled to almost nothing. She



started a new novel, set in fourteenth-century Avignon. Entitled "Hard Punishments," it was to be about two boys, one with his hands paralyzed, one with his tongue cut out—a reflection, no doubt, of how she saw herself at this time. Eventually, she put the book aside. One day in 1947, she woke up from her afternoon nap, complained of a headache, and died of a cerebral hemorrhage. The obituary in *The Nation* described her as a minor novelist, "remote from the talents and problems of the past two anxious decades."

Cather, of course, was not the only writer harmed by the politicizing of criticism in the thirties. Faulkner was repeatedly bashed by the left. Joyce and Eliot were reproached for being too difficult and therefore of no use in the class struggle. Others besides Cather—Thornton Wilder, for one—suffered not only the abuse of the left but the deadly kiss of the right. What really suffered, however, was literary discussion, which was less and less about literature, and more and more about whose-side-are-you-on. Cather's is merely a representative case, and a sad one. She wrote twelve novels, most of them about the great subject of early-twentieth-century literature—the gulf between the mind and the world—and they were judged by her most energetic critics according to whether they

embraced or opposed the struggle of industrial workers in the cities.

IN the years following Cather's death, her admirers gathered up her abused corpse and took it back to their fort, while the rest of the critical establishment forgot about her. Important books were published on American literature, and her name did not appear in them. The monumental third edition of "The Literary History of the United States" (1963) devoted four of its fifteen hundred pages to her.

Still, there was a small community of scholars who went on writing about her. The first biographies came out—short, respectful, unpsychoanalytic studies. (One of these, E. K. Brown's 1953 "Willa Cather," is still the best introduction to her, because of its excellent glosses on the novels. It is in print.) Other scholars did archival work, reprinting Cather's journalism and her early stories. In 1955, a group of people in Red Cloud established the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial foundation. As their exhibition space they chose the empty second floor of the Red Cloud movie house, where they assembled whatever relics they could find and installed them behind chicken wire. The Cather exhibit shared its space with the taxidermy collection of one of the board members.

The Cather criticism of the fifties and sixties was correspondingly taxidermic. These were years dominated by the New Criticism, which was concerned primarily with formal complexities in literature. But Cather's prose seemed to the New Critics to have no formal complexities, so they largely ignored her. Those people who wrote about her usually focussed not on her style but on her content—her values, which they decided were transcendent, spiritual, and reassuring. Did the happy ending of "My Ántonia" seem a little desperate, patched together? Not at all. It was just fine for Ántonia, at the end of that sad book, to be baking *kolaches* in her cozy kitchen; she was a symbol of "calm and faithful endurance" (James E. Miller, Jr., *American Quarterly*, 1958), of "the value of human experience" (Terence Martin, *P.M.L.A.*, 1969). What about "The Professor's House," in which Professor St. Peter, having failed to kill himself, decides that he will just "live without delight"—that is, live an empty life? Surely there was something discomforting here? No. "The Professor's House" was a book about the "Christian transcendence of desire," about death and rebirth. Actually, some critics did betray a worry about this book—a wish, perhaps, that it would go away. James Woodress, one of Cather's later biographers, described it as evidence of a midlife crisis. But after that bad spell, he claimed, she recovered splendidly, and moved on to "the rich affirmations of 'Death Comes for the Archbishop.'" Affirmation was the key word. That's what Cather was, and when she wasn't that, she wasn't really Cather.

Some good writings on Cather were published during the fifties and sixties, but they float like little barks of sanity on the great sea of piety that constituted Cather criticism in that period. Really, the situation was not unlike that of the thirties: Cather had been captured by the conservatives. The difference is that there was now no resistance to the "affirmative" line, for the Affirmatives were the only ones who paid attention to her. Her books were still assigned to high-school students (no hard words, no sex scenes), and many ordinary people were still reading them for pleasure, but her work was rarely discussed in literary circles. Catherites, while lamenting this, marked it up to their author's uniqueness: literary discussion followed trends, and Cather fit no trend.





## WRATH

Lying in the darkness, grim with anger

against the one lying by your side,  
herself grim with anger  
at your lying  
so grim with anger by her side.

This night only absence will be her lover,  
only wrath will be your bride.

—JOHN MONTAGUE

By the early seventies, however, the trend was staring them in the face. In 1973, a big conference was held in Lincoln, Nebraska, to mark the centennial of Cather's birth. Scholars got up and gave lectures on the usual things: Cather was universal, she was classical, she was affirmative. But, according to the proceedings, some unusual questions arose during the discussion periods. Ellen Moers, a Barnard professor, complained that in "My Ántonia" there was "a complexity we haven't even opened up—the whole feminine side of this book." At another point, when the Henry James scholar Leon Edel claimed that Cather "wrote intuitively," Blanche Gelfant, of Dartmouth, objected that this was what people always said about a woman writer—that "she really didn't know what she was doing but somehow this surged up in her." Edel protested that he thought "intuitive" was a good word. Why, he was on the record as saying that Faulkner was intuitive, too. The older Cather scholars seem to have been caught off guard. No one had seen it coming, but Cather now fit a trend—feminism.

**A**N important job for feminist literary critics in the seventies and eighties was to assemble a "female canon," a list of books demonstrating that women were the equal of men as writers and therefore that their underrepresentation in the approved catalogue of classic literature was the result of politics, not biology. Cather was necessary to such a list. But the feminists didn't just need first-rate writers; they needed them to be feminists. Gertrude Stein's declaring the women's movement a bore, George Eliot's writing an essay called "Silly Novels by Lady

Novelists": these things were an embarrassment. Cather's early prairie novels were everything a feminist could have asked for. They were about women, doing great things. But then came "My Ántonia," in which the heroine did no great things; she merely endured. Furthermore, Ántonia had to suffer the indignity of having her story told by Jim—yet another case of men silencing women.

And that was just the beginning. For the rest of Cather's career, her main characters were sometimes women and sometimes men, sometimes good and sometimes evil. She seems no longer to have viewed the difference between male and female as crucial. Life was hard for everyone ("Even the wicked get worse than they deserve," one of her characters says), and the suffering had simply to be borne or, if possible, transcended through memory and art. The principles of life were changeless, and so the themes of art were, too. Hence Jim's description of Ántonia as something out of Virgil or ancient myth, something "universal and true." That, of course, is exactly what feminists did not want to hear. Universals, transcendence—these were the magic words by which women had been taught to accept a fate that in fact was not universal but assigned only to half of humanity, the female half. As for Ántonia, who stays home and stays poor while Jim goes to Harvard to study those Virgilian texts, the feminists saw her not as the embodiment of a changeless principle but as an oppressed woman.

It wasn't just Cather's fiction that fell short. Her life did, too. She was much closer to her father than to her mother, and in the list of other adults who nurtured her the men greatly outnumber the

women. There was also the matter of the "William Cather period." Innocent readers might imagine that this is something feminists would sympathize with. It is not. "Male-identified" is a bad word in feminist circles. It means turning your back on women. And there was evidence that Cather did turn her back on women, or, at least, women writers. "It is a very grave question whether women have any place in poetry," she wrote in 1895. Female poets were so gushy—"emotional in the extreme, self-centered, self-absorbed." As for women novelists, all they could write about was love: "They have a sort of sex consciousness that is abominable." She attacked Kate Chopin's "The Awakening" on this score. How could Chopin have devoted her gifts to "so trite and sordid a theme" as adultery? All in all, women seemed to Cather to *use* art rather than to make it. "Has any woman ever really had the art instinct, the art necessity? Is it not with them a substitute . . . an escape valve for what has sought or is seeking another channel?" This is basically the same complaint that Virginia Woolf later made in "A Room of One's Own": that women used writing as "self-expression" rather than as art. But Cather made it with uncommon ferocity: "If I see the announcement of a new book by a woman, I—well, I take one by a man instead. . . . I prefer to take no chances when I read."

Finally, in a time when feminist critics were trying to show that women inherited their literary tradition not from men but from women—literary "foremothers," often excluded from the established canon—it was not a pleasure for them to see Cather so clearly take her inspiration from male writers. Among modern authors, the ones who left the deepest imprint on her were Tolstoy, Flaubert, and Henry James. Only one woman writer was crucial to her—Sarah Orne Jewett—but, as Cather knew, Jewett was a minor writer. She was more a mentor than a model.

So Cather, having once looked as though she might advance feminist criticism, turned out to be another embarrassment. A number of feminists condemned her as such. Carolyn Heilbrun, in her 1979 book "Reinventing Womanhood," claimed that most of Cather's novels simply demonstrated the "female urge toward the . . . denial of female destiny." Other feminist critics, however, were sorry to lose Cather. What if the wrongful atti-

tudes that she expressed were not hers at all, they asked, but a reflection of the attitudes of *men*, the men in her novels? Jim Burden's intrusion into *Antonia's* story, his acquiescence in her hard fate—what if these were acts of irony on Cather's part? Thus was born the unreliable-narrator school of Cather criticism. In a 1985 essay by Jean Schwind (University of Minnesota), the reader is warned not to trust Jim. He is genteel, sexist, and, indeed, racist and imperialist. Furthermore, he reads too much. His brain is crammed with Virgil, with "ideal 'forms'" and romantic conventions that have nothing to do with prairie realities, including *Antonia*—and that is what Cather is trying to tell us. So, yes, Cather's fiction contains patriarchal attitudes, but only because she is decrying them; people just didn't notice before. This kind of reading has since been applied to other books of hers—Professor St. Peter is also a sexist pig—but it has proved a hard one to put over, for the traits that supposedly disqualify Cather's men as reliable witnesses were her traits as well. Romantic, elegiac, attached to ideal forms, besotted with Virgil—Cather was all these things, and believed in them, as her other writings show.

Clearly, a more subtle reading was needed, something that would both acknowledge Cather's endorsement of unfeminist values and yet show her in *conflict* with those values. According to some feminists, conflict was endemic to women's writing anyway, for women were torn between the wish to tell their own, female story and the need to write something acceptable to the male literary establishment. But Cather's prose didn't look torn. Plain and pure, it rose like a cliff wall in the face of the conflict-seekers, denying them access, insisting that it really did mean what it said. Some stick of dynamite was needed to blow the subject of Cather open. As the feminists soon realized, the thing they needed was already there. In a 1975 book called "Lesbian Images," Jane Rule, a Canadian novelist and critic, had matter-of-factly stated that Cather was homosexual.

**W**AS it true? Here, basically, is what we know of Cather's love life. In college, she developed a crush on an older girl, a brilliant student named Louise Pound. Some of Cather's letters to Pound survive, and they are certainly love-

stricken. She tells Pound how beautiful she looked in her new Worth gown; she confesses her jealousy of Pound's other admirers; she moons and she pleads. That friendship ended while Cather was still in college, but later, when she was twenty-five and living in Pittsburgh, she met another woman, Isabelle McClung, then twenty-one, who was the daughter of a prominent judge. Cather was a journalist and a would-be artist; Isabelle was an arts lover and a would-be bohemian. They became fast friends, and two years later, reportedly over her parents' objections, Isabelle moved Cather into her family home. They may or may not have shared a bedroom—this is a subject of hot debate—but in any case they spent all their free time together, and Isabelle became the love of Cather's life. (Years later, Cather told a friend, "I think people often write books for just one person, and for me Isabelle was that person.") After five years at the McClungs', Cather was offered a job in New York, and she took it. She soon moved in with another woman—Edith Lewis, a fellow-Nebraskan. But Lewis did not replace Isabelle in Cather's heart. Cather and Isabelle visited each other; they took trips together (without Lewis). Elizabeth Sergeant, another friend of Cather's, always noticed "Willie's shining face and quick stumbling rushes of talk and color" when Isabelle was around. This went on for ten years, until finally, in 1916, Isabelle decided to marry. Cather was devastated. Sergeant describes a walk in the park during which Cather told her the terrible news: "Her face—I saw how bleak it was, how vacant her eyes. All her natural exuberance drained away." The two women remained friends, and Cather periodically visited Isabelle and her husband. Meanwhile, for thirty-nine years—until the end of her life—Cather lived with Edith Lewis, who took care of all the practical details of their household. She fended off the callers; she helped correct the galleys. She did everything that "literary wives" used to do, and after Cather died she wrote a good book about her.

Most of these facts had been known for many years, but no special conclusions were drawn from them, or not in print. Then came gay liberation, and people began to argue that there was lesbianism not just in Cather's life but in her work. Her novels and stories are full of ravishing women, and she lingers over their

charms. As for her men, they tend to be gentle, recessive types, not sexual. Or if they are sexual they are evil. In her books, male-female passion generally doesn't work out: it rarely gets to first base, and the marriages are often unhappy. The woman is unavailable; the man broods and pines. According to a number of gay critics, what Cather's men feel is what she herself felt. This is her portrayal of lesbian love: silent, hopeless longing.

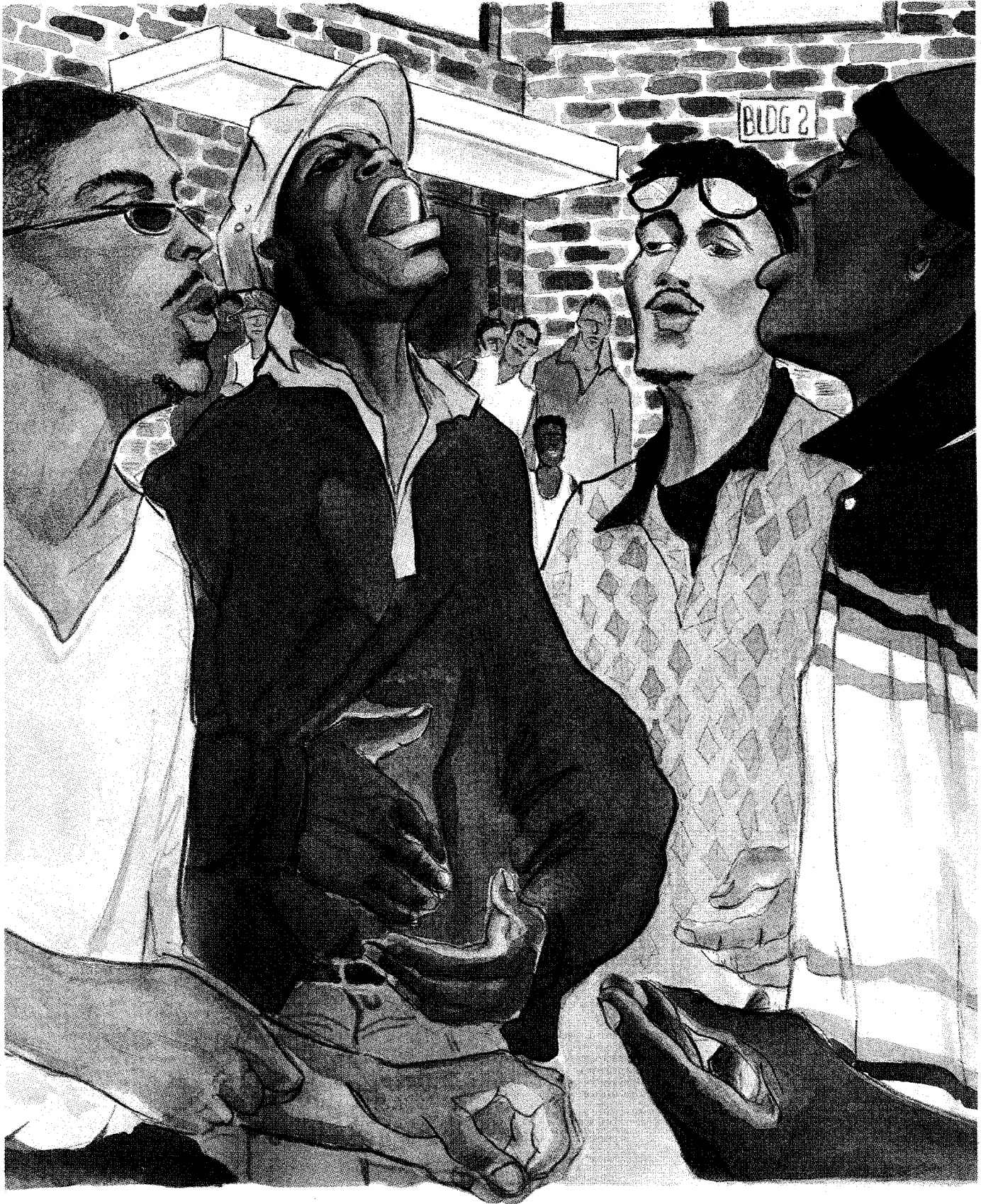
But the lesbian argument is not airtight. Crushes were common among college girls in Cather's time. And women in the nineteenth century had far more effusive, more physical relationships than women have today. They snuggled, held hands. In a 1911 story, "The Joy of Nelly Deane," Cather shows us two teen-age girls happily drifting off to sleep in each other's arms as one of them talks about her marriage plans. Such female intimacies were not necessarily sexual, or, if they involved feelings that we now channel into sex, they were not defined as sexual. It was not until the end of the nineteenth century, with the Oscar Wilde trials and the writings of the early sexologists, such as Krafft-Ebing, that homosexuality became a subject of scandal and same-sex closeness came under suspicion. But by the end of the nineteenth century Cather was almost thirty years old; her attitudes were already formed.

She knew about the stigmatization of homosexuality—and endorsed it. Wilde, she wrote in 1895, deserved to be in prison. Verlaine was a "dirty old man" (though a first-rate poet). Of course, it is not rare for undeclared homosexuals to decry homosexuality, but if Cather had been a nervous closet lesbian wouldn't she have been careful, in writing, not to say things that could be viewed as hints of homosexuality? She wasn't. In her art reviews of the eighteen-nineties she gushed over female beauty. In 1907, she published a love poem, "The Star Dial," based on Sappho. These facts, which are often cited as evidence of her homosexuality, are more logically interpretable as evidence that she was not homosexual, or not in her actions. Clearly, she felt she had nothing to hide. And this is true of her life as well as of her writing. When Isabelle McClung married, she grieved openly, telling her friends how heartbroken she was.

If I had to guess on the basis of the evidence, I would say that Cather was



SKETCHBOOK • BY EVA CHRYSANTHE  
BRONXDALE HOUSING PROJECT



*As all-guy quartets like Boyz II Men and All-4-One keep close harmonies pouring from the radio, street-corner versions like 1 Accord wait for their shot at the big time. Danny Martinez, Jermaine Paul, Japhe Tejeda, and Charles Paul grew up singing in church, and now make music in front of the Bronxdale Housing Project—or anyplace else applause might await them.*



homosexual in her feelings and celibate in her actions. Nor does it necessarily follow that this left her with a permanent complex. Many of the important women writers of the nineteenth century were celibate. If Jane Austen and Emily Brontë managed without having sex, why not Cather?

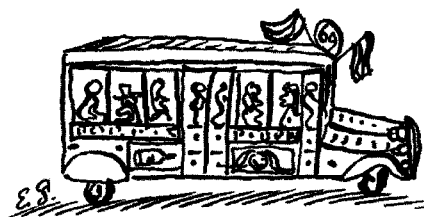
Whatever Cather's sexual status, feminist critics seeking to rehabilitate her needed it to be one way. They had to show her in conflict; therefore, she had to be a thwarted homosexual. Meanwhile, the Affirmatives were still around and, together with members of Cather's family, they were doing what they could to stop these allegations. In 1980, Cather's niece Helen Southwick had an exchange of letters with Virginia Faulkner, an editor at the University of Nebraska Press. Faulkner sympathized with Southwick's outrage over these "gross and unsubstantiated implications and assertions" and warned her that some woman was at work on a psychosexual biography of Cather. She said she would try to get hold of the manuscript and, if its scholarship was defective, "blow it out of the water."

SO a proof of Cather's lesbianism was needed, and, in the absence of any hard evidence, it had to be ingenious. The person who stepped forward to do the job was the woman who was writing the dreaded psychosexual biography, Sharon O'Brien, of Dickinson College. In a 1984 essay entitled "The Thing Not Named: Willa Cather as a Lesbian Writer," O'Brien said that she would hold herself to a strict standard: to be called a lesbian, a woman had not only to show close ties with women but also to be "self-identified" as a lesbian. And one of Cather's letters to Louise Pound, O'Brien claimed, met that standard. Because of the stipulation in Cather's will, O'Brien could not quote the sentence in question, so she paraphrased it. The paraphrase read, "It was so unfair that feminine friendship should be unnatural, but she agreed with Miss De Pue (a classmate) that it was." There was the smoking gun: Cather viewed her feelings for Louise as unnatural; therefore she was a self-identified lesbian. And her lesbianism, O'Brien claimed, explained many things about her work—for example, her famous statement about "the thing not named" being the most important thing in any

work of literature. This was a "startling phrase," O'Brien said, for it echoed the words used in evidence at Oscar Wilde's trial: "the Love that dare not speak its name." Clearly, those subtle truths that Cather felt could only be suggested, never enunciated, were just one thing—homosexuality. This was the "emotional source of her fiction," the basis of her work.

O'Brien's argument has since been widely accepted as proof of Cather's lesbianism. There are only two things wrong with it. First, Cather, in her letter to Pound, did not say she agreed with Miss De Pue that feminine friendship was unnatural. She said the opposite. Like O'Brien, I have signed an agreement with the Duke University library (where this letter is housed) promising not to quote Cather's words, but here is the tightest possible paraphrase: "It is clearly unjust that friendship between women should be unnatural, I concur with Miss De Pue to that extent." She knows that close female friendships are now viewed as unnatural; Miss De Pue has said that this is unfair; she agrees with De Pue. (If Cather had considered the possible consequences of her ban on quoting her letters, she might have thought twice about issuing it.) As for "the thing not named," this, as I said earlier, is more or less a restatement of a famous saying of Mallarmé's. If Cather didn't get it from him, she could have picked it up from any of a number of his contemporaries. Far from being a startling phrase, it was a commonplace of fin-de-siècle aesthetics.

No matter. The feminists now had what they needed. The surface of Cather's fiction could no longer be taken literally; it had to be read *through*. And what was underneath had to be a story about women. So Cather, who had thought to leave behind the subject of gender, was taken in hand and firmly led back to it. Having once been captured by the right, she was now captured by the left. In the process, she became as much a topic of discussion as she had formerly been a non-topic. Cather studies exploded.



The book that got the most attention was O'Brien's "Willa Cather: The Emerging Voice," which was finally published in 1987 and offered a new, integrated approach to Cather's insufficient feminism—the reconciliation model. In this scenario, Cather did let women down, but only early on, and only because she was in conflict over a woman—namely, her mother. O'Brien's argument is built on a theory that was put forth in the nineteen-seventies by the psychologist Nancy Chodorow: that girls, unlike boys, never truly separate from their mothers and therefore remain prone to conflicts over separation, alternately seeking fusion with the remembered mother and resisting engulfment by her. All her young life, O'Brien argues, Cather was torn by mother-fusion anxiety, which was exacerbated in her case by lesbianism. (Union with a woman would spell the dreaded engulfment.) Her male identification can thus be accounted for. Indeed, almost everything that Cather does in this nearly five-hundred-page book is a symbolic flight from or return to the mother. If she prefers George Eliot to the trashy romantic novelist Marie Corelli, that's because of the "conflicts of the mother-daughter bond." (Her mother was a Corelli fan.) If she forges a happy union with Isabelle McClung, that's because the relationship offers her "a satisfactory reenactment of the mother-daughter relationship."

But writing, according to O'Brien, was the crux of Cather's mother-fusion complex. Fleeing her mother, she identified fiction as a male endeavor and took male writers as her models. Therefore, in her early stories she could never express her true, female-identified self. It was only when she met Jewett, to whom O'Brien devotes a whole chapter, that Cather finally "received the gift of female literary inheritance." Inconveniently, what Cather then produced was "Alexander's Bridge," a novel about a man written in the style of a man—Henry James. But O'Brien can explain this: Cather was still in conflict, and fighting her way out of it, as can be seen by the fact that Alexander, the engineer hero, is destroyed at the end of the book. The bridge he is building falls down, and he drowns with it. Clearly, this is a "deconstruction of masculine aesthetics," a critique of the male need to dominate. (Bridge building is a



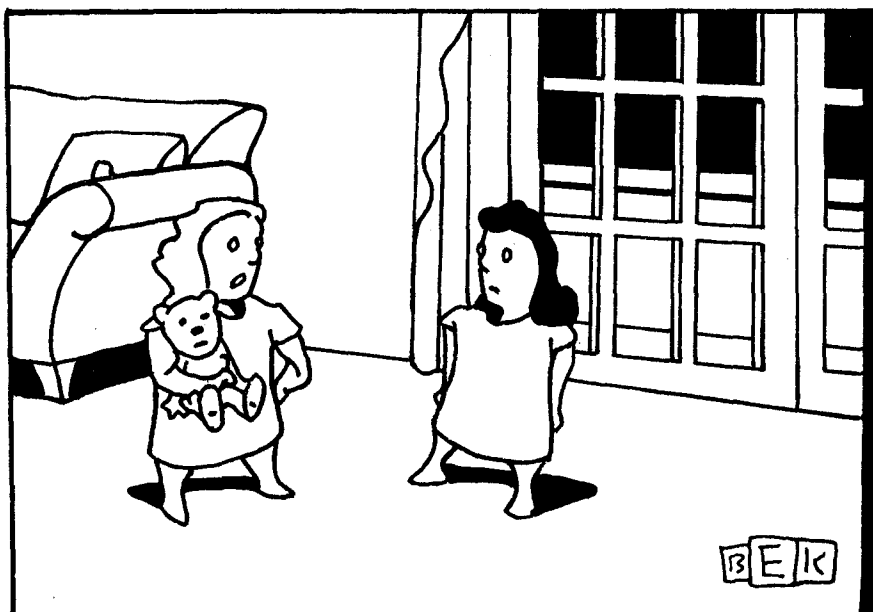
domination of nature.) Having exorcised this last demon, Cather went on to write "O Pioneers!"—a book that, in its use of "home" material, signifies her return to the mother and celebrates her truly female art in the symbol of Alexandra's tilling of the soil. (Agriculture is not a domination of nature.)

And what of all the later novels, with their male heroes and their male narrators? O'Brien solves the problem by not analyzing those texts. Her book ends with "O Pioneers!"—the second of Cather's twelve novels. But here and there in her writings she comments on Cather's later novels, to the effect that they, too, are about the mother-daughter bond, though that subject may be "disguised." "The Professor's House," with its account of the friendship between the Professor and his student Tom Outland, "could trouble a feminist reader," O'Brien writes. "Why would Willa Cather celebrate male bonding?" But these troubles vanish when we realize that the Professor's attachment to Tom is "only a mask for his deeper yearning to return to . . . the maternal presence."

Last year, in the *Times Book Review*, O'Brien published an essay on how she came to write her Cather biography. It was a product of her own life, she said. When she was young, she was plagued by feelings of powerlessness, the product of her domination not by men but by women:

There is a certain kind of woman—powerful, self-involved, convinced of her own rightness and determined that her own views should prevail—who undermines my own sense of self more profoundly than the most patriarchal male.

She gives examples: her mother, the nuns in her school. These women "silenced" her, kept her from developing her own voice. When, as an adult, she conceived the project of writing a biography of Cather, the childhood drama was replayed. Here was this powerful woman, a famous novelist; "I, on the other hand, was an obscure academic." And Cather, like the women of O'Brien's childhood, was trying to silence her. Had she not burned her letters and prohibited quotation from any correspondence that surfaced later? But O'Brien could read the surviving letters, including the letters to Louise Pound, and when she discovered in them what she took to be evidence of



*"When I bought him, I went for craftsmanship.  
Now I wish I had gone for snuggliness."*

Cather's lesbianism she felt a "subtle power shift." If she were to write Cather's story as she now saw it, she would be "re-writing one of the silencing stories of my own life, my domination by women who tried to erase me." Still, she was worried, and Cather began to haunt her dreams. In one dream, Cather invited her to tea and said to her, "I want you to know that I am not gay." "What about the letters to Louise Pound?" O'Brien replied. The dream ended there. (If it had continued, Cather might have told O'Brien to take another look at the letter.)

After finishing the biography, O'Brien tells us, she wrote another life of Cather, for high-school students, as part of a Chelsea House series called *Lives of Notable Gay Men and Lesbians*. In this book, she says, she no longer had to take into account "scholarly (and seemingly parental) readers" who might have intimidated her by asking for evidence. She was free to dispense with documentation; she could also omit "almost all the literary analysis." In other words, she no longer had to prove her case. All she had to do was state it. Not surprisingly, she found this "liberating." She was silenced no more.

O'BRIEN's reconciliation argument had a big influence. For many, Cather's feminist credentials were

restored. But, just as the unreliable-narrator reading had looked to some critics like a coverup, so did the reconciliation reading. Not surprisingly, the deconstructionists, with their theory that all literary texts are unstable in meaning, were among the unconvinced, and, together with practitioners of other critical methods fashionable in the eighties, they came up with yet another reading of Cather, the "conflict" reading. According to this view, Cather was perpetually torn between her conditioned deference to the patriarchy and her deep-down loyalty to feminism and lesbianism—a psychic war that propelled all her work. Therefore, whatever she appeared to be saying, she was really saying the opposite, or both. In a 1989 essay Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, of Duke, writes that "The Professor's House" might seem, on the surface, "heterosexist," but that its underlying rebellion against heterosexism can be discovered by deconstructing the last sentence of the book—specifically, one word in that sentence, "Berengaria," the name of the ship on which the Professor's wife and daughter are sailing home from Europe. Here is Sedgwick's deconstruction:

*Berengaria*, ship of women: the {green} {aria}, the {eager} {brain}, the {bearing} and the {bairn}, the {raring} {engine}, the {bargain} {binge}, the {ban} and {bar}, the {garbage}, the {barrage} of {anger}, the {bare}



*"I'd like the Thanksgiving Day Special, on the rocks."*

{grin}, the {rage} to {err}, the {rare} {grab} for {being}, the {begin} and {rebegin} {again}.

This list of anagrams, which must have taken a while to work out, supposedly reveals the maelstrom of lesbian energies churning beneath the surface of "The Professor's House"—energies that Cather was venting when she gave the ship that strange name. Yes, Sedgwick says, the name has a historical meaning—Beren-garia was the wife of Richard the Lion-hearted—but otherwise it is a "nonsense word." She does not seem to know that it was the name of a real ship, a famous Cunard ocean liner on which Cather had returned from Europe immediately before beginning "The Professor's House."

Conflict-interpreters, it should be added, do not look kindly on those who fail to see the conflict. In a 1986 essay Judith Fetterley (State University of New York, Albany) accused Jane Rule, the woman who outed Cather, of betraying lesbianism by claiming that "My Antonia" was a "serene" book—that is, by refusing to acknowledge its burning lesbian subtext. "Homophobia can go no further," Fetterley declared. In other words, to deny that Cather's books are about homosexuality is gay-bashing.

Despite their differences, these political critics have one thing in common: an

obsession with instinctual processes. No tree can grow, no river flow in Cather's landscapes without its being a penis or a menstrual period. Twenty years ago, Ellen Moers, in her book "Literary Women," quoted a long description of a canyon from "The Song of the Lark" and called it "the most thoroughly elaborated female landscape in literature"—in other words, a crotch. This was not entirely far-fetched. Cather's description—the V-shaped gorge, the internal ridges, the fringe of foliage—does sound a little like a crotch, though it sounds a lot more like a canyon. For modern Cather critics, however, anything that is a little like a crotch *is* a crotch, and, in emulation of Moers' *trouvaille*, they have since taken us on a long crawl through the female reproductive anatomy. Most of Cather's main characters have been unmasked as homosexuals: Antonia and Jim, the Professor and Tom Outland, and, of course, the two priests in "Death Comes for the Archbishop." When these critics are not dwelling on sex, they are dwelling on the infantile, the "pre-Oedipal." They have little interest in ego processes: thinking, working. Indeed, they have little interest in writing. What Cather put down on the page is of almost no concern apart from what it supposedly reveals about her un-

conscious. The subject is not literature but biography, or inferred biography.

One senses in all this a certain vengeful glee. In part, it is directed at the Affirmatives; in part, at the New Critics, with their insistent formalism. But the vengeance is clearly aimed at Cather, too. Other women writers uphold the feminists' description of what it means for a woman to try to enter the patriarchal literary tradition. Emily Dickinson cowering in her room, Harriet Beecher Stowe writing with one hand while holding a baby with the other, Kate Chopin hounded out of print for publishing indecencies: these women tell the story that the feminists are trying to tell. But Cather? If anything, she is a rebuke to feminists. All the things they say a woman can't do—learn to write from men, create a life centered on writing, with no intrusions—Cather did, and with very little wear and tear. No booze, no abortions, no nervous breakdowns. She jumped the gate, and therefore she makes the gate look not so high after all.

WHY should all this wild-eyed academic writing concern anyone but academics? Because it filters down quickly to the public. Academics, after all, are the people who teach students. They are also the people who write the introductions to new paperback editions of Cather, the editions most likely to be bought by the general public. Signet's "Song of the Lark" and Meridian's collection of Cather's stories are both introduced by O'Brien, who, needless to say, offers a feminist interpretation.

The new political readings of Cather are presumably being put forth in the service of political causes. Will they help those causes? Will it be useful if we argue that, while heterosexual men can write about anything they want, women can write only about gender, homosexuals only about sexuality? "Why would Willa Cather celebrate male bonding?" O'Brien asks. And why would Leo Tolstoy celebrate a girl's experience at her first ball? Because they wanted to write about life. A broad subject matter is something that a woman writer in the early twentieth century might have sought with special urgency, for it was precisely what was denied her. Such a restriction, Cather decided, would not be placed on her. She wrote novels showing that women could do something important besides have



sex. Then she wrote novels about history and exile and the life of the mind in relation to the world—in other words, all the things that women were not supposed to write about, though today they do, partly because Cather did. If we now argue that those subjects of hers were just covers, that what she was really writing about was the very things she chose not to write about, sex and gender, is this a vote for the rights of women and homosexuals? Or is it, however unwittingly, another attack on them?

READING Cather criticism has taught me one thing. If it is not realistic to expect a nonpolitical criticism, one can still wish for and sometimes get a *sophisticated* criticism—one that, while indebted to a certain politics, can balance that concern with a sustained attention to what the artist is saying. In 1986, when other critics were accusing Cather of betraying lesbians and women and art by “masking” her homosexuality, Joanna Russ, a University of Washington professor, published an essay claiming that Cather’s staying in the closet was actually good for her work, because it kept her from being confined to a narrow lesbian-novelist position. Russ, herself a lesbian novelist, wrote:

It was possible for Cather, in masquerade, to speak more completely, more clearly, and less self-consciously than could, for example, Djuna Barnes in “Nightwood”. . . . [She could] remain “normal,” American, public, and *also* lesbian. Even now, any openly lesbian writer is almost forced to be a self-conscious rebel, a position congenial to some, but one that can be constricting nonetheless; such a role Cather simply did not take or need.

Cather’s stance, Russ says, marks an early, innocent stage in the history of lesbian fiction:

The innocence, of course, had to go. If the next stage can be called guilty self-consciousness, and the stage after that self-conscious rebellion, no matter what aesthetic advantages they offer (and I believe they offer many not available to Cather, honesty being one of them), they do not have the same advantages as Cather’s masquerade; they cannot possibly create the aesthetic completeness and richness of Cather’s work.

Aesthetic completeness and richness—strange words to encounter in modern Cather studies.

What can we call a critical position such as this? Modesty? Large-mindedness?

I don’t know, but without it we will soon have no history. What will today’s gay critics do with Dante, who put the sodomites in Hell? What will the feminists do with George Eliot, who, feminist though she was, could not think of what to do with Dorothea Brooke except to push her into the arms of yet another man, or with Maggie Tulliver except drown her? As for Cather, what do the critics have left of her—of the profundity of her vision, of her originality, of her *ear*, probably the best in American fiction—once all these things have been ignored so that she can be turned into a feminist?

I should add that feminism is no longer the cutting edge of Cather criticism. Multiculturalism is, though most of the work in this area is being done by feminists. These critics, probably born, on the average, in 1950, attempt to cope with the amazing fact that Cather, born under Ulysses S. Grant, sometimes betrays views different from theirs about blacks, Mexicans, and American Indians. Now and then, someone notices that Cather’s opinions were typical of her generation—indeed, that they were also expressed by good feminists of the time. Elizabeth Ammons (of Tufts), having called Cather a racist in her 1992 book “Conflicting Stories,” is forced to acknowledge that Kate Chopin, that feminist martyr, supplied the heroine of “The Awakening” with a small battalion of black people to clean her house and look after her children while she accomplished her awakening. But this, Ammons says, does not mean that Chopin silenced black culture in her book. For doesn’t “The Awakening” have thirty-nine chapters, and isn’t thirty-nine pretty close to forty, the number of weeks in the average pregnancy? Clearly, “The Awakening” is “structured as a pregnancy,” and, since childbirth was an event attended to by black women, this means that the book “formally derives from black culture.” So “The Awakening” is O.K. Maybe someone can do the same kind of thing for “The Merchant of Venice”—reveal that it derives from Jewish culture. But maybe not. It was written by a man.

This is the new political critics’ revenge on the “liberal humanism” of the fifties and sixties. It is terrible to imagine what the next generation’s revenge on this

generation will be. One is tempted to plead in advance for a little historical understanding—to point out, for example, that the cause of women, having been ignored for several thousand years, was urgently felt in our time, even to the point of such absurdities. But what historical understanding can these critics expect, who have shown none?

THE parade of American literature goes by, float after float: realism, naturalism, psychological novel, social novel, political novel. Cather belongs with none of them, which means either that she is left out or, if she is desperately needed, that she is forced at gunpoint to put on a paper hat and join a group in which she has no place. Hence her uneasy standing with the feminists. She is not one of them, and they know it. That’s why they don’t like her.

Who has liked her? Two groups, basically. Writers tend to be Cather fans. Rebecca West, Katherine Anne Porter, and Eudora Welty wrote loving essays about her. (Porter’s is especially fine.) Sinclair Lewis called her “the greatest

American novelist”; when he was awarded the Nobel Prize, in 1930, he said she should have got it instead. Fitzgerald admired her to the point of plagiarism, as he himself admitted. Faulkner considered her one of the foremost American novelists, and he, too, shows her influence. “We have nothing better than she is,” Wallace Stevens wrote to a friend. Of course, as an author ill used by critics, she was easy to love; she didn’t look like competition. (Lewis would not

have said that his Nobel Prize should have gone to Hemingway.) But writers were also in a position to understand the rarity of her gift. All novelists, all poets want to imagine hugely and then find the perfect, discrete form that will both capture the thought and suggest what was uncapturable in it—glimpse its escaping wings. Few succeed; Cather was one who did.

The other group that has consistently admired Cather is the public. “Death Comes for the Archbishop” sells more than twenty thousand copies a year. Perhaps it is time for Cather to become a non-topic again, for the professional critics to give up and leave her books to those who care about them—her readers. ♦



SHOWCASE  
BY RICHARD AVEDON

## EYRE AND HARE

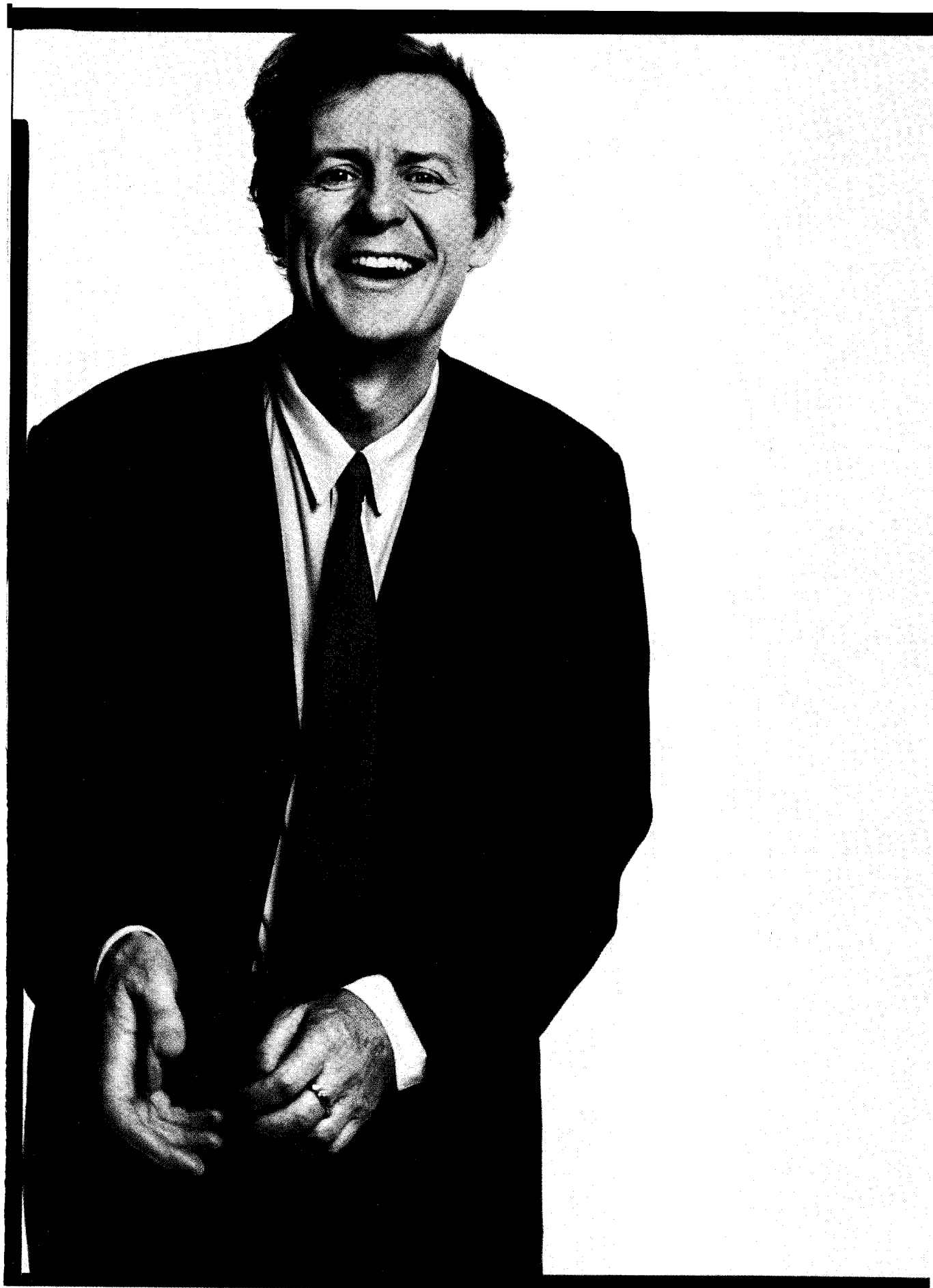
**I**F you ask Richard Eyre, the director of London's Royal National Theatre, to describe his longtime collaboration with David Hare, London's leading under-fifty playwright, the response tends to be brief. "I probably raise the temperature of his work," Eyre says, adding that one of the keys to the relationship is that it is so "unanalyzed." The two met, as very young men, when Hare asked Eyre to direct his second play, "The Great Exhibition." Although the dramatist went on to stage his own work for many years, Eyre continued to advise him in an unofficial capacity, and after the humiliating failure of Hare's "The Secret Rapture" on Broadway, in 1989, again began serving as his director. "When a playwright directs his own work, there is an element that cannot be realized," Eyre says. "No useful dialectic exists."

Dialectical imagination was exactly what was needed for Hare and Eyre's first post-"Rapture" collaboration, "Racing Demon," which has just opened, with American actors, and under Eyre's direction, at the Lincoln Center Theatre. The first in a trilogy concerning English institutions (all three installments, including "Murmuring Judges" and "The Absence of War," have already been produced at the National), the play dramatizes factional quarrels within the Church of England. Meanwhile, Hare's newest play, "Skylight," seems almost a departure, for, while at one level it exists as a trademark debate between left and right, at heart it is a post-breakup love story. "'Skylight' is a very, very emotive play," Eyre says. His National production moves to the West End in February and may come to New York next fall with its English lead, Michael Gambon. Another new Eyre-Hare project shuffles their hats once again: at the National Theatre this spring, Eyre will produce, and Hare direct, a new play by Wallace Shawn, called "The Designated Mourner." In yet another role reversal, the piece may star a director, Mike Nichols.

—BRENDAN LEMON







*Richard Eyre and David Hare, New York City, November 1, 1995.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE SPORTING SCENE

## THE GAME'S THE THING

*The flood of post-season games made for baseball heroics in unlikely places, but the Braves' poise and pitching delivered a long-awaited crown to Atlanta—and a sense of order to the troubled pastime.*

BY ROGER ANGELL

**B**ASEBALL, a shabby carnival for most of this season past, has folded its patchy tents, leaving us at the close with some unaccustomed feelings of pleasure and even clarity. The Atlanta Braves, in dominating the hyperextended post-season play (they won eleven out of fourteen games on the way to their championship) and suppressing the scary Cleveland Indians in the World Series, confirmed what had previously been only a statistical truth: they are the team of the nineties. Now their doggedly chanting and tomahawking fans can put away memories of the team's exquisitely painful defeats in the World Series of 1991 (in which they lost each of the last two games to the Twins in extra innings) and 1992 (four one-run losses to the Blue Jays), and even their unexpected fall to the grungy, over-achieving Phillies in the 1993 league championships, and relish happier late returns. The Braves, late of Milwaukee and, earlier, Boston, are the first major-league club to bring home the crown in three different towns; even better, they are the first major sports franchise in Atlanta to win it all in the end. For the rest of us, gratitude comes in plainer terms, for the Braves have now become the World Champions we were deprived of by last year's players' strike and, in a miracle of simplification, have made the preposterous 1995 season almost understandable. They are the Big Unit, as even Randy Johnson might agree.

The six-game World Series, which brought us some remarkable pitching performances, was absorbing and close and sometimes tense but, let's face it, a bit short on drama. It had few of the deep, bell-gonging overtones of that Braves-Twins matchup four years ago, and never came close to the amaze-

ments of the Mets and Red Sox' Ring cycle of 1986. *That* year, the Series was preceded by marvellous playoff championships in both leagues, featuring games and innings and at-bats (Don Baylor's and Dave Henderson's against the Angels in Anaheim; the day-into-night Mets-Astros duellings down in Houston) that are still talked about whenever and wherever fans gather: taken together, those twenty post-season games felt like a sudden school holiday. I doubt that we'll ever get that sort of baseball back again, if only because there are so many games now that they are diminished in the sorting out. By arranging for an extra round of post-season meetings, with preliminary divisional playoffs that include "wild card" clubs which failed to win their regional sectors but outdid the other certified losers, the baseball planners have increased the chances that there will be some wonderful or god-awful games somewhere in October but in the process have destroyed the essential critical ingredient, which is rarity. They have also confused and driven away uncountable sports followers who once thought of themselves as baseball fans but, it quickly became apparent, could not understand how this new post-season worked (even the players had problems with this, to judge by dugout conversations I heard during the last week of the regular season) or quite remember who was playing. Many friends with whom I happily used to talk baseball at the end of the summer have fallen into this category. As things came down, there were thirty-one post-season games this time around (out of a mind-bending possible forty-one), which made for plenty of baseball entertainment, just as the owners and planners had hoped, but, inevitably, less that can be remembered. Baseball feels

like the rest of America now: it feels like television.

**E**ARLY on in the opening Mariners-Yankees divisional game, up at Yankee Stadium, I began to appreciate how many evidences of baseball good fortune were represented there that night. There was the stirring September work by both clubs that had landed them, each very late in the day, in this new tournament: the Yankees had gone 21-6 for the month, and claimed the wild card with eleven wins in their final twelve games; while the visitors had captured the American League West only after coming from behind in twelve of their winning games over the final month (this is unheard of), and then knocking out the Angels in a tacked-on, winner-take-all elimination. That game, completed only the night before, out at Seattle's Kingdome, had used up the Mariners' six-foot-ten left-handed ace, Randy Johnson, at least for the time being, which meant that the Yanks wouldn't have to face the league's best pitcher (18-2 for the season, and the eventual American League Cy Young Award winner) for these two home games in the short series. There was also the special pleasure of watching Don Mattingly, the Yanks' perennial storekeeper at first base ("Donnee Base-ball! Donn-ee Base-ball!" the bleacherites chanted), catching and throwing and batting in this, the first post-season game of his fourteen-year career. Even late in the evening, it felt fluky that the Yankees somehow remained tied, at 4-4, after the second of the two silencing home runs blasted by the visitors' Ken Griffey, Jr., each whacked off a dawdling split-finger delivery by David Cone. Mostly, though, it was the crowd itself that made me feel lucky—a 57,178 turnout, unmatched at the Stadium since 1976, which seemed determined to make

DAVID LEVINE





*Not the batters but the weight of innings cut the Mariners' Big Unit, Randy Johnson, down to human proportions.*

up in one night for its mass silences and absences down the long Steinbrennerian twilight. The Yankees won, 9-6, but it was the fans that both clubhouses talked about afterward. "The loudest for a long, long while," said Seattle manager Lou Piniella, a trusted critic of this particular orchestra. The Yankee skipper, Buck Showalter, was almost voluble for once. "Such a passion and energy here tonight," he said. "I've asked Willie and Lou and Reggie and Stick"—imperial old Yankees all—"what it used to be like here in a pennant race, but I can't imagine it could be more electric." He sounded like a kid brother just home from a major date: the big first.

The outsize events on the field, the wild noises of the crowd, and the exclamatory excitement of the players and watchers seemed to flow over, unchecked, into the next night's event—a drizzly, unbridled, fifteen-inning, 7-5 all-timer that was concluded, eight minutes before one-thirty in the morning, by Jim Leyritz's two-run homer—the sixth round-tripper of the game. There were twenty-seven hits, but the constant retyings of the score and changes in the lead—the Yankees fell behind and then bounced back four different times—did away with the sense of slackness that sometimes afflicts these marathon affairs. The abrupt turns of fortune and some outlandishly bad calls by the umps made for interesting changes in timbre from the bleachers. With a Mariner runner at third in the top of the sixth, Yankee shortstop Tony Fernandez threw himself behind the bag to stop a grounder and freeze the runner; face down in the dirt, he had no chance to finish the play but flipped up the ball to his second-baseman partner, Randy Velarde, who fired to first for the out. Nobody in the press box had ever seen it done before. A bit earlier, Griffey had slightly bobbled Fernandez's drive to deep left but had then whirled and thrown a fiery low strike to second base, to erase him there, silencing the bleacherites for only a moment. "Fuck you, *Ju-nior!* Fuck you, *Ju-nior!*" came their merry, choirlike response. Impossible, outrageous, hilarious, rocking and roaring its deafening anthems (the Village People's "Y.M.C.A." is the latest great yell-along), the crowd never quit. Like it or not, they were us: New York defiant, having the time of its life.

Long, loud games can go by very quickly, but even in this one there were plenty of those baseball pauses in which the looks and quirks of the *dramatis personae* impinge themselves upon our fanly attention: the glowering scowl of the slump-emerging Paul O'Neill; Griffey standing tall in the batter's box, with his black bat up by his ear as he begins his little top-to-toe jiggle before the pitch; the placid, almost sleepy gaze with which the semi-anonymous Edgar Martinez—a semi-anonymous two-time batting champion—regards the arriving fastball; Lou Piniella, a little more pop-eyed and bullfroggy than we remembered him, wiggling his toes beneath the bench as he watches; the imperious Roman stare of young Andy Pettitte from atop the mound; Bernie Williams drawing that surveyor's line in the dirt with his bat before he steps into the box; and so on, right down to Don Mattingly's oddly twisted back leg after he swings and fouls off the pitch. All this and the wonderfully ornate and childish masquerade of Ruben Sierra after he has launched another homer—the bat dropped flat (I'm done with *you!*), the two-step backward shimmy that he finishes with a little pluck at his shirtfront (Be still, my heart!), and only then the unsmiling, nothing-to-it, slow-and-then-slower tour of the bases. We forgave him all this after he hit another dinger, his second in two days, to tie things up again in the bottom of the sixth, and it was forgotten in any case after Mattingly's instantly ensuing shot into the center-field seats. Cheers and laughter and torn-up paper came out of the upper decks, and then some harder kinds of debris as well. Manager Lou, who had been observed kicking and throwing things in his dugout, took the occasion to pull his troops from the field—a brilliant managerial ploy if there is such a thing as momentum in a ballgame. We resumed in time, and no harm done, but the pause allowed a good many of us to wonder what sort of fans come to a ballgame carrying extra radio batteries to fling at the visiting outfielders.



Not much more need be said here to convey the breadth and tenor of this long, quick evening, except about the weird moment in the bottom of the twelfth when Sierra's smash to the top of the left-center-field fence scored a pinch runner, Posada, with the tying run and brought Bernie Williams flying around second and then third with the sure winner. The Yankee dugout emptied as everybody rushed plateward, waving towels and dancing up and down to welcome him home, as—oop, as the relay (left fielder Diaz to shortstop Sojo to catcher Widger) came flying past Bernie's slide and nailed him cleanly at the plate, where the ump punched him out, ending the inning. It was all done so quickly that for a moment nobody quite knew what had happened. Stopped in their tracks, the celebrating Yankees slowly turned away and walked in the other direction; and the rest of us (What! What?) stared at the replay screen, and only then took our seats again. All right, we're tied. Bring us more baseball.

After the last of the baseball, which was, as noted, Leyritz's two-run homer in the fifteenth, the catcher talked lengthily with the media (the morning writers were looking for something quick for their last editions) in front of his locker. He is a veteran Yankee, tattooed and crew-cut—a biker catcher—but he couldn't get over the game. Don Mattingly got to the heart of it more quickly: "We'd stay up all night for this. People rise up."

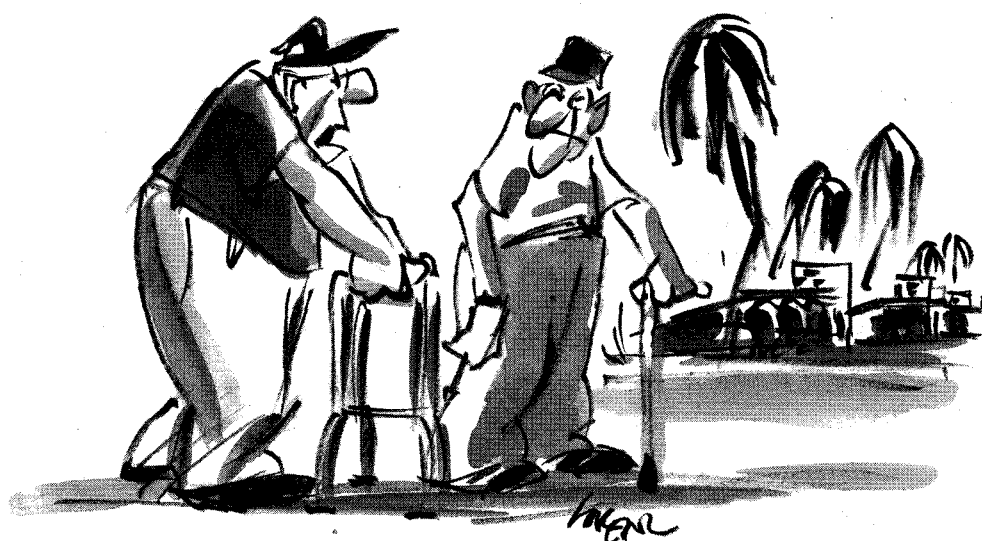
THE games resumed on the opposite coast, where the Mariners, within the vast, gloomy closet of the Kingdome, dismissed the Yankees in three clangorous meetings—a huge present to their success-starved fans, who were facing the loss not just of this pre-pennant series but of the franchise itself. In a plebiscite conducted before the M's attained the American League West title, local voters had defeated by a narrow margin a plan to finance a new, baseball-only stadium in Seattle—an outcome, the team's owners had warned, that would lead to the sale of the club and, almost surely, its removal to another city. But the thrill and noise of winning—no wonder those splendid Seattle rooters yelled so loud—are unanswerable politics, and while the M's were putting up their valorous losing struggle against the Indians in the American League Championship Series



the Washington State Legislature reversed the voters' decision and worked out a ballpark deal—Build It and They Won't Go—that will keep baseball and Boeing and *caffè latte* on the same waterfront. The Yankees, in any case, first ran into Randy Johnson out there (he struck out ten of them, on an otherwise off night); then suffered an appalling meltdown of their bullpen while losing a game in which they had led by five runs; and then expired in the eleventh inning of the finale, with the Big Unit, on one day's rest, taking the win in relief. I was watching at home, and the presiding image of these games—the most vivid series of the entire post-season—was the combative, icy-faced David Cone, utterly spent after a hundred and forty-seven pitches, bent double on the mound in agony after walking in the game-tying run.

Malcontent fans who persist in viewing big-league ballplayers as a pack of spoiled millionaires never seem to recall moments like this, but the truth remains that we demand a lot of these samurai late in the year—especially the guys out on that little hill. This year, we saw the Conean tableau in several variations: the Angels' Mark Langston clutching his temples in the dugout after being outpitched but not outfought by the Unit in that earlier, one-game elimination, only to see his chances go glimmering with a broken-bat, bases-clearing double that ended up under the Angels' bullpen bench; and later on, inexorably, Randy Johnson himself waving forlornly to the Kingdome fans as he took his leave in the sixth game of the A.L.C.S., down by four runs to the Indians after giving up a home run to Carlos Baerga. It was his first defeat since August 1st, but even tyro fans there must have been able to see that after his fifth appearance in fifteen days that marvellous left arm had turned to Kleenex. He had said this might be coming. "I need a rest," he told the media-swarm after his prior outing and third post-season appearance. "You guys think I'm invincible, but I'm not. I'm in uncharted waters."

Orel Hershiser, who went 16-6 this year for the Indians and then won four of his five starts in the post-season, gave the expected answer when asked how he felt about pitching on three days' rest: "Whatever they want me to do, I'll do it."



*"I was focussing on the deficit, then I was focussing on Medicare, but right now I'm focussing on Nicole Kidman."*

As it came out, this was the only time this fall when Orel was asked to work on short rest—and almost the only time when he was heard to utter a baseball cliché. When I pressed him a bit about the strain on pitchers' arms imposed by the special demands of late-season ball and now by the extra burden of an added round of playoffs, he said, "It gets you into a risk/reward area. . . . The deeper the playoffs are, the more risk you're willing to take. There are going to be times when a manager will have to stay away from a hot hand in order to protect a pitcher's career." Conversations between pitchers and managers about the state of the pitcher's arm on the eve of a big game tend to be short ones, he admitted. "Tommy"—Lasorda, his old manager with the Dodgers—"wasn't one to mince words," Hershiser said. "If he got a yes out of you, he wouldn't try to talk you out of it."

Hershiser delivered all this with his customary optimistic cool, but his message had a certain weight. He is an adult, and not just in years (he is thirty-seven now, though he scarcely looks it), and is thus in a minority in his profession, and it was a treat to be around him this year while he was enjoying a return to something close to the peak he had enjoyed during his glory years in Los Angeles. Back in 1988, he delivered one of the game's historic sustained pitching performances: a 23-8 season for the Dodgers,

which included a stretch of fifty-nine consecutive scoreless innings; a Cy Young Award as the top pitcher in his league; and then successive Most Valuable Player citations in the league championships and the World Series—he was 3-0 in six games, with a shutout in each series. Not once in his forty-two-plus post-season innings that year was he granted more than three days off between starts, and at one point came on to close out a game in relief on the day after completing seven innings as a starter. These things can befall particularly tough and successful pitchers, and so can some other things. In April of 1990, Hershiser underwent extensive shoulder surgery on his pitching arm, from which, as he said late this summer, he is only now nearing a complete recovery. This is a happy story, as such matters are counted.

Hershiser's surprising decision to remove himself from the proceedings in the midst of the first game of this year's World Series is to the point here, in that it tells us how rarely pitchers, however smart and experienced, become participants in the hard decision about when they should pitch and when they should sit down. With the score at 1-1 in the bottom of the seventh, Hershiser, after walking the first two Atlanta batters, received a routine visit at the mound by Indians pitching coach Mark Wiley, who was startled to hear Orel say that he had

lost the release-point for his pitches and was thus probably not the right man to face the dangerous Ryan Klesko, now coming up to bat. Hershisier did not claim to be out of gas or hurting; he was out of kilter. Cleveland manager Mike Hargrove, though unhappy about the turn of events, had no choice but to take him out, and controversy grew deeper when the men Orel had walked subsequently came around to score the tying and, it turned out, winning runs of the game. The loss broke his string of seven wins without defeat in post-season play. Hargrove stood behind his starter in the subsequent interviews, and while no one wanted to question Orel's heart, the matter hung oddly in the air for the rest of the week.

Given another start in Game Five, Hershisier threw eight strong innings and won (thereby returning the Series to Atlanta for the final weekend), and then cheerfully reopened the case in the post-game colloquy. He'd had the good of the team in mind, he said, and he'd "checked out on ego" in asking to be relieved. Next time, though, given the same circumstances, he would probably say nothing. "Maybe I should have been less of a manager and more of a player," he conceded. Asked, perhaps with a trace of cynicism, how he had recovered his release-point for this day's start, he delivered another strikeout. "The No. 1 thing was that I stood taller on the mound," he said. "That allowed my hips to get out from under my shoulders. I've been told many

times by Sandy Koufax that you have to stand high to throw low."

THE wavery time line of this account can be defended only as a reflection of one fan's state of mind while under bombardment by so many critical games and at-bats, plays and pitches. Nor can I excuse the omission of other accomplished teams, whose arrival into and sad departure from the various post-season tourneys will not be expanded upon here: the Colorado Rockies, who came bounding into the playoffs after coming back from a six-run deficit in their very last regular-season game but fell quickly to the Braves; or the Cincinnati Reds, picked by many as the club most likely to go all the way, who knocked off the Dodgers without strain but were shut down (and shut out, four games to none) by the Braves in the National League championship. I should point out that even a reporter with heroic staying powers could not have taken in all these games this time around, because of the ridiculous scheme imposed by the baseball planners which gave us "regionalized" television coverage of the post-season, thus confining watchers to a single, arbitrarily selected game from the two or three or four being played on a given October evening. It will not happen again next fall, someone having convinced these same bumblerers that hiding the product may not be a viable strategy for a declining national industry.

All this and the Red Sox, too—my old

gang, who enjoyed such a brilliant August this year and went belly up once again in October. Their trancelike state during the last of their three-and-out defeats by the Indians, and particularly the hopeless at-bats of the inestimable Mo Vaughn, sent me home from Fenway Park with a nearly empty notebook: nothing to remember. Some of my Sox-benighted friends have mentioned the ancient Curse of the Bambino in whispering about this new debacle, but I suspect that a more hideous spell is at work: the Curse of the Boot. The Sox have lost thirteen straight post-season games, going back to the instant in the tenth inning of the sixth game of the 1986 World Series against the Mets when Bill Buckner allowed Mookie Wilson's little bouncer to go frisking through his legs out behind first base. It's time for Max von Sydow.

Another hovering occult mystery was the simultaneous disabling of *two* team mascots in the post-season—the Mariner Moose, who broke an ankle when his all-terrain vehicle dragged him into the Kingdome outfield fence, and the Indians' Slider (a ripoff of the Phillie Phanatic, if there ever was one), who fell off the right-field wall in mid-somersault and blew out his right knee. I suspect the hand of God.

I feel less compunction in passing over just about the entire 1995 schedule of games—a shortened season that began after an injunction by a federal judge barely saved the game from the presence of strikebreaking "replacement players" on the field, and was played out in many cities in half-empty stadiums as the fans continued to show their displeasure with the ongoing labor standoff between the owners and players. The boring and ill-tempered wrangle remains no closer to solution than it was on Opening Day. Attendance during the regular season was down about nineteen per cent, over all. Winning teams and some fresh stars—the Dodgers' writhing Japanese pitcher Hideo Nomo among them—brought some of the customers back, and so did the August celebrations in Baltimore surrounding Cal Ripken, Jr.'s two thousand one hundred and thirty-first consecutive game, which eclipsed Lou Gehrig's old road





marker. It was a blue-collar sort of achievement in a limo and luxury-box era of the sport—satisfying and irrelevant in equal parts, since Ripken is a modest hero who earns six million dollars a year. I share in the general amazement that he was able to endure without serious injury while fulfilling the difficult and risky requirements of a shortstop. On the other hand, I don't believe he would have lasted anywhere near such a distance if he'd been playing, say, right field. What keeps a man eager to punch that time clock day after day is an interesting job.

The passing of Mickey Mantle—he died of cancer in August, after surviving a liver-replacement operation necessitated in part by his years of alcoholism—also brought back thoughts of a sunnier era in the game. He was a sad and perhaps a tragic figure, but right to the last he retained a sweetness and directness that made his struggles for a little sobriety near the end of his life as much of a feat as anything he achieved on the field. There was no fakery or P.R. about him, and that made it easy for us to remember the shy, blond Oklahoma kid who turned up at the Stadium in 1951 and began slugging the ball and running the bases in a fashion that took your breath away. I've heard people say what a shame it was that Mantle happened to play just across the Harlem River from the only better player in the city (and in that part of the century), Willie Mays, but it wasn't like that at all for us fans. It was a kick.

INDIANS fans had a carefree summer in their dandy new downtown ballpark, Jacobs Field, where they watched their bullying hitters power the club to its hundred-win season, a marvel in an abbreviated year like this one. Each game won and every run-up, lopsided score must have been candy for the home-town faithful after their have-not, tenement upbringing: it had been forty-one seasons since Cleveland's last pennant. The Tribe led the league in hitting, homers, runs, total bases, stolen bases, sellout crowds, and ear muggings—the last committed by the stadium's postmodern sound system and its idiotic, prizefight-style announcement (“CARRRR-LOHSSSS BA-EERRR-GGAAAH!”) of each and every home-team batter. The team's avatar and driving force was the anti-social, ferociously intense cleanup batter Albert Belle, whose fifty-two doubles, one triple,

and fifty homers this season made him the first major-leaguer to rap a hundred extra-base hits since Stan Musial turned the trick in 1948. I think the Mariners must have felt a little shiver at the prospect of watching Belle let loose in the championship series while surrounded by the likes of Baerga, the senior-statesman slugger Eddie Murray, the exuberantly muscular, short-swinging third baseman Jim Thome, and the baby-faced outfielder Manny Ramirez (the Cleveland batting order regularly included seven players who batted .300 this year, and five with better than twenty home runs), but what caught one's attention as the games wore on was the Indians' pitching. Squeezed and parched, the Seattle batters could put up only a couple of frail one-run innings in their last three games. Edgar Martinez, repeatedly pitched to in the up-and-in, low-and-away pattern, resembled the victim of a curare-tipped dart while he was in the box, feebly and politely expiring (he batted .087 for these games) while his friends and family kept insisting that he would feel better any moment now.

With no prior loyalty to either of these teams, my incorrigibly boyish attachment went automatically to the underdog M's, in those stylish navy-and-green caps, who rewarded me with their dash and grit, and entranced us all with their melodramatic, eleventh-inning comeback win in Game Three at Jacobs Field—more of a movie than a ballgame. With Randy Johnson again out there in the middle, his lank locks fluttering in the lakeside breezes, and the Seattles up by 2–1, matters appeared to be in hand until Jay Buhner, their goateed, egg-bald right fielder, muffed a deep fly ball in the eighth, putting aboard what eventually became the tying run. From my perch in the auxiliary press box, directly behind this street accident, I saw Buhner start to backpedal casually, then more anxiously as the approaching ball grew in size. He disappeared below the rim of the wall an instant before an incredulous 43,643-breath, collective shout, which gave me all the news or replay that I needed. Buhner had knocked an earlier solo home run, but it was his second one, with two runners aboard in the eleventh, that chilled the locals (the Indians had been previ-

ously undefeated in extra innings this year) and also, as he told us later, took care of the awkward little social silence that had surrounded him in the dugout after his mistake. “Relief?” he said. “Disbelief? All of the above.”

Televised baseball, to which I again had recourse at home, has its discontents (one of them is named Brent Musburger), but its details can add a texture and filigree that you sometimes miss at the park. Watching Hershiser's habitual cricking of his head off to his left in mid-pitch, for instance, you suddenly notice how it opens up the entire right side of his body for the full-sweeping, forward and downward delivery. From Seattle we were given closeups of Baerga's earplugs (defense against the Dome din), and also of a pleasing earlier moment, when twenty-two-year-old Bob Wolcott, the Mariners' surprise starter and winner in

Game One, was found sitting next to Johnson in the dugout after giving way in the eighth to the bullpen relievers, who would sew it up for him. Both men were smiling over Wolcott's outing, and then the Unit gave him a little slap on the thigh with the back of his glove: Great game, kid. The hovering camera eye has trained us to keep close watch on the dugout after ugly moments as well. Sometimes we can actually pick up the magic word in the act of formation, as when the manager's lower lip is placed just behind his upper teeth and the famous fricative takes wing. Mike Hargrove gave us a demonstration when his left-handed reliever Paul Assenmacher, inserted in a game expressly to get rid of the left-hitting Tino Martinez, threw ball four instead. And who can blame him?

THE Braves, on arriving at their third recent World Series, reminded me of the old Yankees, not just because they won but because they have learned the trick of changing while seeming to look like the same team. Only nine players among the new champions were on the Atlanta roster that fell before the Twins in 1991. The additions include some established players picked up by trade (first baseman Fred McGriff, center fielder Marquis Grissom) or free-agent signing (Greg Maddux), and an equal number of homegrown, carefully brought-along



young stars like Javier Lopez, Ryan Klesko, and Chipper Jones, who have begun distinguished major-league careers. More kids are on the way, including the center fielder Andruw Jones, who was named minor-league player of the year while playing for the Class A Macon Braves. The pitching rotation—Maddux, Tom Glavine, Steve Avery, and John Smoltz—has been intact for three years, an eternity in modern baseball, and accounts for the stable, well-ordered feeling that surrounds the club, and for its habit of success. What matters about the Braves' championship isn't just the loot and the glory but the confirmation of general manager John Schuerholz and manager Bobby Cox (who preceded Schuerholz as G.M.) in their painstaking, one-game-at-a-time way of conducting their operation. It is a model for a business that continues to find room for embarrassing relics like George Steinbrenner and Marge Schott.

The Indians' two victories in the World Series and their grudging resistance throughout could never quite free them from the numbing efficiency of the Atlanta pitching. Greg Maddux, the current holder of the Braves' tenured Cy Young chair (he has just won the award for an unprecedented fourth consecutive year), opened the proceedings with a suffocating two-hit win, and Glavine (with an assist from Mark Wohlers) wrapped things up a week later with a one-hitter. Only the closeness of the competition (five of the six games were settled by a single run) made us believe from time to time that a different outcome might be possible. The Clevelanders, in batting .179 as a team, arrived at a Zen-like understanding of the recent plight of the Mariners.

It's hard to know how the Atlanta pitching played to a national audience that has lately proclaimed itself disenchanted with the old game. Neither Maddux nor Glavine is a pitcher in the gasping, edge-of-your-seat Sandy Koufax or Bob Gibson mode. Rather, they conduct their business in the style of actuaries—studious collectors of numbers and patterns and opportunities, who arrive at a plan and then ride it through to the end. Maddux, who has a glazed, pallid stare, studies hitters and hitting styles so obsessively that he confessed, af-

ter his masterpiece, that he hadn't found it necessary to look at most of the dossier compiled by the Atlanta scouts. He did consult his brother Mike (who pitches for the Red Sox) about some details. And after that? "Well, you just try to make pitches, you know?" He shrugged. "Yes, I was very pleased, but . . ." He sounded less bored than removed (he claims he doesn't watch the games he is pitching during the interludes spent on the bench) but then seemed to sense a need to apologize. "What was I *thinking*?" he said. "Well, uh, just make my pitch. That's what you do."

Those pitches, you could see in the replays, were in the standard repertoire: fastballs that moved in or out; cutting and sinking breaking stuff inside to left-handed hitters; pitches away to set up their opposite; and so on. Every one of them arrived just on or just off the outer inch or two of the plate—a strike zone that became wider late in the game as home-plate umpire Harry Wendelstedt grew bemused by Maddux's work. Maddux said he had made perhaps twenty bad pitches, but they were hard for us to remember. "When he misses, he misses out of the strike zone," said his catcher, Charlie O'Brien. Atlanta errors led to unearned runs for the visitors in the first inning and then in the ninth of that opening game, but what my boringly clear scorecard says is that Jim Thome's single in the fifth inning was the only break in a string of twenty-five consecutive Cleveland batters retired by Maddux, eighteen of them on ground-ball outs. Not much

there for the home-townners to moan or tomahawk over, but for pitchers, of course, no news is the main idea.

The Indians were more considerate, capturing both of their error-filled, adventurous wins before their home crowds with noisy late-night outbreaks—a clean, game-winning single by Eddie Murray in the first one and a homer by Thome for a lead that barely held up in Game Five, keeping Hershiser's win intact. Maddux, in his second start, continued to entertain us, though less austere, giving up a first-inning home run into the right-field seats to Albert Belle, and then throwing a purpose pitch past the throat of the very next batter, Murray, who glared and pointed, and even took a few steps toward the

mound, emptying the dugouts and bullpens. The ruckus had all the ferocity of a "Sesame Street" party, but it did permit the rival pitchers a unique (in my memory, at least) opportunity to exchange views out on the field, where the peerless Maddux explained that the pitch had been intended to move Eddie away from the plate but never—perish the thought—to hit him. "But you have better control than that," replied the gentlemanly Orel. "I'm going to have the ball, too," he added, gnominically.

**T**O second-guess the managers here—an ancient privilege—the experienced Bobby Cox gave us a running seminar on the need for alternate nerve and patience in a short set of games, to my way of thinking, while his opposite number, Hargrove, managed by the book, which works well when your team is a dozen games ahead in its division in August but perhaps not so well when you're down a run to Greg Maddux late in a World Series game and decide to pull back your infield with the aim of giving up another run in return for a double play. He won't do it next time.

But it is the baseball itself that seizes us when innings and chances run down near the end. There is always more: Rafael Belliard's mouse-quick squeeze bunt; Kenny Lofton's six times on base in the third game; the vivid Indians shortstop Omar Vizquel bare-handing another ground ball at short; the whipping night wind lashing at the Cleveland rooters' fan-banners ("O MY OMAR" and "B-LEVELAND" and the rest) around the upper-deck façade at the Jake; Dennis Martínez, with a white towel wrapped around his neck, expressionless and elegant on the bench after his failed final effort, back in Atlanta; Dave Justice's ringing, Series-winning solo homer; and the suave Glavine pitching away and away all through *his* amazing game, feasting on that sliver. But such flashing moments recede quickly once the season ends, and we must let them go. Both of these teams, we should reassure ourselves, have been built for the long haul and will return, more or less intact, for our pleasure next spring, if we care to come back. This autumn, they reminded us once again that it isn't the games that let us down, but perhaps only ourselves. Attention, as somebody once said, must be paid. ♦



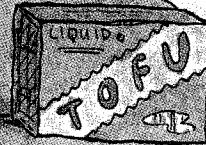
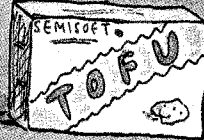
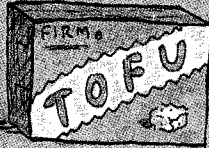


HAPPY

# SURROGATE

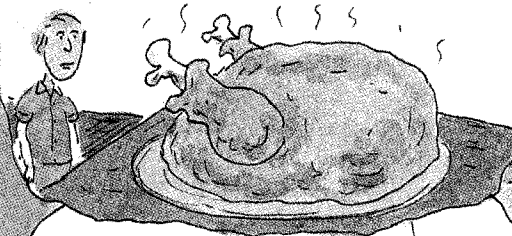
FROM THE MAKERS OF

THANKSGIVING



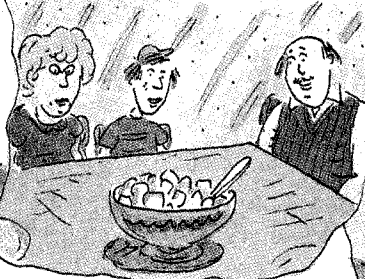
## Roast Non-Turkey

Sculpt a turkey out of Rock-Hard<sub>o</sub> tofu and bake at 375° for four hours. Glaze with soy sauce.



## Different Stuffing

Cut Firm<sub>o</sub> tofu into chunks and serve.



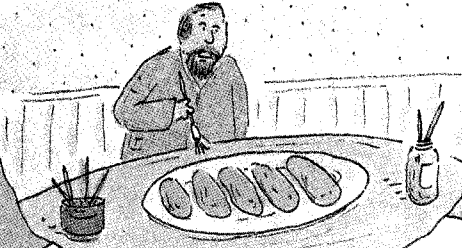
## Mock Cranberry Sauce

Pulverize two cups of Semi-soft<sub>o</sub> tofu, add red food coloring, and voila.



## Yam Substitute

Form Rock-Hard<sub>o</sub> tofu into logs. Brush with non-toxic paint.



## Just Like Gravy

Blend Liquid<sub>o</sub> tofu and soy sauce. Pour into gravy boat.



## Almost Pumpkin Pie

Line pie pan with Firm<sub>o</sub> tofu. Fill with a mixture of Semi-soft<sub>o</sub> tofu and a pinch of cinnamon. Seconds, anyone?



## Rolls and Butter Equivalent

You'll need Firm<sub>o</sub> tofu spread with Liquid<sub>o</sub> tofu. That's the whole thing.



## Who Says These Aren't Brussels Sprouts?

Roll Firm<sub>o</sub> tofu into little balls and dip into anything green that's not poisonous.



R. Cho



## FICTION

## PAPER LANTERN

BY STUART DYBEK



WE were working late on the time machine in the little makeshift lab upstairs. The moon was stuck like the whorl of a frozen fingerprint to the skylight. In the back alley, the breaths left behind by yowling toms converged into a fog slinking out along the streets. Try as we might, our measurements were repeatedly off. In one direction, we'd reached the border at which clairvoyants stand gazing into the future, and in the other we'd gone backward to the zone where the present turns ghostly with memory and yet resists quite becoming the past. We'd been advancing and retreating by smaller and smaller degrees until it had come to seem as if we were measuring the immeasurable. Of course, what we really needed was some new vocabulary of measurement. It was time for a break.

Down the broken escalator, out the blue-lit lobby past the shuttered newsstand, through the frosty fog, hungry as strays we walk, still wearing our lab coats, to the Chinese restaurant around the corner.

IT'S a restaurant that used to be a Chinese laundry. When customers would come for their freshly laundered bundles, the cooking—wafting from the owner's back kitchen through the warm haze of laundry steam—smelled so good that the customers began asking if they could buy something to eat as well. And so the restaurant was born. It was a carryout place at first, but they've since wedged in a few tables. None of us can read Chinese, so we can't be sure, but since the proprietors never bothered to change the sign, presumably the Chinese characters still say it's a Chinese laundry. Anyway, that's how the people in the neighborhood refer to it—the Chinese Laundry, as in, “Man, I had a sublime meal at the Chinese Laundry last night.” Although they haven't changed the sign, the proprietors have

added a large, red-ribbed paper lantern—their only nod to décor—that spreads its opaque glow across the steamy window.

We sit at one of the five Formica tables—our favorite, beside the window—and the waitress immediately brings the menu and tea. Really, in a way, this is the best part: the ruddy glow of the paper lantern like heat on our faces, the tiny, enamelled teacups warming our hands, the hot tea scalding our hunger, and the surprising, welcoming heft of the menu, hand-printed in Chinese characters, with what must be very approximate explanations in English of some of the dishes, also hand-printed, in the black ink of calligraphers. Each time we come here the menu has grown longer. Once a dish has been offered, it is never deleted, and now the menu is pages and pages long, so long that we'll never read through it all, never live long enough, perhaps, to sample all the food in just this one tucked-away, neighborhood Chinese restaurant. The pages are unnumbered, and we can never remember where we left off reading the last time we were here. Was it the chrysanthemum pot, served traditionally in autumn when the flowers are in full bloom, or the almond jelly with lichees and loquats?

“A poet wrote this menu,” Tinker says between sips of tea.

“Yes, but if there's a poet in the house, then why doesn't this place have a real name—something like the Red Lantern—instead of merely being called the Chinese Laundry by default?” the Professor replies, wiping the steam from his glasses with a paper napkin from the dispenser on the table.

“I sort of like the Chinese Laundry, myself. It's got a solid, working-class ring. Red Lantern is a cliché—precious chinoiserie,” Tinker argues.

They never agree.

“Say, you two, I thought we were here to devour aesthetics, not debate them.”

Here, there's nothing of heaven or earth that can't be consumed, nothing they haven't found a way to turn into a delicacy: pine-nut porridge, cassia-blossom

buns, fish-fragrance-sauced pigeon, swallow's-nest soup (a soup indigenous to the shore of the South China Sea; nests of predigested seaweed from the beaks of swifts, the gelatinous material hardened to form a small, translucent cup). Sea-urchin roe, pickled jellyfish, tripe with ginger and peppercorns, five-fragrance grouper cheeks, cloud ears, spun-sugar apple, ginkgo nuts and golden needles (which are the buds of lilies), purple seaweed, bitter melon . . .

Nothing of heaven and earth that cannot be combined, transmuted; no borders, in a wok, that can't be crossed. It's instructive. One can't help nourishing the imagination as well as the body.

We order, knowing we won't finish all they'll bring, and that no matter how carefully we ponder our choices we'll be served instead whatever the cook has made today.

AFTER supper, sharing segments of a blood orange and sipping tea, we ceremoniously crack open our fortune cookies and read aloud our fortunes as if consulting the I Ching.

*“Sorrow is born of excessive joy.”*

*“Try another.”*

*“Poverty is the common fate of scholars.”*

“Does that sound like a fortune to you?” Tinker asks.

“I certainly hope not,” the Professor says.

*“When a finger points to the moon, the imbecile looks at the finger.”*

“What kind of fortunes are these? These aren't fortune cookies, these are proverb cookies,” Tinker says.

*“In the Year of the Rat you will be lucky in love.”*

“Now that's more like it.”

“What year is this?”

“The Year of the Dragon, according to the placemat.”

*“Fuel alone will not light a fire.”*

“Say, did anyone turn off the Bunsen burner when we left?” The mention of the lab makes us signal for the check. It's time we headed back. A new theory was brewing there when we left, and now, our enthusiasm rekindled, we return in the



snow—it has begun to snow—through thick, crumbling flakes mixed with wafting cinders that would pass for snowflakes except for the way the wind is fanning their edges to sparks. A night of white flakes and streaming orange cinders, strange and beautiful until we turn the corner and stare up at our laboratory.

Flames occupy the top floor of the building. Smoke billows out of the skylight, from which the sooty moon has retreated. On the floor below, through radiant, buckling windows, we can see the mannequins from the dressmaker's showroom. Naked, wigs on fire, they appear to gyrate lewdly before they topple. On the next floor down, in the instrument-repair shop, accordions wheeze in the smoke, violins seethe like green kindling, and the saxophones dissolve into a lava of molten brass cascading over a window ledge. While on the ground floor, in the display window, the animals in the taxidermist's shop have begun to hiss and snap as if fire had returned them to life in the wild.

We stare helplessly, still clutching the carryout containers of the food we were unable to finish from the blissfully innocent meal we sat sharing while our apparatus, our theories, our formulas, and years of research—all that people refer to as their “work”—were bursting into flame. Along empty, echoing streets, sirens are screaming like victims.

Already a crowd has gathered.

“Look at that seedy old mother go up,” a white kid in dreadlocks says to his girlfriend, who looks like a runaway waif. She answers, “Cool!”

And I remember how, in what now seems another life, I watched fires as a kid—sometimes fires that a gang of us, calling ourselves the Matchheads, had set.

I remember how, later, in another time, if not another life, I once snapped a photograph of a woman I was with as she watched a fire blaze out of control along a river in Chicago. She was still married then. Her husband, whom I'd never met, was in a veteran's hospital—clinically depressed after the war in Vietnam. At least, that's what she told me about him. Thinking back, I sometimes wonder if she even had a husband. She had come to Chicago with me for a fling—her word. I thought at the time that we were just “fooling around”—also her words, words we both used in place of others like “fucking” or “making love” or “adultery.”

It was more comfortable, and safer, for me to think of things between us as fooling around, but when I offhandedly mentioned that to her she became furious, and instead of fooling around we spent our weekend in Chicago arguing, and ended up having a terrible time. It was a Sunday afternoon in early autumn, probably in the Year of the Rat, and we were sullenly driving out of the city. Along the north branch of the river, a factory was burning. I pulled over and parked, dug a camera out of my duffel, and we walked to a bridge to watch the fire.

**B**UT it's not the fire itself that I remember, even though the blaze ultimately spread across the city sky like a dusk that rose from the earth rather than descended. The fire, as I recall it, is merely a backdrop compressed within the boundaries of the photograph I took of her. She has just looked away from the blaze, toward the camera. Her elbows lean against the peeling gray railing of the bridge. She's wearing the black silk blouse that she bought at a secondhand shop on Clark Street the day before. Looking for clothes from the past in secondhand stores was an obsession of hers—“going junking,” she called it. A silver Navajo bracelet has slid up her arm over a black silk sleeve. How thin her wrists appear. There's a ring whose gem I know is a moonstone on the index finger of her left hand, and a tarnished silver band around her thumb. She was left-handed, and it pleased her that I was, too, as if we both belonged to the same minority group. Her long hair is a shade of auburn all the more intense for the angle of late-afternoon sunlight. She doesn't look sullen or angry so much as fierce. Although later, studying her face in the photo, I'll come to see that beneath her expression there's a look less recognizable and more desperate: not loneliness, exactly, but *aloneness*—a look I'd seen cross her face more than once but wouldn't have thought to identify if the photo hadn't caught it. Behind her, ominous gray smoke plumes out of a sprawling old brick factory with the soon to be scorched white lettering of “GUTTMAN & CO. TANNERS” visible along the side of the building.

Driving back to Iowa in the dark, I'll think that she's asleep, as exhausted as I am from our strained weekend; then

she'll break the miles of silence between us to tell me that, disappointing though it was, the trip was worth it if only for the two of us on the bridge, watching the fire together. She loved being part of the excitement, she'll say, loved the spontaneous way we swerved over and parked in order to take advantage of the spectacle—a conflagration the length of a city block, reflected over the greasy water, and a red fireboat, neat as a toy, sirening up the river, spouting white geysers while the flames roared back.

Interstate 80 shoots before us in the length of our racing headlight beams. We're on a stretch between towns, surrounded by flat black fields, and the candlepower of the occasional, distant farmhouse is insufficient to illuminate the enormous horizon lurking in the dark like the drop-off at the edge of the planet. In the speeding car, her voice sounds disembodied, the voice of a shadow, barely above a whisper, yet it's clear, as if the cover of night and the hypnotic momentum of the road have freed her to reveal secrets. There seemed to be so many secrets about her.

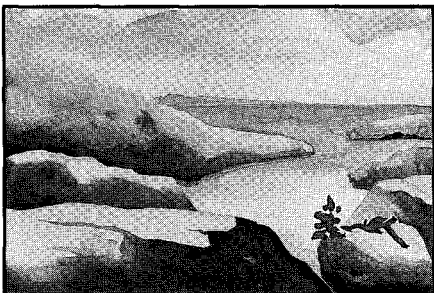
She tells me that as the number of strangers attracted by the fire swelled into a crowd she could feel a secret current connecting the two of us, like the current that passed between us in bed the first time we made love, when we came at the same moment as if taken by surprise. It happened only that once.

“Do you remember how, after that, I cried?” she asks.

“Yes.”

“You were trying to console me. I know you thought I was feeling terribly guilty, but I was crying because the way we fit together seemed suddenly so familiar, as if there were some old bond between us. I felt flooded with relief, as if I'd been missing you for a long time without quite realizing it, as if you'd returned to me after I thought I'd never see you again. I didn't say any of that, because it sounds like some kind of channelling crap. Anyway, today the same feeling came over me on the bridge, and I was afraid I might start crying again, except this time what would be making me cry was the thought that if we *were* lovers from past lives who had waited lifetimes for the present to bring us back together, then how sad it was to waste the present the way we did this weekend.”

I keep my eyes on the road, not daring



### Three good reasons for alternate gifts this holiday season:

Aunt Myra has enough perfume, cousin Bill has a closet full of ties and Mom already has two silk robes. You know the feeling.

*This year, do something different.* Send a beautiful card noting your gift to Quaker Service made in the person's name. This one-size-fits-all gift makes giving a pleasure again.

The best reason, of course, is the *American Friends Service Committee*. Committed to non-violence and human dignity, AFSC projects address hunger, poverty, refugees, militarism, health, human rights and justice for all. Your holiday cards will support this work worldwide.

The sky, sea and rocky coast of the full color cover art complements the poetry inside the card:

*This is the daily miracle:  
that glancing off each granite face,  
the Seed at last finds lodging  
in the broken place,  
and from the heart of the cleft  
sprouts Grace, springs green.*

The green sprouts in the watercolor intimate AFSC's work in the broken places of our world. Celebrate the holidays by sending AFSC cards to those on your gift list. It's a great way to get the warm fuzzies!

★ *American Friends Service Committee  
Development Office, 1501 Cherry St.,  
Philadelphia, PA 19102*

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ gift cards and matching envelopes. The requested minimum is \$8 per card (\$7.50 tax deductible). Enclosed total for my gift cards \$\_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

162VA

VISA/Mastercard 1-800-226-9816

to glance at her, or even to answer, for fear of interrupting the intimate, almost compulsive way she seems to be speaking.

"I had this sudden awareness," she continues, "of how the moments of our lives go out of existence before we're conscious of having lived them. It's only a relatively few moments that we get to keep and carry with us for the rest of our lives. Those moments *are* our lives. Or maybe it's more like those moments are the dots and what we call our lives are the lines we draw between them, connecting them into imaginary pictures of ourselves. You know? Like those mythical pictures of constellations traced

between stars. I remember how, as a kid, I actually expected to be able to look up and see Pegasus spread out against the night, and when I couldn't it seemed like a trick had been played on me, like a fraud. I thought, Hey, if this is all there is to it, then I could reconnect the stars in any shape I wanted. I could create the Ken and Barbie constellations. . . . I'm rambling. . . ."

"I'm following you, go on."

She moves closer to me.

"I realized we can never predict when those few, special moments will occur," she says. "How, if we hadn't met, I wouldn't be standing on a bridge watching a fire, and how there are certain people, not that many, who enter one's life with the power to make those moments happen. Maybe that's what falling in love means—the power to create for each other the moments by which we define ourselves. And there you were, right on cue, taking my picture. I had an impulse to open my blouse, to take off my clothes and pose naked for you. I wanted you. I wanted—not to 'fool around.' I wanted to fuck you like there's no tomorrow against the railing of the bridge. I've been thinking about that ever since, this whole drive back."

I turn to look at her, but she says, "No . . . don't look. . . . Keep driving. . . . Shhh, don't talk. . . . I'm sealing your lips."

I can hear the rustle beside me as she raises her skirt, and a faint smack of moistness, and then, kneeling on the seat, she extends her hand and outlines my lips with her slick fingertips.

I can smell her scent; the car seems filled with it. I can feel the heat of her body radiating beside me, before she

slides back along the seat until she's braced against the car door. I can hear each slight adjustment of her body, the rustle of fabric against her skin, the elastic sound of her panties rolled past her hips, the faintly wet, possibly imaginary tick her fingertips are making.

"Oh, baby," she sighs.

I've slowed down to fifty-five, and as semis pull into the passing lane and rumble by us, their headlights sweep through the car and I catch glimpses of her as if she'd been imprinted by lightning on my peripheral vision—dishevelled, her skirt hiked over her slender legs, the fingers of her left hand disappearing into the V of her rolled-down underpants.

"You can watch, if you promise to keep one eye on the road," she says and turns on the radio as if flicking on a night-light that coats her bare legs with its viridescence.

What was playing? The volume was so low I barely heard. A violin from some improperly tuned-in university station, fading in and out until it disappeared into static—banished, perhaps, to those phantom frequencies where Bix Beiderbecke still blew on his cornet. We were almost to Davenport, on the river, the town where Beiderbecke was born, and one station or another there always seemed to be playing his music, as if the syncopated licks of Roaring Twenties jazz, which had burned Bix up so quickly, still resonated over the prairie like his ghost.

"You can't cross I-80 between Iowa and Illinois without going through the Beiderbecke Belt," I had told her when we picked up a station broadcasting a Bix tribute on our way into Chicago. She had never heard of Bix until then and wasn't paying him much attention until the d.j. quoted a remark by Eddie Condon, an old Chicago guitarist, that "Bix's sound came out like a girl saying yes." That was only three days ago, and now we are returning, somehow changed from that couple who set out for a fling.

We cross the Beiderbecke Belt back into Iowa, and as we drive past the Davenport exits the nearly deserted highway is illuminated like an empty ballpark by the bluish overhead lights. Her eyes closed with concentration, she hardly notices as a semi, outlined in red clearance lights, almost sideswipes us. The car





shudders in the backdraft as the truck pulls away, its horn bellowing.

"One eye on the road," she cautions.

"That wasn't my fault."

We watch its tail-lights disappear, and then we're alone in the highway dark again, travelling along my favorite stretch, where, in the summer, the fields are planted with sunflowers as well as corn, and you have to be on the alert for pheasants bolting across the road.

"Baby, take it out," she whispers.

The desire to touch her is growing unbearable, and yet I don't want to stop—don't want the drive to end.

"I'm waiting for you," she says. "I'm right on the edge just waiting for you."

We're barely doing forty when we pass what looks like the same semi, trimmed in red clearance lights, parked along the shoulder. I'm watching her while trying to keep an eye on the road, so I don't notice the truck pulling back onto the highway behind us or its headlights in the rearview mirror, gaining on us fast, until its high beams flash on, streaming through the car with a near-blinding intensity. I steady the wheel, waiting for the whump of the trailer's vacuum as it hurtles by, but the truck stays right on our rear bumper, its enormous radiator grill looming through the rear window, and its headlights reflecting off our mirrors and windshield with a glare that makes us squint. Caught in the high beams, her hair flares like a halo about to burst into flame. She's brushed her skirt down over her legs and looks a little wild.

"What's his problem? Is he stoned on uppers or something?" she shouts over the rumble of his engine, and then he hits his horn, obliterating her voice with a diesel blast.

I stomp on the gas. We're in the right lane, and, since he refuses to pass, I signal and pull into the outside lane to let him go by, but he merely switches lanes, too, hanging on our tail the entire time. The speedometer jitters over ninety, but he stays right behind us, his high beams pinning us like spotlights, his horn bellowing.

"Is he crazy?" she shouts.

I know what's happening. After he came close to sideswiping us outside Davenport, he must have gone on driving down the empty highway with the image of her illuminated by those bluish lights preying on his mind. Maybe he's divorced and lonely, maybe his wife is cheating on him—something's gone terribly wrong for

# 1/2 OFF!

## Grove-Fresh Florida Fruit For The Holidays

### A GREAT GIFT!

A big half-bushel of sugar-sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit, 4 stainless steel Grapefruit Spoons and 1 jar of golden Orange Blossom Honey. Delivered in a beautiful gift box. The perfect treat for family and friends. (Limit 3 boxes, please.)

Regular Price ~~\$39.95~~  
You SAVE - 19.98

Your Price **\$19.97**  
Add \$2.95 per box shipping



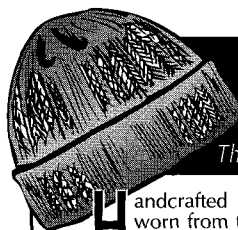
**HUGE**  
World-Famous  
INDIAN RIVER FRUIT

CODE NY96 • ITEM #30SBG



CALL TOLL-FREE  
**1-800-678-1154**  
Fax 407-567-1160  
Customer Service 1-800-678-2407  
Ordering Hours  
8:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. EST, Mon. - Sat.  
Thanksgiving through Christmas  
8:00 a.m. - 10:00 p.m. EST, 7 days a week

Or mail orders to:  
**GRACEWOOD GROVES**  
9075 17th Place  
P.O. Box 2590, Dept. NY96  
Vero Beach, FL 32961-2590



## THE WELL BRED WATCH CAP

The perfect lifetime gift. Guaranteed. Forever.

Handcrafted in Prince Edward Island and sold throughout the world, our hats are worn from the Arctic to the South Pole. From the many breeds of sheep in Great Britain we have selected 3 of the finest and offer our hats in the undyed natural colour of the breed. The **Black Welsh Mountain** (dark brown), **The Jacob** (gray) and **The Cheviot** (natural). Each hat comes with a full colour picture and history of the breed, the knitter's signature and is packaged in a slide-cover wooden box.

Your Choice of breed only **\$32.** (all shipping, handling, duty & taxes included)  
Call between 8:00am and 8:00pm EST - 7 Days a week.

Call us at **1-800-565-WOOL (9665)** or fax us at **1-800-315-HATS (4287)**

We accept Visa, Mastercard and American Express. Call for our free sweater catalogue.

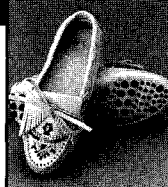
Great Northern Knitters, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada C1E 1B0

### FREE CATALOGUE

MINNETONKA  
MOCCASINS

CALL 1-800-603-0003  
Handsewn in the U.S.A. Hundreds of styles.

**WORLD TRADERS**  
Bar Harbor Rd., Box 158-6  
Brewer, ME 04412



### WHAT EVERY CAT'S BEEN HUNTING FOR



"Kitty Safari" is a video cats really watch, full of busy birds, mice, squirrels and more. Cats love it—some touch the screen, some look behind it. Great fun for kitties and their humans. 25 min. VHS.

Call tollfree **1-800-557-3378**

**\$19.95** - \$3.95 P&H. Visa/MC.

Creative Dept. P.O. Box 69552 Portland, OR 97201

### Celebrate July 4th & All Events

## CARBIDE CANNON

### BIG BANG! \$119.95



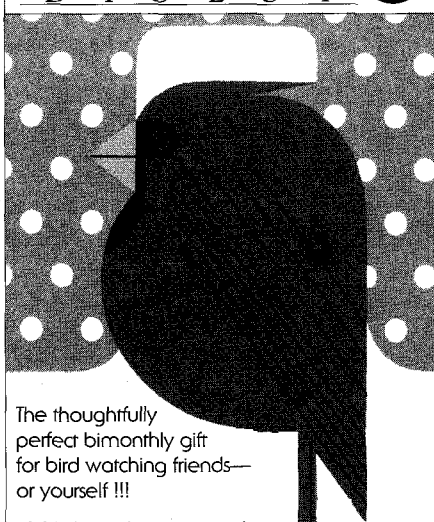
Mammoth Cannons shoot with terrific BANG! Have a bang-up time at special events. Uses powdered carbide ammo. Hundreds of shots for few cents. All metal construction with large, rugged cast-iron wheels. Machined brass mechanism for easy loading and firing. Authentic turn-of-century design. Hand-some decor when not in use. Made in USA to last a lifetime. Available in 3 sizes: 9" cannon, \$49.95 postpaid; 17" cannon, \$89.95 postpaid; 25" cannon (shown here) with rapid firing and automatic loading, \$119.95 postpaid. The larger the cannon the louder the bang! Carbide ammo, about 100 shots, \$6.00; 3 packs for \$15.00. Send check, money order or call. Visa, MasterCard accepted by mail or phone. Give card number & expiration. Money-back guarantee. Send for FREE CATALOG!

The Conestoga Co., Inc., Dept NY, PO Box 405, Bethlehem, PA 18016

★ Call **1-800-987-BANG (2264)** ★★



# BIRDWATCHER'S DIGEST



The thoughtfully perfect bimonthly gift for bird watching friends—or yourself !!!

"A bird watcher's magazine should have something for everyone, and BWD does... you'll learn things you never knew before."

—Roger Tory Peterson

**SUBSCRIBE TODAY...**  
**ONE YEAR \$17.95**  
(6 issues)

**All about birds in your backyard and beyond... how to plant for, attract, and identify birds.**

## Bird Watcher's Digest

Box 110, Dept. ANY2, Marietta, OH 45750  
VISA / MC Call 1-800-879-2473 ANY2

## Lovely, authentic coin jewelry!

**Exquisite Pendant & Earring Set**  
**Handcrafted from Actual Iceland 5 Krona Coins**  
**\$95 +\$5.00 S/H**

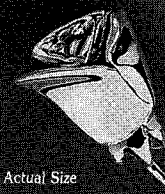
Our jewelry is made from real money. The background is cut away by hand, and then plated with 24K pure gold. Set includes an 18" 14KGF necklace chain, descriptive story card, suede gift box and lifetime guarantee.



To order jewelry, or to request our free catalog of other exciting jewelry collections call us toll free:



**TopGallant Merchants**  
648-E Dauphine Court, Elk Grove, IL 60007  
**1-800-867-4568**



## THE ROSE Pin

Sterling Silver \$45.00  
14k Gold \$220.00

VISA, MC, AMEX  
1-800-235-0471  
24 hrs. 7 days  
S/H \$3.50

**ROGER NICHOLS**  
fine jewelry  
2445 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

Actual Size  
Velvet Box



Call 1-800-95 POOCH  
for a free catalog.

## pooch!

emporium for dogs and cats  
2817 E. Third Ave. Denver, CO 80206

him, and, whatever it is, seeing her exposed like that has revealed his own life as a sorry thing, and that realization has turned to meanness and anger.

There's an exit a mile off, and he sees it, too, and swings his rig back to the inside lane to try and cut me off, but with the pedal to the floor I beat him to the right-hand lane, and I keep it floored, although I know I can't manage a turn-off at this speed. He knows that, too, and stays close behind, ignoring my right-turn signal, laying on his horn as if to warn me not to try slowing down for this exit, that there's no way of stopping sixty thousand pounds of tractor-trailer doing over ninety.

But just before we hit the exit I swerve back into the outside lane, and for a moment he pulls even with us, staying on the inside as we race past the exit so as to keep it blocked. That's when I yell to her, "Hang on!" and pump the brakes, and we screech along the outside lane, fishtailing and burning rubber, while the truck goes barrelling by, its air brakes whooshing. The car skids onto the gravel shoulder, kicking up a cloud of dust, smoky in the headlights, but it's never really out of control, and by the time the semi lurches to a stop, I have

the car in reverse, veering back to the exit, hoping no one else is speeding toward us down I-80.

It's the Plainview exit, and I gun into a turn, north onto an empty two-lane, racing toward someplace named Long Grove. I keep checking the mirror for his headlights, but the highway behind us stays dark, and finally she says, "Baby, slow down."

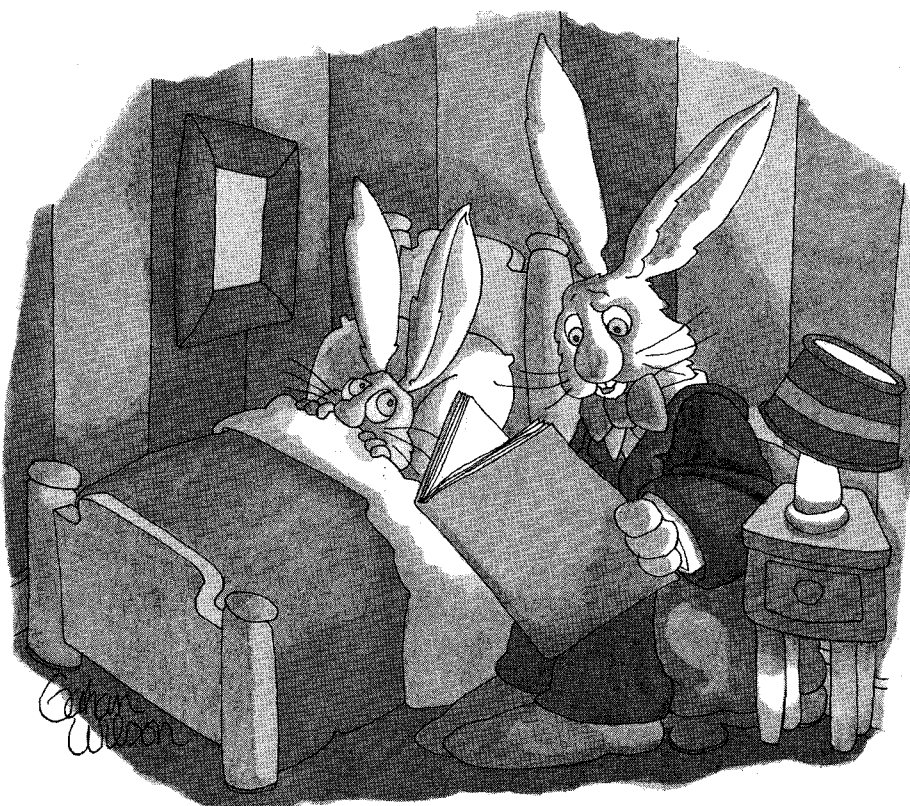
The radio is still playing static, and I turn it off.

"Christ!" she says. "At first I thought he was just your everyday flaming asshole, but he was a genuine psychopath."

"A real lunatic, all right," I agree.

"You think he was just waiting there for us in his truck?" she asks. "That's so spooky, especially when you think he's still out there driving west. It makes you wonder how many other guys are out there, driving with their heads full of craziness and rage."

It's a vision of the road at night that I can almost see: men, not necessarily vicious—some just numb or desperately lonely—driving to the whining companionship of country music, their headlights too scattered and isolated for anyone to realize that they're all part of a convoy. We're a part of it, too.



"So then Mr. Brewster, who was a cost analyst for an advertising agency, drove his car all the way from Westport, Connecticut, to New York City!"



"I was thinking, Oh, no, I can't die now, like this," she says. "It would be too sexually frustrating—like death was the ultimate tease."

"You know what I was afraid of," I tell her. "Dying with my trousers open."

She laughs and continues laughing until there's a hysterical edge to it.

"I think that truck driver was jealous of you. He knows you're a lucky guy tonight," she gasps, winded, and kicks off her sandal in order to slide a bare foot along my leg. "Here we are together, still alive."

I bring her foot to my mouth and kiss it, clasp her leg where it's thinnest, as if my hand were an ankle bracelet, then slide my hand beneath her skirt, along her thigh to the edge of her panties, a crease of surprising heat, from which my finger comes away slick.

"I told you," she moans. "A lucky guy."

I turn onto the next country road. It's unmarked, not that it matters. I know that out here, sooner or later, it will cross a gravel road, and when it does I turn onto the gravel, and after a while turn again at the intersection of a dirt road that winds into fields of an increasingly deeper darkness, fragrant with the rich Iowa earth and resonating with insect choirs amassed for one last Sanctus. I'm not even sure what direction we're travelling in any longer, let alone where we're going, but when my high beams catch a big turtle crossing the road I feel we've arrived. The car rolls to a stop on a narrow plank bridge spanning a culvert. The bridge—not much longer than our car—is veiled on either side by overhanging trees, cottonwoods probably, and flanked by cattails as high as the drying stalks of corn in the acres we've been passing. The turtle, his snapper's jaw unmistakable in the lights, looks mossy and ancient, and we watch him complete his trek across the road and disappear into the reeds before I flick off the headlights. Sitting silently in the dark, we listen to the crinkle of the cooling engine, and to the peepers we've disturbed starting up again from beneath the bridge. When we quietly step out of the car, we can hear frogs plopping into the water. "Look at the stars," she whispers.

"If Pegasus was up there," I say, "you'd see him from here."

"Do you have any idea where we are?" she asks.

"Nope. Totally lost. We can find our way back when it's light."

"The back seat of a car at night, on

## Advertisement

# WHITE HOT SKI NOTEBOOK

*A skiers' guide to the  
best destinations and  
finest accommodations  
in the country.*



**The BALSAMS**  
Wilderness



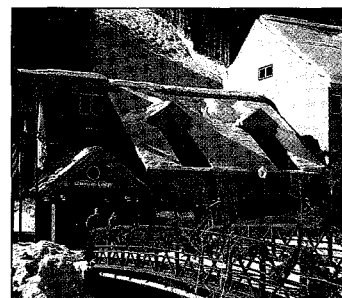
**The BALSAMS Wilderness.** A 15,000 acre private resort offering fun-filled family vacations and romantic getaways. The BALSAMS American plan includes: award-winning cuisine, unlimited hassle-free Alpine and X-C skiing, snowboarding, skating, snowshoeing, movies, entertainment, dancing and more. Caring and friendly guest service in Dixville Notch, NH. Video/reservations call 1-800-255-0600.

**Steamboat.**  
THE PLACE TO SKI



**Steamboat.** Looking for a ski vacation? Our huge mountain with four peaks and 107 trails, all covered in our famous Champagne Powder snow provides the ski part. Our night life, restaurants and shops, and all other activities in our mountain village and small western town, will take care of the vacation part. Call Steamboat Central Reservations™ at 1-800-922-2722 dept. 871.

**TELLURIDE RESORT**  
ACCOMMODATIONS



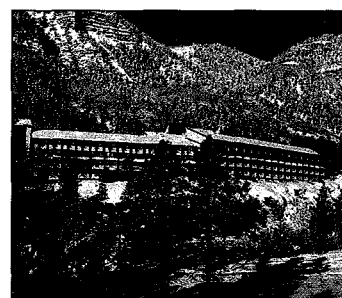
**Telluride Resort.** Whether you're looking for a bed & breakfast, hotel room, condominium or private home, you will be on top of the world in Telluride. From spectacular skiing and sleigh rides to shopping and entertainment, escape to Telluride for the most beautiful vacation ever. Frequent jet service from a city near you makes planning your vacation one step easier. Call for discount ski packages and flight information: 1-800-LET'S SKI.

**STRATER HOTEL**  
SINCE 1867  
DURANGO, COLORADO



**Strater Hotel.** "Colorado's Finest Victorian Hotel", Diversion Magazine. A national treasure nestled in a spectacular mountain setting. Perfect for winter and summer family vacations. Excellent skiing, winter sports, flyfishing, golfing, rafting, horseback riding, and steam train excursions. Call to learn more about a Durango Vacation. 1-800-277-4431 ext. 450.

**TAMARRON**



**Tamarron.** Offers the best value in family ski adventures with deluxe accommodations, free transportation to and from the slopes of Purgatory, on-site ticketing and rentals, a large swim-in/ swim-out heated pool, hot tub and sauna, 3 outstanding restaurants and excellent shopping. Brochure/reservations 1-800-678-1000.

Background photo courtesy of Winter Park Resort and Byron Hettler

## READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM



## AN INVITATION TO RESPOND TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS

*The Reader Service Value Program  
features New Yorker advertisers who  
want to offer additional information.  
You are invited to respond directly  
by telephone (just look for the  
☉ symbol) or by checking the  
corresponding number(s), totaling  
any cash items, and mailing the  
attached postage-paid card with  
check or money order if necessary.*

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. "Family Talk About Drinking"

Developed with authorities in education, family counseling, and alcohol research, this free guidebook helps parents communicate openly with their children about alcohol, family rules, and respect for the law. Call 1-800-359-TALK.

## APPAREL

1. **Davide Cenci.** A tradition of excellence in men's clothing—from Italy to your own world of unwavering standards. Call 1-800-528-2515.
2. **Great Northern Knitters.** North America's finest knitter of handloomed, pure wool sweaters and hats. Classic styles in traditional colors. Every heirloom creation is guaranteed for life. For more information please call 1-800-565-WOOL.

☉ **Patagonia.** Adult and kids catalogs—featuring our quality outdoor clothes, reports from the field, and provocative articles on the environment. For your free catalogs call 1-800-336-9090.

3. **Pendleton Woolen Mills.** Take the guesswork out of holiday gift-giving with timeless gifts from Pendleton. Receive a free "Holiday Shopping Survival Tips" booklet.

4. **Warm Things.** Surround yourself with the warmth and elegance of goose down. Our robes and matching slippers come in a variety of colors and are fully guaranteed. See our ad in this issue. To order call 1-415-472-2154.

5. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

## AROMATHERAPY

☉ **Aromatherapy Bath Collection.** Give a gift of relaxation from the garden. The Tranquility Gift Basket from Aura Cacia; mineral bath, massage/bath oil, bar of soap, and loofah in a wire basket. \$34.95. Call 1-800-404-6999.

## ART &amp; ANTIQUES

☉ **Sculpture Placement, Ltd.** Exclusive representatives for the collection of life-sized bronze sculptures by J. Seward Johnson, Jr. Sales and leases to private and public collectors. 1-202-362-9310.

## BOOK NEWS

☉ **Daedalus Books.** Erudite. Opinionated. Distinctive. 7 catalogs a year featuring the finest literary remainders. Call 1-800-395-2665.

☉ **Dick Shapiro's Cats.** Give a cat a laugh with video catnip. *The Washington Post* says "The pick of the litter," 25 minutes of sheer enjoyment for your favorite cat. Please call 1-800-268-1630 to order.

6. **Iron Horse Free Press.** Offering essay: "Samuel Huntington, President of Congress 1779-1781," a narrated historical perspective, and a socially compelling novella for combatting hunger. Free trial and catalog. Call 1-800-484-6645, code 0661.

☉ **Recorded Books, Inc.** Unabridged on audiocassette. Over 1,000 titles to choose from—histories, mysteries, classics, sci-fi and more! Easy rental by mail. Call 1-800-638-1304.

## CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS

7. **The Metropolitan Museum of Art.** Membership: free admission, quarterly Bulletin, bi-monthly Calendar, invitations to exhibition openings and gallery talks, and dining in The Trustees Dining Room. To enroll, call 1-212-570-3753.

## FINANCIAL SERVICES

8. **G.T. Global Mutual Funds.** It's your world. Invest in it. Call for information on our wide selection of global investment opportunities, including charges, expenses, and risks. 1-800-824-1580.

## FINE JEWELRY

9. **Rado Watches.** Unique quality timepieces with lasting beauty. Made from scratch-proof materials including high-tech ceramics, hard metals, and sapphire crystals. For men and women. Water-resistant. Swiss-made. Call 1-800-283-7236.

☉ **Prestige Diamonds.** Honor the exceptional woman with an exceptional Starburst® diamond of 1.5 carats or more.... Call 1-800-77-GUICK.

## FURNISHINGS &amp; ACCESSORIES

☉ **Baccarat** crystal is world-renowned for its exceptional quality and clean, innovative design. Crystal giftware, figures and jewelry, vases and bowls, and stemware. Life is worth Baccarat. 1-800-845-1928.

10. **Edgecraft - Sharpen Knives Perfectly...Easily...** with the Chef's Choice® Diamond Hone® Knife Sharpener Professional Model 110. Puts an incredibly sharp edge on the entire blade length. Call 1-800-342-3255.

11. **Edgecraft - The World's Best Kitchen Knives.** Chef's Choice® Trizor® Professional 10X® Cutlery is 2 to 3 times sharper and stays sharp up to 10 times longer than others. Call 1-800-342-3255.

12. **Levenger.** Enhance your reading and writing environments with "Tools For Serious Readers." Specializing in furniture, lighting, and gifts for readers and writers. 1-800-544-0880.

☉ **Mt. Rainier Greenery** offers a fragrant, noble fir, hand-tied 20" wreath with pine cones, juniper, cedar, and velvet bow. Gift-boxed with personal message. \$23.95. Call 1-800-862-8000.

☉ **Orrefors Crystal.** Classic, contemporary, and elegant barware, stemware, candlesticks, and giftware. Call 1-800-351-9842 On the Internet through Cybershop at <http://cybershop.com>

13. **Replacements, Ltd.** World's largest inventory of discontinued and active china, crystal, and flatware. Over 62,000 patterns—3 million pieces to choose from. Free pattern printout. Call 1-800-REPLACE.

14. **The Tempur-Pedic Swedish Mattress and Neck Pillow.** Recommended by over 15,000 medical professionals worldwide to improve sleep quality and end back pain. Free video. 1-800-886-6466.

15. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

## GOURMET

16. **New Braunfels Smokehouse.** Providing quality hickory-smoked meats and specialty foods from the heart of Texas since 1945. Call 1-800-537-6932 for our holiday catalog.

☉ **Sweet Legends.** The Original Sacher Torte. A legendary gift of style and sophistication. From the Hotel Sacher Vienna. Packaged in a wooden box. Gift-wrapped. Call 1-800-793-3863.

## HEALTH CARE

17. **Duke University Diet & Fitness Center.** Safe, serious weight loss supervised by Duke Medical Center physicians and health care professionals. In Durham, NC. Call 1-800-362-8446.

18. **Hilton Head Island, SC.** The health institute is ranked in the top ten health resorts in the world. Offering long-term solutions for creating healthier lifestyles. Send for more information.

19. **Structure House.** The world's leading long-term success rate for permanent weight control for men and women of any age, weight, and fitness level.

20. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

## MUSIC

☉ **Notes Music Catalog** provides information and insights that help you select from an extensive classical and contemporary music collection. Free catalog. Call 1-800-600-2424, ext. 100.

## OFFICE SERVICES

21. **SkyTel** is the best single source to meet your company's paging and messaging needs. SkyTel 2-Way™ offers guaranteed message delivery. It also lets you reply to messages directly from your pager. Call 1-800-244-5830.

22. **VTECH's DIGITAL 900 MHz** cordless telephones deliver maximum range, unparalleled security, and above all, clarity. Please call 1-800-624-5688. You'll like what you hear.



23. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### ON-LINE SERVICES

**E-NEWS.** Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web. [http://www.eneews.com/magazines/new\\_yorker](http://www.eneews.com/magazines/new_yorker)

**24. Endless Pools™.** Swim at home in a small 8'x15' pool against an adjustable current. Install indoors, outside, aboveground or even in-ground. Visit <http://www.endlesspools.com/~swim>

**Windows 95.** The place to find out how Windows 95 is unlocking the potential of the personal computer. <http://www.windows.microsoft.com>

### REAL ESTATE

**25. Porto Vita.** Acquire the gem of Turnberry. Exclusive villa, mid-rise and tower residences directly on South Florida's Intracoastal Waterway.

**26. Quail Run, Santa Fe.** Enjoy country club living in the Southwest's finest resort community. Complete exterior maintenance and 24-hour staffed security.

**27. Santa Maria.** 51 stories above the Miami skyline on the last remaining parcel of prime waterfront property, ideally situated between Brickell Avenue and Biscayne Bay.

28. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### RETAIL

**29. The Conestoga Company - Big-Bang® Cannons.** Celebrate America with the only safe substitute for fireworks. Cast iron and solid brass replica cannons available. Call 1-800-987-2264.

**30. Dewey Trading Co®.** Your source for Pendleton blankets. Support nonprofit organizations with our distinctive collection of blankets—the Southwest Trails Blankets®, the Signature Collection™ and more!

**31. Gibson Guitar.** You've always wanted to play guitar—Gibson will help with picking your guitar investment. Send for "How to Buy An Electric Guitar."

**©Mondoes—A Double Decker of A Card Game.** Mind-tingling, Mondrian-inspired card game with vertical, horizontal, and diagonal scoring. Compact, challenging, and creative. Call 1-410-727-3100.

32. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### SCHOOLS

**33. Avatar® Center at Seis Lagos.** Get in the game! If you've been studying what apples taste like, go eat an apple. If you've been studying life, experience Avatar®! For more information please call 1-800-573-4935.

### TELEVISION

**HBO—Sugartime.** The revealing story of Mafia boss Sam Giancana and the singing star Phyllis McGuire. The affair that shocked the world... and divided the mob. John Turturro and Mary-Louise Parker. Saturday, November 25th at 8 P.M. ET/PT.

### TRAVEL

**1-800-CALL-ATT.** No matter where you travel in the U.S., Know The Code and your calling card calls will always get through from any phone. Dial 1-800-CALL-ATT.

### CRUISES

**34. Royal Caribbean Cruise Line.** A call to us can be the start of the perfect vacation. For a free brochure about cruising, Royal Caribbean style, call 1-800-659-RCCL, ext. 204.

**35. Sun Line Cruises.** We'll make you feel at home cruising the Amazon, Panama Canal, and the Land of the Maya. Friendliest staff, top lecturers, comfortable luxury ship. For information, call 1-800-872-6400.

**36. Windjammer Barefoot Cruises.** Sail the exotic Caribbean. Satisfy your pirate soul while enjoying our modern accommodations. 6- and 14-day cruises from \$650. Call 1-800-327-2601, dept. 38.

37. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### HOTELS & ACCOMMODATIONS

**38. The Brazilian Court, Palm Beach, FL.** 4-Star Boutique Hotel. 134 guest rooms, heated outdoor pool, and more, plus excellent rates. 2 blocks from Worth Avenue and the beach. 1-800-552-0335.

**39. Breezes® Bahamas and Montego Bay.** New and Super-Inclusive. Meals, drinks, sports, entertainment—all included for one surprisingly affordable upfront price. A new Breezes is blowing your way!

**40. The Clift Hotel.** San Francisco's premier 5-Star, 5-Diamond hotel. Walking distance to the theatre, Union Square, and many of the city's finest restaurants. Call 1-800-65-CLIFT.

**41. Grand Vacations Company, Florida.** Luxurious beachfront resort condos on Sanibel, Captiva, Marco, Hutchinson and Estero islands. 1-800-HGVC-RENT.

**42. Helmsley Hotels.** 5 fine hotels located right where you want them to be in New York.

**43. Hyatt Resorts Hawaii.** Discover 3 luxurious resorts in Oahu, Maui, Kauai. Hyatt's "3 For Free" offers a free night, room upgrade, and breakfast. Championship golf, tennis, more. 1-800-233-1234.

**©Kapalua Bay Hotel & Villas.** 1- and 2-bedroom condominium villas with golf course, ocean view, or oceanfront locations. 1-800-367-8000.

**44. Kiawah Island by Pam Harrington Exclusives.** 10 miles of continuous beach. 1- to 5-bedroom villas and homes. Golf, tennis, biking, leisure trails, shopping, and dining. Call 1-800-845-6966.

**45. Kona Village Resort.** Hawaiian by nature. Desired by many. A paradise where time is measured by the setting sun. Call 1-800-367-5290.

**46. Lana'i, Hawaii** offers 2 lavish resorts—the refined lodge at Koele nestled in the upcountry, and the luxurious Manele Bay Hotel overlooking Hulopoe Bay. Call 1-800-321-4666.

**47. Mauna Kea Resort.** Experience the revered tradition of the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel and the bold nature of the Hapuna Beach Prince Hotel.

**48. Tamarind Reef Hotel, St. Croix.** Pamper yourself in a small, elegant hotel with personalized service. Oceanfront with adjoining marina. 1-800-619-0014.

**49. The Wigwam Resort.** Visit the 5-Star resort in Phoenix, AZ, featuring championship golf courses, tennis, dining, and much more. 1-800-327-0396.

50. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### TOURISM BOARDS

**51. New Orleans Tourism.** Experience Christmas in New Orleans. Carolling in Jackson Square, Celebration in the Oaks at City Park, and wonderful Reveillon dinners. Come join the Christmas parade.

**52. Portugal.** A modern country with all the comforts that Americans require, with a proud foundation in its glorious past. Ask for our free colorful brochure.

**53. Puerto Rico Tourism Company.** Only a continent could offer so many great vacation experiences. Free brochure. Call 1-800-866-7827.

**54. Scotland.** Send for the Scottish Tourist Board's free, full-color 108-page Scotland Vacation Planner, with information on attractions, itineraries, accommodations, and more. 1-800-822-9830.

**©Singapore/Malaysia.** Fascinating Malaysia, Surprising Singapore—two great countries, one great holiday! Call 1-800-900-7788.

**55. Turkish Tourist Office.** "The world's largest open-air museum" offers the glorious evidence of 10,000 years of history, unsurpassed shopping, and exquisite cuisine. Call 1-212-687-2194.

56. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### TOURS

**57. Around-the-World Expeditions by Private Jet.** Explore the world's most remote and exotic destinations in an all first-class Boeing 757. Color brochure. TCS Expeditions. 1-800-727-7477.

**58. Backroads International.** America's only Basque specialist with historical, cultural, and gourmet-based tours in Northern Spain. Small tours, great guides, solo-friendly. 1-800-227-7889.

**©Park East Tours.** Explore Antarctica and Africa with Park East Tours—a leader in ecotourism for 27 years. Call 1-800-223-6078, ext. 318.

59. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### TRAVEL BY RAIL

**60. Rail Europe—Eurostar.** Experience the convenience of Eurostar—the high-speed channel tunnel train connecting London, Paris, and Brussels. Call 1-800-EUROSTAR for timetable and fares.

**61. VIA RAIL, Canada's Classic Train Journey.** Experience the romance of the rails and first class Silver & Blue™ service. Call 1-800-561-9181, and ask for Operator #2.

62. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### WHITE-HOT SKIING

**63. The BALSAMS Wilderness,** a White Mountain resort, offers fun for families and romantic getaways. Award-winning cuisine, Alpine and X-C skiing, snowboarding, and more. 1-800-255-0600.

**64. Steamboat® Ski & Resort.** Take your ski vacation at a place that offers both skiing and a vacation. For more information please call 1-800-922-2722, dept. 871.

**65. The Strater Hotel, Durango, Colorado.** Entertaining and romantic! 2 blocks from the Narrow Gauge Railroad. Near Purgatory Ski Resort. Call 1-800-227-4431, ext. 450.

**66. Tamarron Resorts.** Just north of historic Durango. Find fun for the whole family with deluxe accommodations that make the welcome extra warm. Call 1-800-678-1000.

**67. Telluride Resort Accommodations.** From hotel rooms, condominiums, bed and breakfasts, to private homes, we have what you're looking for. Call for rates and information on our special ski packages. 1-800-LET'S-SKI.

68. Please send me information on all numbered items in this category.

### WRITING IMPLEMENTS

**69. Montblanc North America.** Visit Montblanc's Boutiques in Boston, Chicago, and New York. For the location nearest you or for a catalog featuring the entire Montblanc Collection, call 1-800-995-4810. \$2.00.



So easy to send... Always highly appreciated!

### Finest Ruby Red Grapefruit From Florida's Indian River!

TREE RIPENED • BRIMMING WITH JUICE • ORCHARD SWEET  
NO SUGAR EVER NEEDED • SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

|                                                       |          |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------|----------|---------|
| 6 GRAPEFRUIT                                          | Pack 279 | \$13.95 |
| 15 GRAPEFRUIT                                         | Pack 260 | \$20.95 |
| 27 GRAPEFRUIT                                         | Pack 270 | \$28.95 |
| 6 GRAPEFRUIT & 6 ORANGES                              | Pack 205 | \$17.95 |
| 9 GRAPEFRUIT & 9 ORANGES                              | Pack 210 | \$21.95 |
| 18 GRAPEFRUIT & 18 ORANGES                            | Pack 215 | \$29.95 |
| 1/2 BU. GRAPEFRUIT & ORANGES<br>IN A HANDWOVEN BASKET | Pack 248 | \$25.95 |

ALL PRICES INCLUDE DELIVERY!

**SEND NO MONEY NOW**

Send your gift list or Call Dept. 107 Toll Free:

**1-800-285-8488**

PAY OR CHARGE TO YOUR CREDIT CARD  
ONLY AFTER SHIPMENTS ARE MADE

Write or call for FREE Catalog offering other fine gifts!

**HARRY'S  
CRESTVIEW  
GROVES**

DEPT. 107 • 9030 17th PLACE • VERO BEACH, FL 32966

### Give the Gift that Lasts a Lifetime...

The Tilley Hat repels rain, blocks UV rays, ties on, floats, won't mildew, won't shrink (machine washable), and comes in every size. Four-page Owner's Manual. Free insurance (2 years; 50% deductible) against loss, and free replacement if it ever wears out. T3 Khaki Hat, shown, \$47.

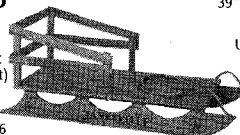


**Tilley Endurables** FREE CATALOGUE, OR TO ORDER  
**1-800-884-9023**  
300 LANGRISH RD., WEST SENeca, NY 14224  
INTERESTING STORES IN TORONTO, MONTREAL & VANCOUVER

### JANESVILLE®

#### SLID

\$90  
+\$8.00 UPS  
(\$10.00 West Coast)  
Check  
Visa or MC  
(608) 754-0026



Solid Oak  
39" long, 15" wide  
5" to deck

Urethane finish  
10" Stake sides  
Steel on runners  
Free Brochure

Wisconsin Wagon Co. 507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545

### ALL 17,576 COMBINATIONS

Your Initials hand made in all sizes. Available in 14Kt and Sterling Silver.



1 1/2" - \$44.00 G.E.\*  
1" - \$28.00 G.E.\*  
**Monogram®**  
by GENE  
N.Y. State Res. Add 8.25 City Tax  
\* G.E. Gold Electro Plate

FREE Catalog Pin  
31 W. 47th St., Suite 707, NYC, 10036  
**1-800-884-5478 Fax 212-302-2748**

a country road—adultery has a disconcerting way of turning adults back into teen-agers."

We make love, then manage to doze off for a while in the back seat, wrapped together in a checkered tablecloth we'd used once on a picnic, which I still had folded in the trunk.

IN the pale, early light I shoot the rest of the film on the roll: a closeup of her, framed in part by the line of the checkered tablecloth, which she's wearing like a shawl around her bare shoulders, and another, closer still, of her face framed by her tangled auburn hair, and out the open window behind her, velvety cattails blurred in the shallow depth of field. A picture of her posing naked outside the car in sunlight that streams through countless rents in the veil of the cottonwoods. A picture of her kneeling on the muddy planks of the little bridge, her hazel eyes glancing up at the camera, her mouth, still a yard from my body, already shaped as if I've stepped to her across that distance.

What's missing is the shot I never snapped—the one the trucker tried to steal, which drove him over whatever edge he was balanced on, and which, perhaps, still has him riding highways, searching each passing car from the perch of his cab for that glimpse he won't get again—her hair dishevelled, her body braced against the car door, eyes squeezed closed, lips twisted, skirt hiked up, pelvis rising to her hand.

Years after, she called me out of nowhere. "Do you still have those photos of me?" she asked.

"No," I told her, "I burned them."

"Good," she said, sounding pleased—not relieved so much as flattered—"I just suddenly wondered." Then she hung up.

But I lied. I'd kept them all these years, along with a few letters—part of a bundle of personal papers in a manila envelope that I moved with me from place to place. I had them hidden away in the back of a file cabinet in the laboratory, although certainly they had no business being there. Now what I'd told her was true: they were fuelling the flames.

OUTLINED in firelight, the kid in dreadlocks kisses the waif. His hand glides over the back of her fringed jacket of dirty white buckskin and settles

**PARIS**  
*Pas Cher*

"OR"

**RIVIERA**  
*Pas Cher*

Starting at  
**ONLY: \$589\***

Including:

- Air France flights to Paris/Nice
- 5 nights in a centrally located standard hotel
- Continental breakfast daily
- Hotel taxes and service charges

Plus a multitude of custom-designed options at down-to-earth prices!

See your Travel Specialist or call:

**1-800-JET-0999**

\* Per person, double occupancy from New York.  
Air add-ons available from all Air France gateways.  
Departure taxes/fees additional.  
Valid November 1995 - March 1996

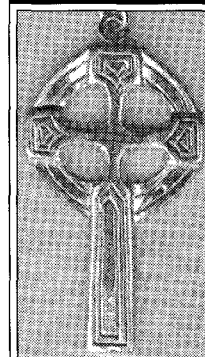
**Jet vacations**

### CROES GELTAIDD

A Celtic Cross pendant simply executed in silver or gold. Shown full size.  
No. 2270 Celtic Cross  
Sterling silver \$38.00  
(24" sterling chain)  
14 kt. gold \$300.00  
(chain not included)

Add \$5.00 for handling.  
Check, M/C, Visa or Amex.  
Send for our unique catalog.

Telephone **1-800-324-4934**  
9a.m.-5p.m. Pacific Time Mon-Sat  
Shop through our on-line catalog at:  
<http://www.davidmorgan.com/catalog>



**David Morgan**

11812 Northcreek Pky. N., Suite 103, Bothell, WA 98011

### LONDON FLATS

COTSWOLD COTTAGES

FINEST STANDARD

MR. THOMAS MOORE

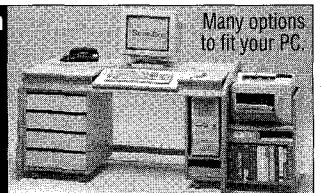
**THE LONDON CONNECTION**

801-393-9120 FAX: 801-393-3024

Scandinavian  
Computer  
Furniture

Call today for  
free catalog

**ScanCo**  
1-800-722-6263



Many options  
to fit your PC.



on the torn seat of her faded jeans. She stands on tiptoe on the tops of his gym shoes and hooks her fingers through the empty belt loops of his jeans so that their crotches are aligned. When he boosts her closer and grinds against her she says, "Wow!" and giggles. "I felt it move."

"Fires get me horny," he says.

The roof around the skylight implodes, sending a funnel of sparks into the whirl of snow and the crowd *abs* collectively as the beakers in the laboratory pop and flare.

Gapers have continued to arrive down side streets, appearing out of the snowfall as if drawn by a great bonfire signalling some secret rite: gangbangers in their jackets engraved with symbols, gorgeous transvestites from Wharf Street, stevedores, and young sailors, their fresh tattoos contracting in the cold. The homeless, layered in overcoats, burlap tied around their feet, have abandoned their burning ashcans in order to gather here, just as the shivering, scantily clad hookers have abandoned their neon corners; as the Guatemalan dishwashers have abandoned their scalding suds; as a baker, his face and hair the ghostly white of flour, has abandoned his oven.

Open hydrants gush into the gutters; the street is seamed with deflated hoses, but the firemen stand as if paired off with the hookers—as if for a moment they've become voyeurs like everyone else, transfixed as the brick walls of our lab blaze suddenly lucent, suspended on a cushion of smoke, and the red-hot skeleton of the time machine begins to radiate from the inside out. A rosy light plays off the upturned faces of the crowd like the glow of an enormous red lantern—a paper lantern that once seemed fragile, almost delicate, but now obliterates the very time and space it once illuminated. A paper lantern raging out of control with nothing but itself left to consume.

"Brrrr." The Professor shivers, wiping his fogged glasses as if to clear away the opaque gleam reflecting off their lenses.

"Goddam cold, all right," Tinker mutters, stamping his feet.

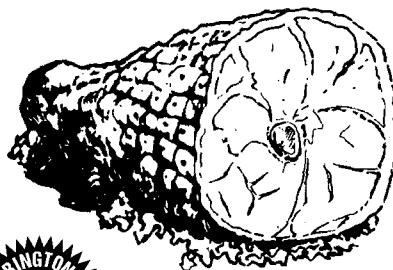
For once they agree.

The wind gusts, fanning the bitter chill of night even as it fans the flames, and instinctively we all edge closer to the fire. ♦

## HARRINGTON'S

### Vermont Cob Smoked Ham & Turkey

—now at a \$28.00 savings!



**Special  
Introductory Offer**  
Reg. price \$67.90  
**Now only \$39.90**  
Limit 2. Expires 12/29/95



"You won't find a better-tasting ham than the old-fashioned Corncob Smoked Ham I make for Harrington's up here in Vermont. And for turkey lovers, here's our tender, moist and fully-cooked Cob Smoked Boneless Turkey Breast. It's smoky-delicious, 100% white meat with no fillers. You'll love them both—and that's my promise or your money back!" *Vern Richburg, Smokemaster*



**FREE!**  
Order your  
Harrington's Ham  
and Turkey Breast now  
(both shipped to same  
address) at this special  
combination price and we'll  
include 6 oz. of our Aged  
Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Cob  
Smoked Bacon—free!

**HARRINGTON'S**

1838 Main Street, Richmond, VT 05477

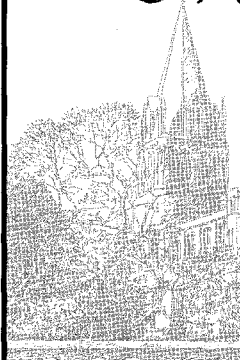
☐ 123-591 Send your GOURMET PACKAGE: Ready-to-Cook Half Ham (6 lbs.) plus Fully-Cooked Boneless Turkey Breast (2 lbs.) to same address for only \$39.90, plus \$7.50 shipping, total \$47.40. Includes 6 oz. Cheddar and 1/2 lb. Bacon FREE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Payment Enclosed  
☐ Charge my ( ) VISA ( ) MC  
( ) AMEX ( ) Diners ( ) Discover  
(Include card no. and exp. date, plus  
your name and address if different  
from shipping address above.)  
Available in Continental US only.  
Limit 2. Not for retail stores.

**RUSH Orders: (802) 434-4444**

## OXFORD FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY

### SUMMER PROGRAM



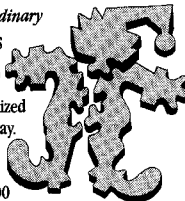
From Tom Tower to Stratford-on-Avon, pave your own pilgrim's path in the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare! Experience Oxford's rich academic traditions with an intimacy few visitors enjoy as you live and study in prestigious Christ Church College. July 1 - 20 or July 22 - August 10, 1996. Please write, call, or fax for more information on this outstanding program.

**OXFORD Program**  
**Florida State University**  
**Center for Professional Development**  
Box K-2, Tallahassee, FL 32306-2027  
Call 904/644-7540 • FAX 904/644-2589 • [cabel@mailersfsu.edu](mailto:cabel@mailersfsu.edu)

*Certain gifts must simply be extraordinary*

### THE FAMOUS Stave Jigsaw Puzzles

Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. \$95 - \$2000. Call or write for free catalog. Stave Puzzles, Box 329A, Norwich, VT 05055 ☎ 802-295-5200



## CRUISING IN PARADISE

Making the Dream a Reality  
Private Yachts with Captain & Crew  
The Ultimate Luxury Vacation  
**800-273-9099**

### DARWIN GALAPAGOS CRUISE

Follow Charles Darwin's route on a special 11 day GALAPAGOS TRAVEL Expedition, led by historian / cinematographer Greg Estes.



P.O. Box 1220 • San Juan Bautista, CA 95045 • (800) 969-9014



### ROCKER BLOTTER

*The Unique Fountain Pen Accessory*  
HAND MADE IN ENGLAND OF  
BRASS AND MAHOGANY

ATTRACTIVELY GIFT BOXED

\$44.95 + \$4.95 SHIPPING

**1-800-322-5031**

SIGNATURE STATIONERS 1800 MASS. AVE., LEXINGTON MA 02173



## BOOKS

## UNMASKED

*A different kind of collection from Diane Arbus.*

BY HILTON ALS

JUST around the time that I received a copy of "Untitled" (Aperture; \$50), a collection of portraits of the mentally retarded which the photographer Diane Arbus took during the last few years of her life, my nephew was committed to the psychiatric ward of Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, where his condition was diagnosed as schizophrenia. Two policemen had "apprehended" him—a six-foot-four, thin twenty-seven-year-old with tawny-yellow skin and braces—on Central Park West at Eighty-third Street, where he stood, shirtless, throwing stones at passing early-morning traffic.

In the gray-green gloom of his hospital room, I watched my nephew's eyes alight on my face; he showed the same degree of interest in my presence that he did in the patterns the sun made on the floor and in the plaster crumbling from the ceiling. He did not speak. In that silence, I instinctively put physical distance between us, and I realized that I viewed his illness as a form of vampirism, ready to overtake and drain my rational self. At the same time, I was repelled by my predatory fascination with his condition, my desire to rub away at the pain blanketing his face so that I could uncover his illness and see what it was like. I found it difficult to distinguish between who he was and what I was supposed to be in his presence. Back at home, I found myself looking at Diane Arbus's "Untitled" as a kind of road map—a road map into the land my nephew now inhabited, where his eyes rolled upward as he contemplated things I couldn't see at all.

It took Diane Arbus approximately a decade to become Diane Arbus, the photographer whose signature subject matter was the freaks, lowlifes, and other fringe groups against which most people define

themselves as "normal." Prior to her emergence as one of the century's preëminent photographers, Arbus had been, besides a wife and mother, a child of privilege; she had grown up in a status-conscious environment that contained nothing representative of her internal world. "One of the things I felt I suffered from as a kid was I never felt adversity," Arbus once remarked. "I was confirmed in a sense of unreality which I could only feel as unreality. And the sense of being immune was, ludicrous as it seems, a painful one." It was her sense of a visually ordered universe—where everyone had ten fingers and toes, where bodies and faces were capable of expressing hope and love and failure in all the habitual ways—that Diane Arbus turned from in horror. She preferred the darkness that flooded the travelling carnivals, crumbling hallways, and hotel rooms where leftover lives creep along the edges of our consciousness. In Arbus's visual narrative of disenfranchisement, one can see her saying, "That's the way it is." And what's more—a startling declaration coming from a woman artist finding her way in the nineteen-fifties and sixties—"That's the way it is, and I like it."

The harsh light Arbus levelled at her subjects—"A Jewish giant at home with his parents in the Bronx, N.Y. 1970," "Loser at a Diaper Derby, N.J. 1967"—was an indication not of a merciless vision but of her desire to enhance her subjects' presence, which she considered "terrific." Like Warhol, Arbus used the dumbest language possible to describe her work. As though she were a child always on the verge of rebuilding the universe through found objects—or found images—no language but the most rudimentarily joyful could describe the moment when she

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANE ARBUS

*"Untitled (45) 1970-1971"*







© ESTATE OF DIANE ARBUS 1995, FROM UNTITLED: DIANE ARBUS, APERTURE.



# FAMOUS MAGAZINE CARTOONS™

They're Not Just For Magazines Any More!



They're for your newsletters, flyers, memos, cards, presentations and just about anything else you produce on your computer.

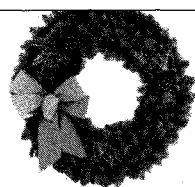
Ready to use cartoons by nine of the world's leading cartoonists. Available for Windows or Macintosh on CD ROM or diskette.

ClickArt® Famous Magazine Cartoons also includes The ClickArt Trade Secret™—you choose the file format for guaranteed compatibility.

**Call 1-800-9-TMAKER**

or email: [clickart\\_info@tmaker.com](mailto:clickart_info@tmaker.com) TM 831

**CLICKART®**



## FRESH FRAGRANT Noble Fir Christmas Wreaths

**\$23.95** From the Pacific Northwest  
Cont US

A beautifully hand-tied 20" noble fir wreath accented with pine cones, juniper, cedar and velvet bow. The perfect gift, or use for your own home!

All order shipped 12/6-12/10  
**1-800-862-8000 Ext. 356**

**Mt. Rainier Greenery**

5949 6th Ave., Suite 444, Tacoma, WA 98406



**HEART KEY**  
A most romantic token from James Breakell's workshop. Finely detailed pendant on 18" chain. Sterling silver \$30. 14k gold \$163. Add \$3.50 handling. Call for catalog. 800-767-6411.

**J.H. Breakell & Co.**  
69 MILL ST DEPT NYHK NEWPORT, RI 02840

### The Giggling Mona Lisa Pillow

Millions have pondered her expression, now it's finally clear: squeeze this full color pillow and Mona giggles. It'll make you smile. Machine washable. Spirited, sweet & sophisticated. **\$24.00**

Many other silly/sophisticated gifts. Free Brochure  
The Unemployed Philosopher's Guild  
Credit Cards Accepted. 1-800-255-8371



happened upon the signposts leading toward her self-expression.

For Arbus, the categorically horrible resonated in ways that accidental public atrocities did not; she was not drawn to the gangland shootings, suicides, and disasters recorded by Weegee's glib camera. She was not a journalist but a lyrical miniaturist, who saw in each sixteen-by-twenty print a kind of ecstasy made manifest. Arbus, an assimilated Jew, was always enthralled by attempts, however compromised, at transformation and redemption, and you can see her own belief in the near-religious profundity and ecclesiastical aura of her subjects in a picture like "Seated man in a bra and stockings, N.Y.C. 1967." The title describes just that, but the image relies on the totemic weight of the bra and panties—the articles of clothing that the seated man needs to transform himself. Arbus once described a series of portraits she took for *Harper's Bazaar* as meditations on "what it is to become whoever we may be." Documenting the paradox inherent in that statement was, in many respects, her lifework. And because the photographer committed suicide in 1971, her three posthumously published volumes of photographs are for many of us, quite literally, what Diane Arbus became.

Her second collection—"Diane Arbus: Magazine Work," published in 1984—contains a broad assortment of believers: soothsayers, nudists, girls at fat camp, singles in love. It also includes Arbus's 1964 essay about Bishop Ethel Predonzan of the Cathedral of the Creator, Omnipresence, Inc., in which the Bishop is repeatedly photographed in the act of self-creation. Each environment is a theatre of the Bishop's own devising: in one image she is seen surrounded by a collection of tapestries of Jesus; in another, in her lace-bedecked bedroom, she seems to be blazing in the love light emitted by the Lord, or by Arbus's flash. "I am the First Child of God. I am Firster than Jesus," Arbus quotes the Bishop as saying, and her slightly skewed syntax is the linguistic equivalent of what Arbus's audience finds disturbing in the photographer's work—her fascination with the "off" detail that reveals the breadth of character. Most of Arbus's photographs before the work seen in "Untitled" were shot in medium frame or closeup; the images are sharp and still. The tight framing and precision were necessary to con-

tain the emotional charge of her subjects—all those souls she probably considered latter-day saints, but whom we would prefer to call sinners.

For many viewers, Arbus's work still bears the taint of sin, as if her photographs were secrets that should have remained closeted but did not. Patricia Bosworth reported in her valuable biography "Diane Arbus" that when Arbus's work was included in MOMA's "Recent Acquisitions" show in 1965 the photo department's librarian had to go each morning and wipe the spectators' spit from the images. Arbus's audience was telling her that they did not appreciate her casting the first stone—or, more to the point, that they did not appreciate being reminded of the people we cast stones at every day. Unlike Walker Evans, whom Arbus admired, she did not make suffering noble. And unlike many photographers—Weston, Levitt, Mapplethorpe—she did not imbue her photographs with a distinctly personal lyricism; hers was the lyricism inherent in her uneasy collaboration with her subjects.

Part of the continued resentment levelled at Arbus has to do with her power to make us take illicit pleasure in her pre-occupations. At the same time, her genius for recognizing and exposing the strangeness in the ordinary threatens to make subjects of us all. Like the great Catholic writer Flannery O'Connor, Arbus existed sufficiently outside her own belief to report on the belief, even the fanaticism, of others. One always had the sense that the images O'Connor and Arbus used to pierce our consciousness could be used by the artists to describe themselves. Ultimately, they seemed to be saying, "If I can say this about myself, imagine what I'm really saying about you."

**B**OTH critics and supporters of Arbus have been quick to point out that her world could not have been created in any time other than her own—the freak-laden sixties. But to relegate Arbus to a period is to sentimentalize her significance and to make her into a martyr of her times—a single mother fucking and photographing for freedom. True art is distinguishable from the junk of its epoch by the singularity of its vision. The extraordinary power of "Untitled" confirms our earliest impression of Arbus's work; namely, that it is as iconographic as it gets, in any medium.



## patagonia®

### Outdoor Clothes

To receive our  
free Adult or Kids'  
catalog, please call:

**800 336-9090**

or visit our newest store in SoHo.

Scott Sumpter  
attempting a first ascent  
on Mt. Koven, Alaska.  
Photo: John Burcham

© 1995 Patagonia, Inc.  
Dept. 31177H

Study the  
Global  
Village  
in  
Greenwich  
Village

MASTER OF ARTS IN MEDIA STUDIES

For information, call  
212 229 5630 Ext. 54

♥ The New School  
66 West 12th Street New York, NY 10011

**Martinelli's**  
GOLD MEDAL® Since 1868

*Sparkling  
Cider*



DELIGHTFULLY  
NON-ALCOHOLIC

**There's Nothing like it!**

Dept. N, Box 1868, Watsonville CA 95077

The photographs collected in "Untitled" were taken at residences for the mentally retarded, between 1969 and 1971. Many of the pictures appear to have been taken on Halloween, or during pageants, for Arbus's subjects are frequently in various stages of masquerade: draped in sheets or waving wands or hiding under paper-bag masks. Perhaps most striking for people familiar with Arbus's earlier work will be the wide-open spaces in this album; all but a handful of these images were taken outside. In one, a motley parade of women in improbable headgear fills the frame; in another, a young woman gleefully rolls in clover near a swing set.

Once you've gotten past the physiognomies of Arbus's subjects—their flat, mongoloid faces, their disconcerting stares—the photographs open up other possibilities. Arbus began her career as a stylist and a fashion photographer, working in collaboration with her husband, Allan. (They were divorced in 1969.) These pictures show her sensitivity to the expressive power of clothing; they are, among other things, extraordinary fashion photographs, bordering on the surreal. Photographers such as Darryl Turner and Judy Linn show garments for what they are by making the world around the clothes as strange and unfamiliar as possible; Arbus contrasts the idea of the subjects' literal—and often clumsy—covering up with the openness of their expressions. One of my favorite images in the book is of a woman whose mouth is downcast and who is wearing a dress and a cardigan and ankle socks with Mary Janes. Her lips are smudged with food, and sunlight bounces off her forehead. She holds an empty plastic-foam cup, which is turned down, toward the green grass (seen in black-and-white); the turned-down cup echoes her turned-down mouth. Pressed under her left arm is a box on which we can read the words "Child Life Shoes." She is, like many of Arbus's models, a grotesque; the profound difference here is that Arbus's subject isn't presenting herself as beautiful or not beautiful. She just is.

The singularity of Arbus's vision is the over-all theme of "Untitled," if "theme" is the word. These photographs of the mentally retarded can't be confined by critical categorization, because they are purely ecstatic; they are the pictures Arbus had been waiting all her life to take. It's as if the

**Irresistible...**

## Luxury Barge Cruises



**FRENCH COUNTRY WATERWAYS, LTD.**

P.O. Box 2195, Duxbury, MA 02331  
800-222-1236 617-934-2454

## ARGOYLES



were created to ward off evil. Our replicas of these winsome Medieval creatures are part of our unique collection of historical European sculpture and architectural artifacts for home and garden.

*Imported French  
tapestries, too!*

**Free Color Catalogue**

**1-800-525-1733**  
Ext. X841

**TOSCANO** sm 17 E. Campbell Street,  
Dept. X841  
Arlington Hgts, IL 60005

## RARE DALI PRINTS

*If you own, or are considering purchase  
of a Salvador Dali print...*

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 400 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we'll rush you a free copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter." (\$10 an issue)



**1-(800) 275-DALI**

Brana Fine Art  
15332 Antioch, Suite 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

## DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

*One at a time, by hand*



"Lean Frog" Bracelet, 12 links  
14K Gold \$595, Sterling \$165. Visa/MC/Amex  
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**  
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

call **1-800-789-1001** for our catalogue of  
**ANTIQUE CLOCKS**  
12 5 12 8 6 12  
**Gordon S. Converse & Co.**  
Antiquarian Horologists  
Spread Eagle Village, Strafford, Pa. 19087



EGYPT JORDAN SYRIA OMAN YEMEN

**Serving Arabia  
Since 1758**

Visit the lands of the  
pyramids, of  
frankincense  
and myrrh, of camels,  
sand dunes and  
crusader castles.  
Fully escorted  
tours with luxury  
hotels and  
specialised  
sightseeing.

**Cox & Kings**  
TRAVEL

**ARABIAN**  
Days & Nights 800-999-1758

**Press**  
poetry • short fiction  
Now accepting  
manuscripts for our  
first issue.  
Suite 323  
2124 Broadway  
New York, NY 10023

*Longstemmed  
Roses Pin*

14k Gold \$265  
Sterling Silver \$ 49

Satisfaction Guaranteed  
1-800-235-0471

Wm. Mc. Auley  
SINCE 1930

**ROGER NICHOLS studios**  
2449 NE Division St. • Bend, OR 97701

Value of Box  
Size  
1-1/2" Tall

**Mountain Top Inn**  
A N D R E S O R T

Secluded estate in central Vermont with spectacular  
views & fine dining. Enjoy miles of cross country skiing,  
sledding, ice skating, snowshoeing, sleigh rides & more!

**1-800-445-2100**  
Mountain Top Road, Chittenden, VT 05737

most remarkable images she produced in the early sixties—the boy and girl on Hudson Street who resemble a hardened baby-faced gangster and his moll, or the Christmas tree in Levittown shimmering with despair—were faint talismans leading Arbus to this final study, in which her justly renowned control cannot compete with the unconscious power of her subjects. Arbus separated herself from her past work—and her need to cajole and flatter her subjects until they revealed something of their “true” selves—by photographing people whose power stemmed from the fact that they were unaware of their vulnerability; they literally didn’t have the wit to be guarded in the first place. Here, the inner and the outer coexist in a nearly perfect symmetry; all that Diane Arbus had to do was watch and wait and be brave enough to click the shutter.

These photographs don’t feel exploitative in the least, because they are filled with love and discipline—Arbus’s love of the subjects, and the emotional discipline she had to have in order to distance herself from their grinning, lipstick- or jam-smears faces enough to approach them as subjects. In fact, this is the warmest collection of Arbus’s work to date, in part because of the intimacy that exists among the subjects themselves. Again and again we see the inmates holding hands, or their

faces suffused with joy in the company of particular friends. But several of these photographs also express great love for and trust in their photographer: not because they were particularly interested in being memorialized by the notorious Diane Arbus but because—for that moment—she was paying attention. The late religious philosopher Simone Weil once said that attention was a form of prayer and was thus a means of loving God, and you can’t help wondering: Was their willingness to be seen a form of absolute communion that was ultimately disconcerting to their photographer? An artistic breakthrough of this magnitude doesn’t necessarily guarantee happiness for the artist, but it almost always results in work that has cataclysmic significance for the audience.

“Untitled” is not a “Family of Man” examination of emotions made banal by their putative universality. Arbus is after something altogether different. Once, when she was describing her sense of alienation as a child, she said, “It was as if I didn’t inherit my own kingdom for a long time.” “Untitled” reveals a strange yet unthreatening landscape, at once expansive and unusually decorous. In that mythical landscape, Arbus’s subjects are free of institutions and uncomplicated in their need for affection, only wearing masks because they feel like it. ♦

## TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

*The books your children will want to read anywhere.*

BY SARA MOSLE

As a kid, I read books at school and I read books at home, but they were never the same books. “Readers,” as we called the books in school, weren’t for reading but for learning how to read, and teaching kids to read didn’t include teaching them to like it. In my family, that responsibility fell to my mother, who used to read to me every night, long after I could read for myself. She picked the books that she liked: “The Boxcar Children,” “Little House on the Prairie,” “Treasure Island.” Only later, as an adult, did I detect the agenda behind some of her choices. When I reread “The Boxcar Children” for the first time in twenty

years, I was horrified to discover its covert lesson: the book, ostensibly about four orphaned siblings who run away from home and set up residence in an abandoned railroad car, is actually a tract on the virtues of keeping one’s room, or boxcar, tidy. This message had been utterly lost on me when I was a kid; what I’d taken in was the plot, that familiar story line in which kids stumble across a secret hideout—a junk yard, a garden, a tree house—where they can rule and have adventures. What my mother had communicated as she read was her love of books, which I grew to share, and her love of me, evidenced by her undivided attention.

Fortunately, the gap between “readers”



and “books” has narrowed in recent years, as I discovered when I became a teacher. No longer do teachers routinely assign rote exercises to kids sitting upright in desks bolted to the floor. The more progressive ones try to re-create something of the cozy atmosphere of the bedtime story in their classrooms, by allowing kids to read or listen to their favorite tales in a “reading center”—usually a rug furnished with pillows or stuffed animals. And with the advent of “big books”—poster-size editions of popular stories—even a large class can easily read along with their teacher, just as they do in Mom’s or Dad’s lap at home.

Parents who read aloud to their children become, often quite self-consciously, teachers as well. Publishers know this and devise their offerings with adults in mind. There are countless books on welcoming a new sibling to the family, for instance, or adjusting to a move. The most famous children’s book of all time is perhaps “Goodnight Moon.” Parents love it because it helps to lull their kids to sleep. Children love it for different reasons: its mysterious drawings, its poetic phrasing, the miniature world it conjures up. Some children may not consciously realize that the successive illustrations get almost imperceptibly darker, but the calming effect isn’t lost on them; it’s just another part of the book’s magic.

Children’s books that teach a lesson—moral or otherwise—are not necessarily bad, but they must also delight and tantalize their audience in order to succeed as stories. When I reread “The Boxcar Children” as an adult, I was aware of the message for the first time, but I was still beguiled by its theme of escape, and I was just as disappointed at the end, when the kids go home with Grandfather, who

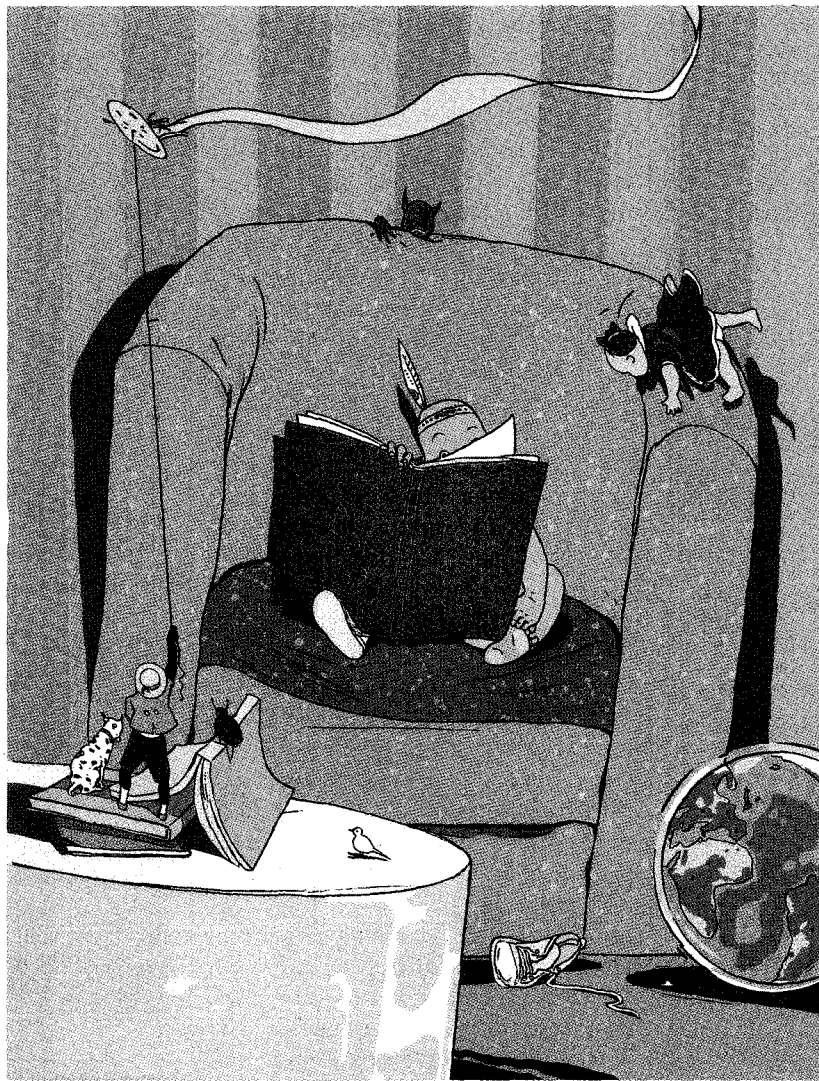
puts the boxcar in the back yard so they can still play in it—as if this were even close to the same thing! For grownups entering the children’s section of the bookstore, the trick is to scan the shelves with a child’s eye. If you can’t immediately detect what a book’s payoff is for your kid, then there probably isn’t one.

On a recent tour of Manhattan bookstores, for example, I spotted “Shin’s

rific for small children—particularly right before bedtime. The book was obviously designed for teachers to use as an introduction to lessons on the fiftieth anniversary of the dropping of the bomb, but unless you want to discuss with, say, your six-year-old Sally the wisdom of Truman’s decision—with a sidebar on the strategies of containment tossed in—this book is totally inappropriate for its intended audience.

The prettiest books are often the most deceiving. In Richard Wilbur’s collection of poems “Runaway Opposites” (Harcourt Brace; \$15), for instance, the illustrator, Henrik Drescher, holds the poems hostage to his own art. His collages look like a kidnapper’s intricate ransom notes: the poems are pasted together from cut-out letters in different typefaces. The book is beautiful to look at but virtually impossible to read, and that’s too bad: Wilbur’s meditations on antonyms, among other things, are marvellous. On the other hand, Maurice Sendak’s drawings, although they’re completely enchanting, can’t salvage “The Miami Giant” (HarperCollins; \$15.95). The story, by Arthur Yorinks, is nothing more than an extended joke for adults about retirees living in Florida. These are coffee-table books, and kids will have little use for them.

IF your kid begins to tire of “Goodnight Moon” but still doesn’t want to go to sleep, “The Night Is Like an Animal,” by Candace Whitman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$13), is a nice substitute. The book begins, “The Night is like an animal that nibbles on the day. Everywhere it takes a bite the sky turns dark and gray.” The illustrations are appropriately soft and blurry. Another comforting bedtime book is “Guess How Much I



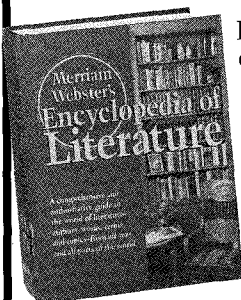
Tricycle,” by Tatsuharu Kodama (Walker; \$15.95), innocently displayed among several holiday offerings for children. This lavishly illustrated picture book recounts the true story of a three-year-old boy killed by the atomic bomb at Hiroshima. When the bomb explodes, Shin is riding his brand-new tricycle; he dies after being buried beneath the rubble. Years later, Shin’s family recovers the bike’s remains, which are now preserved in the Hiroshima Peace Museum. All this is moving, but the gruesome depictions of the explosion’s aftermath are far too hor-



## Merriam-Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature

*The clarity of a dictionary,  
the scope of an encyclopedia*

"...extraordinarily useful....Highly  
recommended." —*Library Journal*



Includes 10,000  
entries covering  
classic and  
contemporary  
works and  
authors as  
well as literary  
terms and  
movements

*A comprehensive survey of the  
world's greatest literature*

Merriam  
Webster

Available for \$39.95 at your local  
bookseller or by calling Merriam-  
Webster at 1-800-828-1880

## SCOTTISH CASHMERE CAPES



**\$689<sup>00</sup>**

100% Scottish Cashmere  
Ruffle or Plain Edge

BLACK, NAVY, NATURAL, GREY, PLUM  
RUBY, CAMEL, BOTTLE, DARK BROWN

Same Full Size & Finest Quality  
as Capes on Madison Avenue at  
2-3 times Our Showroom Price!

**ALBERENE  
CASHMERES**

435 5th Ave., New York 10016  
5th Ave at 39th - MC, VS, AX, DS  
**800-843-9078**

Free Shipping!  
Free Brochure!

**Charm Her**  
with our exclusive design.



Handcrafted  
charm with hugs  
and kisses rests on  
an 18" chain.  
All 14kt. \$195.

A Chateau  
original. (Shown  
actual size.)

**Chateau**  
Jewelry Corp.

71-35 Austin Street,  
Forest Hills, NY 11375  
**718-544-8999**



**100% New Zealand**

For free catalogue:  
Black Sheep Clothing Co., Ltd.  
Box 63  
Tokomaru, Manawatu  
New Zealand 5450  
ph 011-646-329-8045

Handspun, handknit sweaters for adults & children

Love You," written by Sam McBratney  
and illustrated by Anita Jeram (Candle-  
wick; \$14.95). Two hares, father and son,  
exhaust themselves by trying to invent  
new ways to express their love for each  
other. The story is sweet without being  
saccharine.

Even before kids learn to read, they  
can begin to master some of the fun-  
damentals: turning pages, say, and fol-  
lowing the narrative through pictures.  
Told entirely through illustrations,  
"The Tooth Fairy," by Peter Collington  
(Knopf; \$17), is the kind of book that  
even small children can look through  
alone at naptime. A little girl loses her  
tooth and puts it under her pillow at  
night before falling asleep. Outside, in  
the tree that overlooks their house, a  
tiny fairy emerges from her hideaway  
and descends to an underground cave  
with a fiery furnace. In it, during the  
night, she makes a coin out of molten  
rock; then she flies to the child's bed-  
room and exchanges the coin for the  
tooth, which she takes home and carves  
into a key for her miniature piano. Each  
small step in the narrative is depicted by  
a separate panel; the drawings are ex-  
quisitely detailed; and cash-strapped  
parents, accustomed to forking over  
large bills for lost teeth, will welcome  
the fairy's fiscal restraint.

Three new alphabet books will help  
introduce the letters to kids eager to  
move beyond the pictures-only ap-  
proach. In "Jeremy Kooloo" (Dutton;  
\$13.99) Tim Mahurin teaches kids al-  
phabetical order by using the letters to  
tell a story about a fat white tomcat. It  
begins, "A Big Cat Drank Every Full  
Glass. Hiccup! Indeed, Jeremy Kooloo  
Loves Milk." The cat runs, stretches,  
tires, and finally catches some Zs. The  
illustrations are invitingly simple and  
bold. Stephen T. Johnson's "Alphabet  
City" (Viking; \$14.99) locates the  
shapes of letters in paintings of an ur-  
ban environment: the legs of a yellow  
sawhorse form the letter "A," the dou-  
ble arch of the Brooklyn Bridge is an  
"M." In "Whatley's Quest," by Bruce  
Whatley and Rosie Smith (HarperCol-  
lins; \$14.95), an archer releases an arrow  
that whisks through the pages, startling  
and upturning the medieval animals,  
objects, and people that accompany each  
set of upper- and lower-case letters. The  
book is particularly good at providing  
each letter's full phonetic possibilities

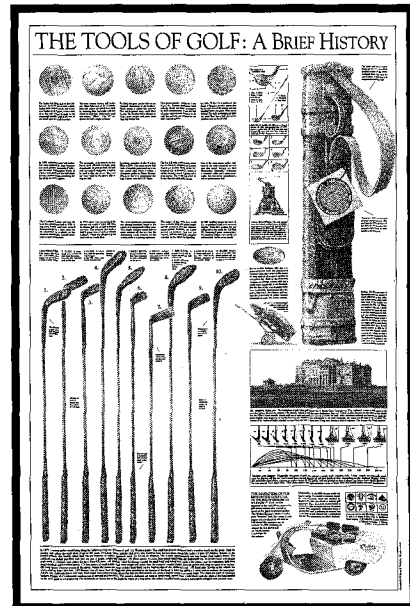
## Golf Poster

This beautiful *period* piece has been painstakingly  
researched and faithfully rendered in true Victorian  
style. Measuring 20"x 30", it's printed in black ink on  
antiqued cream-colored recycled paper. A great gift idea!  
Poster only . . . \$19.95 + 4.95 shipping and handling.  
Poster framed . . . \$89.95 + 8.95 shipping and handling.

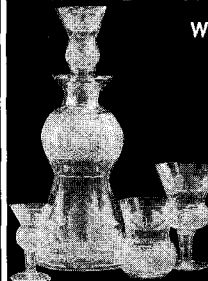
VISA/MASTERCARD/AMERICAN EXPRESS

DIVOTS & WHIFFS, INC. 29 Pearl St. NW, Suite 510  
Grand Rapids, Michigan 49503. 7 days a wk, 24 Hrs a day:

**1800 873-0670**



## THISTLE . . . by EDINBURGH CRYSTAL



Wine Decanter ~~\$425~~ \$349<sup>95</sup>  
Old Fashioned ~~\$82~~ \$64<sup>95</sup>  
Flute Champ. ~~\$84~~ \$69<sup>95</sup>  
Large Wine ~~\$84~~ \$69<sup>95</sup>  
Tot (Shot) ~~\$41~~ \$39<sup>95</sup>  
Whisky ~~\$41~~ \$54<sup>95</sup>  
Goblet ~~\$106~~ \$79<sup>95</sup>

**ROYAL MAIL**

1-800-843-9078

Center Village, Box 902  
Harrisville, NH 03450  
Vs-Mc-Ax-Ds - Free Brochure

Free Shipping !!

SALE ENDS 1-31-96

## The Gardener's Phone Pak

The Essential Gardening Tool.

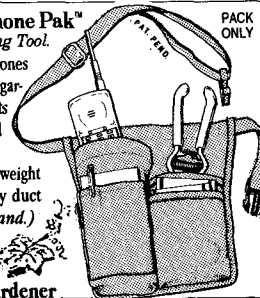
- ◆ Holds most portable phones
- ◆ Plastic-lined pocket for gar-  
den shears ◆ Extra pockets  
for seed packets, note pad  
and pencil ◆ Key ring
- ◆ Made of durable, light-weight  
forest green cotton/poly duct

\$19.95 (plus ship. & hand.)

VISA/MC/DISCOVER/AMEX

800-982-3158

The Napa Valley Gardener



## NYPD BLUE

Official New York City Police Department T-Shirts,  
Sweatshirts and Caps in Navy Blue with White and Light Blue  
NYPD Logo.

Ts: \$14.95, Sweats \$24.95, Caps \$15.95. Specify S M L XL.

800-481-5777

Please add \$4.00 Shipping.

Check or Money order to:

Flatiron

175 Fifth Avenue, Suite 2585  
New York, NY 10010



(under "G," for instance, one finds both a gerbil and Goliath), and each dense illustration includes dozens of images, from jesters to toilet plungers.

CHILDREN's books are always spawning sequels. Kids like them for the same reason they like to hear some stories again and again: they're familiar. Eric Carle has added "The Very Lonely Firefly" (Philomel; \$19.95) to complete what he calls his "Very quartet." In the new book, for kids four years and up, a firefly goes searching through the night for friends. It spots a succession of lights—a light bulb, then a candle, and, later, headlights—and flies toward each, only to be disappointed. Finally, the firefly finds what it has been looking for—"a group of fireflies, flashing *their* lights"—and isn't lonely anymore. The narrative is pleasantly singsongy and the illustrations have Carle's characteristic magic, and something more: real blinking lights on the tails of the fireflies on the last page. Houghton Mifflin has just released "The Complete Adventures of Curious George," by Margret and H. A. Rey (\$29.95), a handsome and compact volume of all the "Curious George" books. Here one finds four hundred pages of the monkey's now famous exploits. For slightly older kids, Arthur Dorros has produced "Isla" (Dutton; \$15.99), a sequel to his popular storybook "Abuela." Once again, Rosalba's grandmother tells her a story and the two take imaginary flight, this time to Abuela's native Caribbean isle. There they meet Rosalba's aunt and uncle, eat mangoes, and float on the sea; along the way, the reader will effortlessly pick up a few basic words of Spanish and learn about island culture. The busy illustrations are absorbing.

"The Carousel," by Liz Rosenberg and Jim LaMarche, is the touching story of two sisters who gallop through a misty night on a horse and a zebra from an abandoned carousel. The animals are wild because the ride is broken, and the girls set off to find their mother's old tool kit to repair the carousel's machinery. They tame the animals by playing, on a flute, the same tune that their mother used to play for them. Left unspoken is a hint that their mother has died; a brave and restrained melancholy suffuses the story. "Prowlpu," by Gina Wilson (Candlewick; \$15.95), is an-

other book that captures a child's sense of yearning. A sympathetic alley cat who has lost an ear and an eye roams the night streets caterwauling. He is crying for an elusive white feline in a tree at the end of the block. Although he doesn't win her love, his owner showers him with affection when he returns home. David Parkins' illustrations are both murky and luminescent.

"Skip Across the Ocean" (Orchard; \$15.95) is a collection of short verse from around the world. The book presents several of the poems in their original languages as well as in English, so that kids can see how the music translates even when the words don't. The childlike illustrations, by Sheila Moxley, are wonderful. Patricia Polacco rewrites the classics with a Slavic slant in "Babushka's Mother Goose" (Philomel; \$17.95). Here you can read about the Babush who lived in a boot and other familiar rhymes. Plenty of nonsense verse—like "Klootchka Plootchka"—is included.

There are three new books this season that toy with perspective. "Zoom," by Istvan Banyai (Viking; \$13.99), is a wordless picture book, but one that's appropriate for kids of all ages; it is less a story than a spatial exercise. A vivid closeup of a rooster's comb is the first image. Each subsequent illustration reveals more of the scene, as if viewed through a camera that has just switched from a telephoto to a wide-angle lens. The rooster is being watched by children on a farm, which turns out to be a toy in a picture in a magazine, which is held by a boy on an ocean liner, and so on. By book's end, the frame of the picture has retreated so far from the initial image that the reader is looking down on earth from space.

At first glance, "Bad Day at Riverbend," Chris Van Allsburg's inventive new tale (Houghton Mifflin; \$17.95), looks like a child's coloring book, with contour-line figures and Western scenes. One day, Sheriff Ned Hardy sees a brilliant light in the western sky; the next thing he knows, a stagecoach has pulled up and the horses are covered with "greasy slime." The reader quickly recognizes the substance—red crayon—but inside the world of the story the townspeople are completely mystified. The sheriff's posse follows a stream of slime through the book's pages. Finally, the

"Sure to pull heartstrings."

—American Bookseller

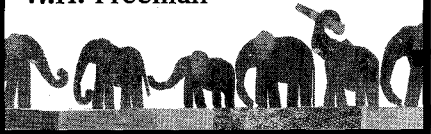
## Eleonora

by Natascha Biebow  
with exquisite cut-paper illustrations

by Britta Teckentrup

An amazing, true story  
about elephants: their  
dignity, intelligence,  
loyalty, and, above all,  
compassion.

Now at Bookstores  
W.H. Freeman



## Your Horoscope in Gems & Gold



Custom designed, handmade fine jewelry talismans based on your personal horoscope. Chart included. Order now for the Holidays!

*Gemscope™ Jewelry* by Andrea Loomis.

459 Columbus Ave., Suite 223, N.Y., N.Y. 10024 (212) 787-7283

## WOMANSHIP

Learn to Sail Cruises

for and by women

Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida

New England • Pacific Northwest

Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand

"Womanship... the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."

800/342-9295

## Urology & You

The Newsletter of Genitourinary Health Information  
CANCER, AIDS, PROSTATE, BLADDER, ETC.

\$19.95 4 issues per year • 1 (800) 505-7440

Edward Moss, M.D., F.A.C.S.



# What the World Reads

Clear, Concise,  
Smart. News of  
Europe, Asia,  
the Americas, plus  
Finance, Travel,  
Fashion, and  
the Arts.

FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS  
1-800-882-2884

**Herald Tribune**  
THE WORLD'S DAILY NEWSPAPER

## ITALY WRAPPED TO GO

We wrap the whole country, Alps to Apulia, into an exciting, eight-page, monthly newsletter full of up-to-the-minute hotel and restaurant reviews and wonderfully practical, inside information. See why the New York Times called us "most sophisticated" and why our readers trust us to steer them straight.

Our red-and-green logo looks great on a gift card. Subscriptions: \$59 (U.S.) for 11 issues (outside N. America add \$10). Sample issue: \$10 (applicable to subscription). Last-minute gift announcements welcomed. Full satisfaction or full subscription refund. Send check, Amex, VISA or MC number (with expiration date and phone) to:

—the  
**ITALIAN**  
traveler—

PO Box 32 Livingston NJ 07039  
(800) 362.6978 Fax (201) 994.3847

## "Read this book before you buy another shirt and tie."

—Arthur Cooper, Editor-in-Chief, GQ

The Shirt Book, by Carol Konop, owner of The Shirt Store, has the information you need to maximize your clothing investment. Makes a great gift. Only \$19 plus \$2 s & h. NY residents add sales tax.

To order, call 1-800-289-2744.



**Spirits Guru SPIRIT JOURNAL**  
F. PAUL PACULT'S  
Critically acclaimed (Playboy, CBS-Radio, Bon Appetit, Chicago Trib)  
"Bible" for Spirits and Beer Devotees. Reviews & ratings on Single Malt Scotch, Cognac, Armagnac, Port, Rum, Gin, Madeira, Sherry, Vodka, Bourbon & Beer. Makes a great gift for the holidays.  
Sample Copy (\$9.00)—Yearly subscription \$39.00 (4x). Check to:  
F. Paul Pacult's Spirit Journal 421-13 Rt.59, Monsey, NY 10952

men are caught in the bright light of a kid's reading lamp as he colors them in.

From the publisher Dorling Kindersley comes a fictional work similar in size and feel to Stephen Biesty's famous cross-sections: "The Apartment Book: A Day in Five Stories," written by Richard Platt and illustrated by Leo Hartas (\$15.95). The book opens up into several poster-size cutaways of a five-story building. One can follow the parallel lives of its residents and watch them intersect over the course of a day: a plumber creates a leak that causes the fourth-story ceiling to collapse; a mad scientist tinkers in the attic. The book is more fun than a doll house; even older kids can spend hours following all the plotlines, most of which involve one or two very satisfying disasters.

Luscious and inventive illustrations are not solely the province of fiction. A good example of a nonfiction book that successfully tackles a serious subject is "The Gettysburg Address," with a foreword by Garry Wills (Houghton Mifflin; \$14.95). Beautiful and sombre, it takes the two hundred and seventy-two words of Abraham Lincoln's famous speech—as simple as those in any children's book—and lays them out in stately type above elegantly rendered black-and-white scratchboard illustrations by Michael McCurdy. A picture book that is also a workbook and yet is fun to read is "Math Curse," by Jon Scieszka and Lane Smith (Viking; \$16.99). A boy's teacher puts a "math curse" on him, and, suddenly, everywhere he looks problems are popping up: his clock poses questions about time; the pizza at lunch presents a puzzle of fractions; and after school he has to make change. Soon our protagonist conquers his math phobia. The illustrations are slightly crazed, which is just right. Kids who want to know all about knights, dragons, and jousting can turn to "Knights in Shining Armor," by Gail Gibbons (Little, Brown; \$14.95). With simple illustrations and clearly labelled diagrams, Gibbons straightforwardly explains everything from battle-axes and the architecture of stone castles to why knights got in so many fights anyway. The book ends with an introduction to the knights of the Round Table.

After looking at all these picture books, you may want to turn with your child to "Color," by Ruth Heller (Put-

SOUTH FLORIDA

## Guess how many of our beachfront resorts offer a private stroll?

Not every one knows exactly where our 9 Florida island resorts are situated. We like it that way. We've discovered that the many quiet corners of Sanibel, Captiva, Marco, Hutchinson and Estero Islands are some of the best places to plan a vacation. Our guests enjoy sunfilled days of sailing, snorkeling, swimming or just relaxing in the gentle ocean breeze. Call Grand Vacations Company today for your choice of nine luxurious resorts.

We promise to keep it quiet.

**1 800 HGVC-RENT**

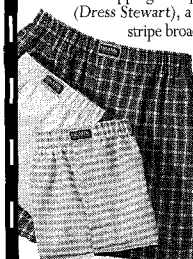
Key Code:  
NYER



**GRAND VACATIONS  
COMPANY**

## GREAT GIFT IDEA THE WORLD'S FINEST BOXER SHORTS

Ozark Trading Company's Holiday Gift Package makes Christmas shopping a snap. It consists of a red & white plaid (Dress Stewart), a white broadcloth, a blue & white stripe broadcloth. Three pair for just \$36.00.



Our complete boxer short collection includes a tasteful assortment of 100% cotton Broadcloths, Flannels, Plaids, and Chambrays. To order or receive your free catalog, please call 800-559-8915... or view our catalog on the internet. <http://realinfo.com/ozark>

**800-559-8915**  
CALL 24 HOURS A DAY

**OZARK  
TRADING COMPANY**  
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

|                                                                 |          |             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----------|-------------|
| <b>BATS</b>                                                     |          | ACTUAL SIZE |
| IN 18K YELLOW GOLD OR PLATINUM                                  |          |             |
| 18K LAPEL PIN/PIERCED EARRING .....                             | \$165.00 |             |
| ONE PAIR 18K PINS/EARRINGS .....                                | \$325.00 |             |
| PLATINUM LAPEL PIN/EARRING .....                                | \$195.00 |             |
| ONE PAIR PLATINUM PINS/EARRINGS .....                           | \$385.00 |             |
| Shipping \$11.00 NYC Res. add 8.25% Sales Tax. SWEDEN BOX INCL. |          |             |
| VISA/MC/AMEX 1-800-469-4120                                     |          |             |
| <b>SANDI MILLER BURROWS DESIGNS</b>                             |          |             |

## ANTIQUE QUILTS

Unique selection of antique quilts from Pennsylvania in excellent condition. Send \$7 for current color photos & catalog.



**THE ANTIQUE QUILT SOURCE**

385 Springview Rd., Dept. NY  
Carlisle, PA 17013 (717) 245-2054



nam & Grosset; \$18.95), a rhyming introduction to the primary colors and the four-color process of printing books. Using colored transparencies as well as pictures, Heller shows, among other things, how red and blue make purple, and how "cool colors recede, and warm ones advance." Most remarkable, her rhymes are never forced.

FOR girls nine years old and up, there is "Her Stories," by Virginia Hamilton (Blue Sky; \$19.95), a collection of African-American folktales, fables, and biographies that attest to women's strength, cunning, and courage. Unlike many books that celebrate gender or racial diversity, this one offers stories that stand on their own, and the illustrations are gorgeous. This is a book one can dip into or spend hours reading.

There are three new books on the elements of jazz. The most basic is a reprint of Langston Hughes's "The Book of Rhythms" (Oxford; \$16.95). Hughes starts small, using such simple techniques as drawing a squiggly line to explain the patterns in rhythm, and before long he uncovers the beat in the machines we use, in the poetry we read, and in the sports we play. The unobtrusive cartoon drawings, by Matt Waworka, are like illustrations of key points on a chalkboard. Next, a child can turn to "The First Book of Jazz," also by Hughes (Ecco; \$15). In short, concise chapters, Hughes relates the history of jazz from the blues to bebop. The most comprehensive of the three books is "Marsalis on Music," by the trumpeter Wynton Marsalis (Norton; \$29.95), and it comes with its own CD. It's a companion book to the series on PBS (which is also available on video). Marsalis is the co-founder and artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center, and he conducts a series called *Jazz for Young People* there. At one session, Marsalis handed out plastic kazoos to hundreds of kids; within the space of an hour he had the audience answering his own riffs in unison on their new instruments. With similar creativity, Marsalis cajoles, teases, and instructs his readers. The book, illustrated with color photographs, has the heft and the detail of a textbook, but it reads like a conversation. By the end, Marsalis has articulated an entire philosophy of life—touting the rewards of discipline as well as the virtues of impro-

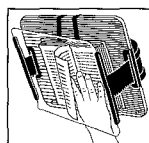
B R E A K T H R O U G H !



Here is the patented overhead book holder that lets you read in a recliner—or bed—with full efficiency; without stress. Tables can't do this.

Rave reviews by the product design editors of *The Wall Street Journal* and *Forbes*. Winner of the "Vermont Makes It Special" award.

## RAISE YOUR BOOK, LOWER YOUR STRESS



Fast and easy page turning: lift window 1/2", pull it out 7", flip page, push window back.

### Holiday Special \$199 (regular retail \$295)

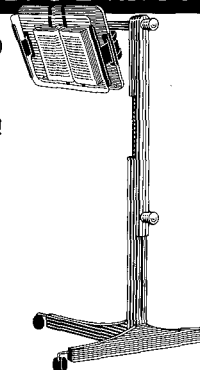
Freestanding solid hardwood frame: light walnut or dark cherry finish. Money-back guarantee. Order by Check, Visa, MC, or AmEx. A great gift!

Order now, please call

1-800-867-7869

### READER'S WINDOW®

The overhead book holder



Howell Design, 192 Thomas Lane, Stowe, VT 05672 • U.S. patent 5,351,927. Other patents pending • 802-253-4468 • Fax 802-253-8817



## Rent Mother Nature® Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year

A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing — plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '96, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. guar. to Bucket Borrowers) even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! 100% satisfaction money back guarantee.

Tree Lease \$39.95 or

Bucket Lease \$29.95

Add \$6.95 per lease for shipping & handling.

Send for FREE Catalog!

RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 723

52 New St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238

Phone (800) 232-4048

VISA, MC, AMEX, Discover

## Chocolate Club

Call 1-800-901-9910

A monthly adventure in world class gourmet chocolates.

Chocolate Indulgence

## SOFTWARE for BAR CODE TRACKING CASS SYSTEMS

Since 1979.

800/874-6491

## Literature on Tape, Inc.

- Unabridged Classical Literature
- Exquisite Albums
- Perfect for All Ages

Call for Free Brochure 1-800-760-5958

## A PAW UNDER THE TREE PUTS A BIRDIE IN YOUR HANDS.

The Tiger Paw Utility Metal Wood proves that small is beautiful.



## MACDOUGALL GOLF

MAKERS OF FINE GOLF EQUIPMENT

800-833-2694



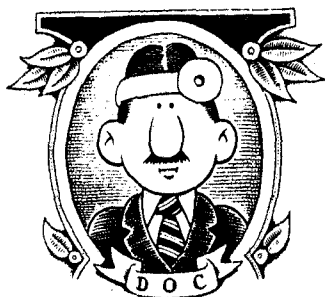
Villas, farmhouses, apartments

...simple to luxurious.

ELAINE MUOIO

Fax: 202/362-0520

Telephone: 202/244-5345



### MEDICAL MONOPOLY

By Professional Games

**Four hospitals race each other to fill their beds with patients. Game comes with symptoms, diagnoses, body parts, transplant cards, patients and instructions. The Detroit Health Care News calls it "a fun way to learn a little more about medicine."**

### ATTORNEY POWER

**Players encounter criminal, civil and U.S. Supreme Court decisions covering flag burning, death sentences, right to a jury and other topics. Included are 84 court rulings, clients, office records and game board.**

Order by sending \$29 (\$50 both games) to Professional Games, P.O. Box 1903, Chicago, IL 60690; or call 312-201-9470 to order with Visa or Mastercard. Free UPS Xmas Delivery.

**A Hat For All Reasons**

This water-repellent 100% wool felt outback hat is trimmed in leather for dress-up, dress-down versatility. And it's designed to hold its shape, even if crushed! Black, chocolate, or khaki. \$39.95 all sizes.

To order please phone: **800-936-5646**

**HARTFORD YORK LTD.**  
BURLINGAME CALIFORNIA

**CLUB HABANA**

HAND-MADE CERAMIC MC • VISA DISCOVER • AMEX

A serious cigar ashtray • for serious cigar smokers

**\$37.00 EACH plus \$4.50 S&H**

**LOULOU'S LOST & FOUND**

121 NEWBURY STREET • BOSTON, MA • 02116 • U.S.A.  
order fax (617) 859-0043 • telephone (617) 859-8393

• A PERFECT GIFT •

**The Educated Traveler**

The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel  
Cultural Tourism • Museum Travel • Learning Vacations  
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST

\$39/year, includes exclusive Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours  
Dept. RC, PO Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 22022, 1-800-648-5168

visitation—and your child may be begging for a trumpet.

For classical-music buffs, "The Magic of Mozart," by Ellen Switzer (Atheneum; \$19.95), is a handsome volume for sophisticated readers. The first half of the book gives a history of Mozart's life and work in short, easily digested chapters. The second half relates the story of "The Magic Flute," illustrated with a performance by the Salzburg Marionettes; the puppets are captured in elegant color photographs against a black backdrop.

Children who want to know everything about Native Americans can turn to "The Encyclopedia of Native America," by Trudy Griffin-Pierce (Viking; \$25). Organized by region—from the Great Plains to the Southwest—this book brims with information on Native American architecture, arts and crafts, and customs, and has plenty of accompanying photographs, maps, and drawings, which remain, as they should, subservient to the text.

ONCE children discover young-adult fiction, they have probably begun to pick out books for themselves, and some parents may respond by trying to censor certain titles. When I entered adolescence, I went through a phase where I read nothing but "Star Trek" novels—a notch below even R. L. Stine's ubiquitous Goosebumps series. My poor mother was horrified, but she shouldn't have been. My enthusiasm for reading easily outlived my enthusiasm for dreck, and anyway I'd include reading trash among the important freedoms. But if you want to make sure your kids get exposed to the occasional literate sentence, there are a few new young-adult titles worth introducing them to. In "The Van Gogh Cafe," a collection of stories by Cynthia Rylant (Harcourt Brace; \$14), the setting is neither a bland suburb nor an urban center but an old theatre turned café off Interstate 70 in Kansas. Although the stories' subjects are simple—the everyday and not so everyday happenings at the café—they are full of uncanny observations and wry wisdom.

"The Air Down Here: True Tales from a South Bronx Boyhood" (Chronicle; \$14.95) is the journal of Gil C. Alicea, a fifteen-year-old student in the South Bronx. "Air," as Gil calls himself, writes about his friends, his family, and the usual rites of passage with wit, insight,

and even some innocence. About "Government Food," he observes knowingly, "For Christmas they give you a holiday cookie, for Thanksgiving a cookie, for African American History Month a cookie." Adolescents everywhere will recognize themselves in Gil's musings.

Peter Carey, the Booker Prize-winning author of "Oscar and Lucinda," has now written a book for children, "The Big Bazoochley" (Holt; \$14.95). Sam Kellow's father is a gambler, and the family is down to its last forty-four dollars and twenty cents, yet it's just checked into a five-star hotel in Toronto, where Sam's mother is hoping to sell one of her famous miniature paintings to an elusive millionaire. When she fails to find him, bankruptcy looms, and Sam ends up being kidnapped (sort of) by another of the hotel guests. Sam saves the day, but, on the way to this predictable conclusion, Carey provides a few more unexpected twists in the plot than readers of young-adult fiction usually get.

A more serious work is "The Well," by Mildred D. Taylor (Dial; \$14.99). The story is told by David Logan, whose family also appears in Taylor's other books, including "Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry." Its setting is Mississippi, at the turn of the century. David's parents own two hundred acres of prime farmland, which is the envy of a poorer, white neighbor, McCalister Simms. A drought has befallen the region, and all the wells except for the Logans' have run dry. The parents freely share their water with the neighbors. David has adolescent adventures, which include skirmishes with Simms' two no-good sons. The hostilities between the youths intensify until calamity results: one night, somebody poisons the Logans' well. All the characters here are complex and intricately drawn; some parents may be disturbed by the use of racial slurs in the dialogue, but the language is meant to be disturbing. And the morals of this tale, unlike those of "The Boxcar Children," will not be lost on any of its readers.

Both children and adults will enjoy Mildred Taylor's work—and for the same reasons. As C. S. Lewis once remarked, "a children's story which is enjoyed only by children is a bad children's story." But a children's book which is enjoyed only by adults is equally bad. All of the stories here offer something for everyone, even if it isn't always the same thing. ♦



## BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

**The House on the Lagoon**  
by Rosario Ferré  
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$23)

The house of the title has decorations in real gold; upstairs, it contains the Mendizabals, one of Puerto Rico's wealthier, European-descended families, while its windowless cellar accommodates an extended family of black servants. The novel takes the form of a wonder-filled memoir and family history by Mrs. Mendizabal, who has become somewhat disenchanted with the avaricious and occasionally vicious family she lovingly married into.

**Night Departure and No Place**  
by Emmanuel Bove; translated  
from the French by Carol Volk  
(Four Walls Eight Windows; \$25)

Although Bove is a lesser figure in the constellation of great French writers of the mid-twentieth century, he was a prolific early existentialist admired by Gide, Colette, and Beckett. These riveting conjunctive novels—completed just before his death, in 1945—trace one plot: a French soldier kills two guards as he is escaping from a German prison camp, and then endures a tortuous journey home only to suffer redoubled anxiety in Vichy Paris. His sporadic attempts to salvage a normal existence alternate with an irresistible inertia, and the narrative devolves into a dark picaresque.

**William Cooper's Town: Power  
and Persuasion on the Frontier of the  
Early American Republic**  
by Alan Taylor  
(Knopf; \$35)

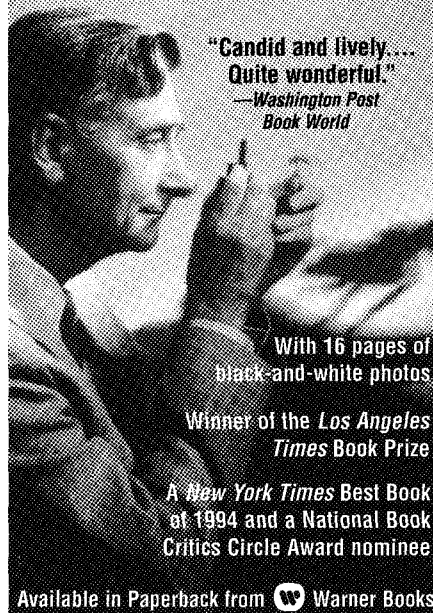
Cooperstown, New York, the home of baseball's Hall of Fame, was also the boyhood home of James Fenimore Cooper, the United States' first celebrated novelist, whose father founded the village. This marvellous book is the saga of a real-estate speculator who achieved celebrity but could not retain political authority in our bumptious new democracy. Taylor portrays such durable American personalities as the pious populist and the upper-crust reformer, and his intellectual grasp never fails to connect events in western New York to national and international affairs.

**The Blue Suit**  
by Richard Rayner  
(Houghton Mifflin; \$19.95)

This memoir of miscellaneous thievery—robbery, swindling, shoplifting—is a comic gloss on the dictum that great writers steal: first editions, in Rayner's case. In his droll, and perhaps true, crime confessional, the expatriate British writer also reveals habits of deception which he somehow caged from his absent father Jack ("Flash Jack, Black Jack, Jack the Lad"), an embezzler and bon vivant with a knack for disappearing. With this catalogue of literary kleptomania, Rayner manages to both allude lovingly to that anxiety of influence and settle a few scores.

"A pleasure to read and reread... One of the finest scientific memoirs ever written, by one of the finest scientists writing today."—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

**Edward O. Wilson**  
TWO-TIME PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR  
**NATURALIST**



"Candid and lively....  
Quite wonderful."  
—*Washington Post  
Book World*

With 16 pages of  
black-and-white photos

Winner of the *Los Angeles  
Times Book Prize*

A *New York Times* Best Book  
of 1994 and a National Book  
Critics Circle Award nominee

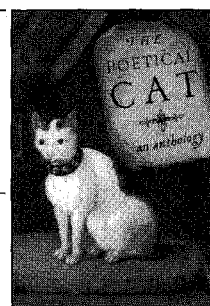
Available in Paperback from **W** Warner Books

©1995 WARNER BOOKS, INC. A TIME WARNER COMPANY  
PHOTO: GREGORY HEISLER/OUTLINE

"...And the nearest kin of the moon,  
The creeping cat, looked up."  
— WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

*The*  
**POETICAL  
Cat**

an anthology  
edited by  
**FELICITY BAST**



At bookstores now  
**FARRAR STRAUS GIRoux**

**NEW AUTHORS  
PUBLISH YOUR WORK**

All subjects considered:  
Fiction, Biography, Poetry, Religion, Childrens  
**AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED**  
Write, or send your manuscript to:

**MINERVA PRESS**  
2 OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON SW7 3DQ, ENGLAND

**NEW MOON**

The Magazine for Girls and Their Dreams

Award winner • International • Edited by Girls!  
Praised by NY Times, Ms., Utne Reader, Chi. Trib., US News  
Profiles, History, Cartoons, Arts, Sports for Real Girls!  
\$25 / year (6 issues) 1-800-381-4743  
PO Box 3620-Y, Duluth, MN 55803

**CEDANNA  
ARTFUL LIVING**

Left: Kendall LeCompte's Lyre Music Stand (adjustable)  
\$230. shipping included

Right: Ivan McLean's Double Figure Candleholder  
\$77. shipping included

**Affordable, functional handmade  
art for your home and office.  
Creative artful gifts.**

**1-800-474-8940**  
415-771-0592  
Catalog Available for \$2.00

**GIVE**  
The *Only* Magazine  
Exclusively Devoted  
To Italian Cuisine  
Full Color • 40+ Pages  
Now In Our 4th Year

Recipes; Articles; Cookbook, Wine, and Video  
Reviews; Profiles of Chefs; Humor; Traditions;  
Covering America and Italy; Big Cities,  
Villages, Countryside; A Great Gift.

1 Yr. (6 Issues) \$17 • 2 Yrs. (12 Issues) \$26  
Canada Add \$8 CHECK/MO only  
Overseas \$12 Gift Cards Available

**Journal of Italian Food & Wine**  
609 W. 114th St. / Ste. 77 • NY, NY 10025

**MURDER INK**

The world's oldest mystery bookstore.

2486 Broadway NYC 1-800-488-8123  
FREE CATALOG

**GIVE A CAT A LAUGH**

— with Dick Shapiro's amazing Video  
**Catnip** — a 25 minute movie cats watch  
and love. A howl of a gift for cat owners.

Just **\$19.95** ORDER TOLL FREE  
plus \$4.00 s/h CAN. 1-800-268-9323  
VISA MC AMEX U.S. 1-800-268-1630  
DICK SHAPIRO'S CATS

#105, 10 Wynford Hts. Cr. Don Mills, Ont. Can. M3C 1K8



# THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1996

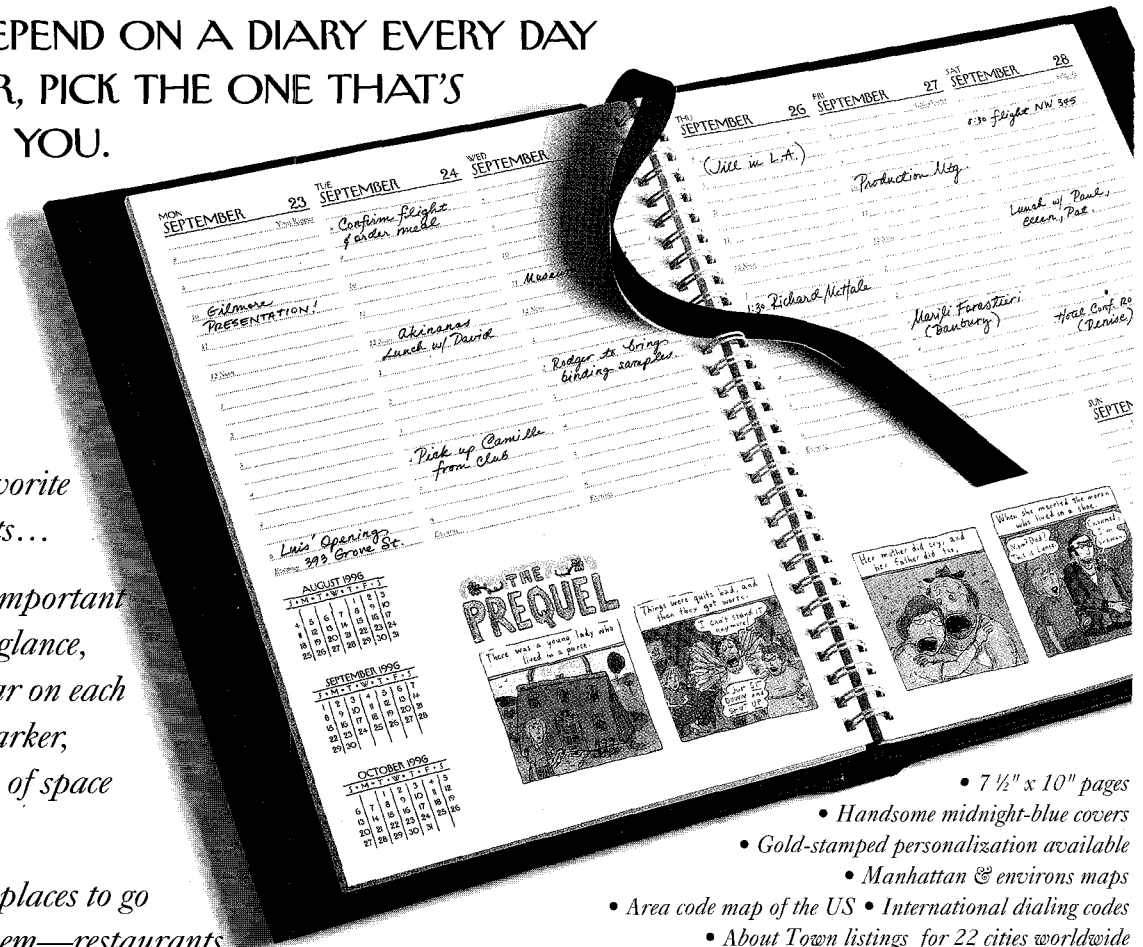
SINCE YOU DEPEND ON A DIARY EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, PICK THE ONE THAT'S PERFECT FOR YOU.

*Bright, witty, attractive; always good for a smile...*

*Colorful, engaging illustrations and cartoons by your favorite NEW YORKER artists...*

*Recognizes what's important to you: A week at a glance, three-month calendar on each spread, a ribbon marker, lie-flat binding, lots of space to write...*

*Knows all the right places to go and how to reach them—restaurants, hotels, museums, clubs, galleries, theatres.*



- 7 1/2" x 10" pages
- Handsome midnight-blue covers
- Gold-stamped personalization available
- Manhattan & environs maps
- Area code map of the US
- International dialing codes
- About Town listings for 22 cities worldwide

## THE 1996 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY



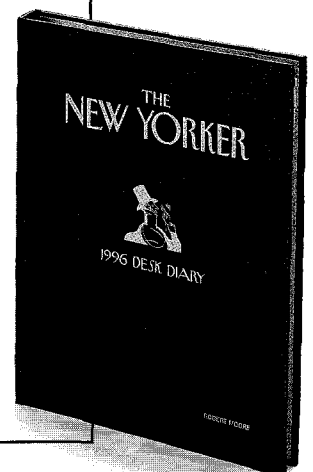
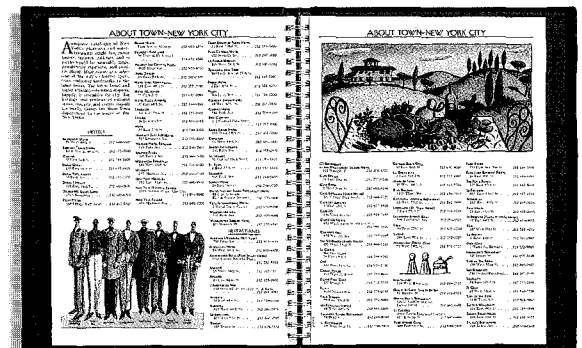
To order by credit card,  
call toll-free:  
**1-800-336-5510**

OR send a check or money order  
with your name and address to:

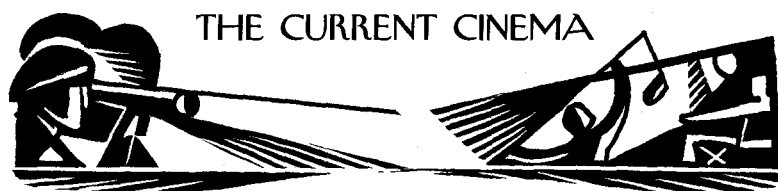
THE NEW YORKER  
BOX 10214, DEPT. 236620-023  
DES MOINES, IA 50336-0214

Yours for only \$25.95\* for the standard diary or \$28.95\* for the personalized version,  
plus \$3.50 in the US (\$6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling.  
For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters/spaces).

\*Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH please add applicable sales tax,  
Canada 7% GST. Offer only available in US and Canada. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.







## OLDFINGER

*The return of 007, and Christopher Hampton's "Carrington."*

BY ANTHONY LANE

So here comes Bond—zipping along at the wheel of a sky-blue sports car, with the roof down and the Caribbean sun doing its thing overhead, and a girl called Natalya beside him. Natalya looks around, taking in a day almost as beautiful as herself.

"Not another human being in sight," she says. And what I want to know is: Does that include James Bond?

The vexed question of whether Commander Bond is or is not a human being comes no closer to being solved with the release of the eighteenth Bond feature, "GoldenEye." The title, which sounds like a plant or a nasty retinal disease, refers to the Jamaican home of Ian Fleming, the author of the Bond novels. Even on the page, Fleming's secret agent seemed incredible, although that was part of his attraction: in the milieus where Bond moved, credibility was at best humdrum and at worst a mortal handicap. He could overcome snakes, speed limits, nuclear megalomania—anything except the suspicion that 007 was not really a character, that his existence involved no more than a fine collection of tastes and aptitudes, most of them lightly flavored with gourmet sadism. Unlike his Martinis, Bond was never shaken, though he was occasionally stirred. He remained, in short, a fantasy, cultured not like a gentleman but like a pearl. No wonder

the movies stole him. To complain that Bond pictures are daft is beside the point, because 007 has grown, by some freak of fiction, into a hero; that is to say, he is now a name plus a myth, and doesn't need to bother with the dreary business

of being a person.

It is only because Bond is this brand of hero, of course, that the films have got away with being so unwatchable. Having begun in high style with Sean Connery, they peaked a quarter of a century ago and have been sliding into the pit of crumminess ever since: any legend that can survive twelve years of Roger Moore and his amazing stunt eyebrows is, by definition, invincible. "GoldenEye" is the first Bond film openly to address this peculiar state

of affairs, so we shouldn't be surprised that it trembles with schizophrenia. Written by Jeffrey Caine and Bruce Feirstein, and directed by Martin Campbell, the movie wants both to honor and to trash the tradition of 007 (and of his native country). He is scorned for his cheap one-liners, but the film supplies them regardless; it kicks off as a knowing parody of all preceding Bond pictures, but it ends up, two hours later, as a mindless one. As for whether Bond himself is a jerk or a jolly good fellow, well, nobody in this production has a clue.

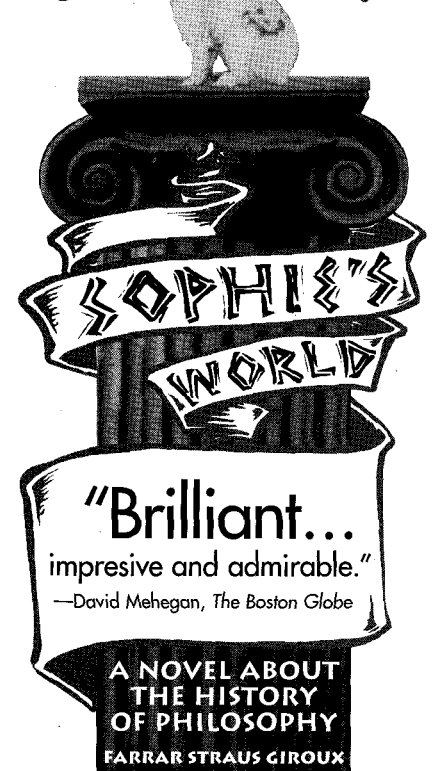
The pre-credit action sequence has long been established as an honorable



*The never-say-die spy:  
Pierce Brosnan joins Her Majesty's Secret Service, and matches wits with Famke Janssen and Izabella Scorupco.*

THE INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

JOSEPH GAARDER



CAREER  
DISCOVERY  
PROGRAM

June 24-August 2, 1996

DESIGN  
AT  
HARVARD

Architecture  
Landscape Architecture  
Urban Design

Harvard University  
Graduate School of Design  
Career Discovery Box N  
48 Quincy Street  
Cambridge, MA 02138  
(617) 495-5453

For people of all  
ages considering  
career choices  
or changes

JOIN THE CLUB



1-800-700-7661  
THE CIGAR OF THE MONTH CLUB

**ADVENTURE CUBA**

- 7 DAY MONTHLY CULTURAL ADVENTURE
- 7 DAY CIGAR SMOKING ADVENTURE
- 4 DAY JEWISH CULTURAL ADVENTURE
- CUSTOM MADE ITINERARY FOR INDIVIDUAL
- FULLY LEGAL AND ESCORTED BY WINGS

**WINGS OF THE WORLD 1-800-465-8687**  
CALL US TODAY! OPEN SUNDAY



**100% FUN**

*Two new ways to enjoy...*

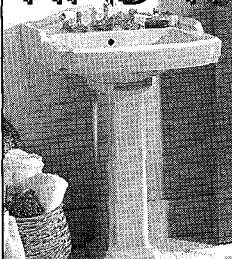
**0% ALCOHOL**

America's favorite all-natural sparkling grape juice brings two new flavors to the party—wild berry and cinnamon apple! Now ten delicious ways to enjoy Meier's...and not one drop of alcohol or added sugar.

**MEIER'S**  
800-346-2941

BEAUTY • VALUE • SELECTION

**FIND IT HERE!**



One-stop shopping. The best bath, lighting and home decor items anywhere! First quality, lowest price **GUARANTEED!**

**FREE CATALOG**  
1-800-659-0203  
Ask For Dept. 9857

**RENOVATOR'S** OVER 2000 ITEMS

P.O. Box 2515, Conway, NH 03818

For only \$300, give someone a unique holiday gift:

**A Personal WebSite**  
(<http://www.image.com/theirname>)

Call 617-965-1207. WebSite Builder™ of Boston

**SPRING HOOPS** - A new choice for unpierced ears!

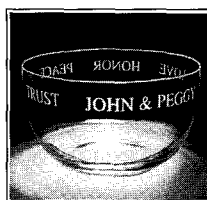
1-800-262-6026

Spring City Craftsman  
190 No. Main St.  
Spring City • Utah 84662

We accept VISA, MC, CHK, MO (Add \$3.50 SH)

Free Catalogue Available

Other sizes and metals available



**CELEBRATION BOWL**

Weddings - Anniversaries  
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece.  
Hand blown and etched.

Special Inscriptions? Yes.  
Rush Orders? Absolutely.  
8.5" - \$129 12" - \$239  
408-427-3512

Bond custom, and "GoldenEye" duly fulfills its brief with some wondrous shots of our hero in free fall; I heard various sections of the audience giggling with amazement. These opening images are almost too good: nothing that follows can match their airy sense of excess, their happy reminder that Bond's idea of heaven is to do something wild just for the hell of it. Another cliché is refreshed by the credits themselves: not just guns and girls but guns poking out of the mouths of girls, firing, and then retreating back between their lips. The smartest way to defuse a corny Freudian hint is to blow it up in our face, and everything here is so blatant that, for the first time since Connery, we feel ourselves to be in properly ironic hands. Nothing should be taken seriously; we're back with 007—License to Kid Around.

Bond is played by Pierce Brosnan, who is new to the role, and who displays the slightly laughable good looks of a man in a mail-order catalogue; at one point, he even sports a double-breasted blue blazer, as worn by the heroes of Continental porn films. Thanks to his obedient sense of semi-humor, Brosnan is so ludicrously right for the part that he might as well be a computer-generated image grafted onto the action, like one of the velociraptors in "Jurassic Park." Roughly the same thought seems to have occurred to 007's boss, M (Judi Dench), but she takes the comparison further. "I think you're a sexist, misogynist dinosaur, a relic of the Cold War," she tells him. This line has been widely noted as evidence that Bond needs to grow up and take stock of the modern world, but "GoldenEye" is undecided on the matter: the Cold War was hot stuff for Bond and his kind, and much of the movie pays homage to that era, happily quoting from other Bond adventures. The villain's base is situated beneath a lake, as it was in "You Only Live Twice," and Bond drives a silver Aston Martin DB5, as he did in "Goldfinger" and "Thunderball," pitting it this time against a Russian beauty in a Ferrari. Not only that: the race unfolds in the hills above Monte Carlo. How retro can you get? Monte Carlo was last considered cool somewhere around the time Grace Kelly was packing her trousseau; now it spells Eurotrash, and nothing in Bond's conduct is braver than his zealous belief that to hang out in casinos is the mark of a civilized man.

The dame in the Ferrari is Xenia Ona-

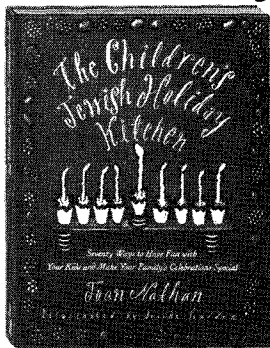
topp (Famke Janssen), a post-Communist, cigar-chewing helicopter pilot whose other hobbies include crushing men to death during sex and breathing very hard during machine-gun fire. She is part of a Russian-mafia plot to cripple the world economy by neutralizing computer networks with an electromagnetic pulse from outer space. Just an ordinary woman in a dead-end job. Bond goes to St. Petersburg to find her, to foil the plot, to steal a tank, and to flatten as much of the city as he can. There, in the spooky setting of an industrial graveyard littered with old Soviet statues (who would have thought a Bond movie could remind you of Tim Burton?), 007 confronts his main adversary; he also teams up with Natalya (Isabella Scorupco), one of the most elegant Bond girls, not least because she doesn't look anything like a Bond girl. Somewhere around this point, "GoldenEye" starts to fall apart; I think the rot sets in with a tiny, Mooreish smirk of surprise that crosses Bond's face when Natalya sits down at a computer terminal and starts tapping away. The movie wants her to be bright, but not *that* bright.

The finale couldn't be duller: an island hideaway, built by an evil genius, must be exploded by 007. Global domination was rather chic in the days of Khrushchev, and not just because of the bomb; it was still considered exciting to travel the Free World, and the thought of controlling it was a natural extension of that thrill. Now we know better, and feel worse; anyone who thinks he can master the planet is welcome to the damn thing. "GoldenEye" was never going to be hip, but it's sad to watch the flickers of wit and tension fade so fast. "James Bond Will Return," we read at the end, but how can he carry on up a blind alley? The only way to do Bond justice, I think, would be to set him in period—take him back to the fifties, to the decade when Fleming was writing the original novels, when Bond wore suits with thin lapels, smoked Morlands, and poured cream on his cornflakes. Everything would be sunlit and faintly threatening, the most dangerous weapon would be the conical bra, and sex would be fun again. Forget the new-look Bond; remember the time when dinosaurs roamed the earth.

THERE is at present a choice of ridiculous Englishmen for moviegoers to mock. On the one hand, there



## Make a Memory...



with this updated classic from award-winning author Joan Nathan. A warm, wonderful, 176-page collection of 70 recipes and cooking activities for the entire family to share. What better way to have fun with your kids and introduce them to their Jewish heritage than by creating:

• Pretzel bagels • hamantashen • edible dreidels • candle cupcakes • and more!

Order now and **SAVE 20%** off the cover price of \$18. Send check or money order for \$14.40\*, plus \$2.50 for S&H to:

The Condé Nast Collection  
P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 550475-055  
Des Moines, IA 50336 or  
call toll-free: **1-800-426-9922**

\*Please add sales tax in CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

## DO YOU TEACH? IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...



*The New Yorker* is delighted to offer an education program to teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For subscription information, please call Jenn Phillips at **1-800-898-7231**, or write to her at the address below:

## THE NEW YORKER EDUCATION PROGRAM

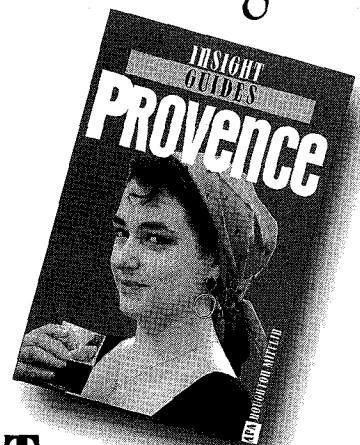
P.O. Box 56435, Boulder, CO 80321-6435

is James Bond in "GoldenEye"; on the other, there is Lytton Strachey in "Carrington." Which do you fancy—the blue-eyed chap in the tux or the loser with the face fungus? I rather like the idea of the author of "Eminent Victorians" swapping roles with 007: "The name's Strachey. Lytton Strachey." Miss Onatopp wouldn't need to use her thighs at all: one firm handshake and Lytton's poor heart would flutter to a halt.

The Carrington in question is the painter Dora Carrington, who was a big cheese in the Bloomsbury larder. The film begins in 1915, when Strachey (Jonathan Pryce) first meets and infuriates Carrington (Emma Thompson), and ends in 1932, when, racked with grief over Strachey's early death from cancer, Carrington shoots herself at dawn. In the intervening years, indifference relaxes into friendship, and friendship, to the surprise of both, warms into love. You can tell that Carrington adores Strachey, because she actually sleeps with him, in the woolly-pajama sense of the word, instead of merely sleeping with him. The rest of the narrative is crammed with her suitors: men such as Rex Partridge (who married her in 1921), the writer Gerald Brenan, and a silent type named Beakus, whose sole dramatic function is to take our heroine from behind on a gently heaving yacht. Then, there's Carrington's fellow-artist, Mark Gertler, who shows off one of his paintings and explains, "This is my statement on the soulless mechanism of war." It is lines like this that made me wonder exactly how much soul there was in the mechanism of the movie.

The writer and director is Christopher Hampton, one of the most agile of British dramatists. The screenplay that he wrote for Stephen Frears' "Dangerous Liaisons" showed a bracing, clearheaded view of emotional cruelty. So how could he make a film as muffled, mazy, and downright tiring as "Carrington"? I guess that Bloomsbury offers itself all too readily to a certain breed of cinema, but it was still depressing to find Hampton yielding to the temptation. He settles quickly into the narcotic pace and plushness of English historical drama, and confirms the axiom that films set in this era can be divided into papp-papp movies and toot-toot movies:

## See the world with Insight!

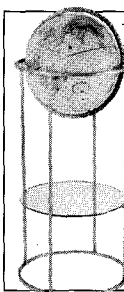


**T**he world's leading full-color travel guides are now available in three information-packed formats: **Insight Guides**, **Insight Pocket Guides** (with pull-out maps) and the new **Insight Compact Guides**.

.....  
300 different titles available at bookstores nationwide.



**Houghton Mifflin**



### A CLASSIC JUST GOT BETTER

Hand-polished solid brass stand  
Raised relief details  
Latest political boundaries  
Update program

**\$275**

+ Shipping & handling

**(800)863-8388**

## THE POKE BOAT®

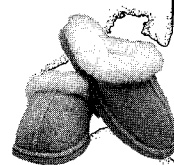
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.

It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe.



**606-986-2336**

## Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots



Write or Call:  
**Aussie Connection**  
135 NE Third Avenue  
Hillsboro, OR 97124  
**1-800-950-2668**  
for a FREE Catalog

phone: 212-594-3601 e-mail dogbooksny@aol.com fax: 212-576-4343

## DOG LOVERS BOOKSHOP



ask for our "dogalog"  
Our holiday dogalog  
features Bill Tarrant's

**THE MAGIC OF DOGS**

and the full line of fine canine literature from

**LYONS & BURFORD, PUBLISHERS.** Stop by our store!  
9 West 31st Street second floor New York, NY 10001

# RECORDED BOOKS™

"The best on audiocassette"

## The Shipping News

by E. Annie Proulx

Narrated by Paul Hecht  
Unabridged on cassette. Ask  
about quick and easy rentals  
by mail.

for a free color brochure call:

**1-800-638-1304**

Ask for Dept. NYT 02



270 Shippack Road • Prince Frederick, MD 20678

## CASHMERE WATCHCAP



Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy four layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not even a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.

One Hundred And Ten Dollars

CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five  
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars  
Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.

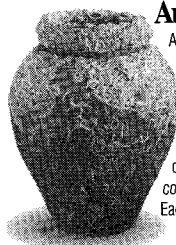
**VERMONT BIRD COMPANY**  
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041  
415 967 3123

## DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

One at a time, by hand



"On Parade" Bracelet, 11 links.  
14K Gold \$595, Sterling \$165. Visa / MC / Amex  
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856  
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5739



## Authentic Octopus Pots

Antique, coral-encrusted terra-cotta vessels used for centuries by Mediterraneans to harvest this classic delicacy. Each of these sturdy one-of-a-kind collectibles (unique gift, tool) is about 12" H x 9" D. Individually inspected, packed in excelsior/wood crate. Enjoy as sculpture, planter/vase, conversation piece (historic data included). Each \$179.50 + \$5.50 S&H. Credit cards.

1-800-684-8268

**Clayton's International Trading Co.**  
24 PEARL STREET, BIDDEFORD, MAINE 04005

*The Witness*

A monthly journal that considers culture & religion from a left-wing Anglican perspective.

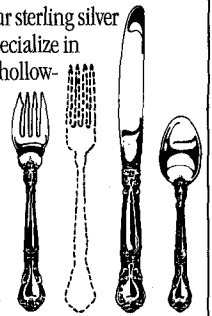
\$25 a year. Free sample: *The Witness*, 1249 Washington Blvd., #3115, Dept. NY, Detroit, MI 48226; (313) 962-2650.

they start with either a vintage car or a steam train. "Carrington" is one of the toot-toots. I tend to regard Bloomsbury and all its works as one of the more gruesome plagues ever visited on British culture: all those Partridges and Garnetts, Stephenses and Bells; all that snobbery posing as incisiveness, the willful mistaking of social poses for literary values, the worship of the beautiful which turned out to be simply a fondness for interior decoration. "Carrington" the movie is a perfect match for Carrington's own paintings, which delicately practiced the fine art of inoffensiveness. You aren't remotely shocked by her comings and goings—partly because the film is so geographically confusing about where its characters are and whom they are seeing, but also because they feel so interchangeable anyway. The fog of emotional incest is unbearably dense. "I can't stand the strain of worrying about you worrying about me," Carrington says to Partridge. Tell me about it.

You also can't help feeling that Lytton Strachey would have disapproved of this film. "God damn, blast, confound, and fuck the upper classes," he says, watching a garden party. The trouble is that "Carrington" is too well mannered a picture to carry out the first three of his imprecations, although it does manage a fair dose of the last. It is primarily about Dora Carrington and only obliquely about Strachey, but would have worked much better the other way around. Emma Thompson looks simultaneously nervous and subdued, as if aware that her character is more of a convenient dramatic hook than a substantial figure, and that Carrington's reputation as a sexual dynamo sits rather oddly with a dress sense, hair style, and posture apparently modelled on those of Christopher Robin. Jonathan Pryce, on the other hand, has a high old time: he clicks magically into the brittle, ailing, stiff-boned manner of Strachey, a man who resembled nothing so much as a marble figure lying on top of a tomb, and who greeted his own imminent end with the words "If this is dying, then I don't think much of it." A lazy actor would have uncovered a lovable tenderness in the man and left it at that; Pryce, colder and more comical, reveals a true shit who surprised himself with love. ♦

## MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PAT'TERN?®

Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and hollowware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. (We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)



Pattern shown: Chantilly by Gorham.

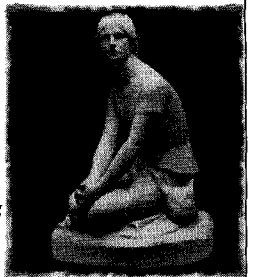
**Beverly Bremer**  
**SILVER SHOP**

3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5  
404 261-4009

## JOAN of ARC

1412-1432

Our detailed cast of a French antique captures the renowned heroine and martyr in a poignant moment of contemplation. Available only from us. 4 1/2" W x 5" D x 7 1/2" H. Interior plaster. Antique stone finish. \$29.95 (+4.75)



Free Color Catalogue featuring hundreds of replicas European sculptures, artifacts, tapestries, Byzantine icons & more.

1-800-525-1733, Ext. X829

**TOSCANO**

17 E. Campbell Street,  
Dept. X829,  
Arlington Hts, IL 60005

## SEND A BIT OF THE VERMONT WOODS FOR CHRISTMAS

22 inch Balsam Wreath w. red velvet bow, cones and berries, enclosed gift card ... \$25.00 ppd.

Cedar-Pine "indoor" wreaths & garlands. MC/VISA

FREE BROCHURE!

Northeast Kingdom Balsam  
Dept NY95, W. Glover, VT 05875

1-800-322-YULE

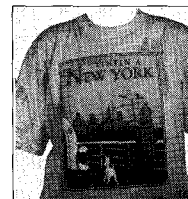
French Napoleonic Troops  
Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard 1800  
Hand Painted Metal by Tradition of England



**\$85**

Per Set  
Mounted Officer 3 1/2" High  
Eagle Bearer,  
2 Sergeants 2 1/2" High  
Catalog \$6.00  
Military Mites

P.O. Box 2324 • Rockville, MD 20847-2324  
301-770-1135



## Tintin in America!

Brilliant 7-color image by Belgian artist Herge printed on 100% white cotton t-shirt. Made in France.

to order, phone or write: **Boy Reports!**  
853 Broadway, Ste. 1516 NYC 10003  
212-560-6599 or BoyReports@aol.com





## THE THEATRE

## GODDESSES

Zoe Caldwell in "Master Class" and Carol Channing in "Hello, Dolly!"

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

**T**ALENT and fame, it seems, are the gifts that keep on taking: the more of them an artist has, the quicker she finds her life up for public auction, available to all comers in a continual process of repossession, which death only accelerates. The image of Maria Callas that is presented in "Master Class," Terrence McNally's new play at the Golden, is the amalgamation of all the images that have been publicly traded for years: the ugly duckling who became a swan and showed the other swans a thing or two; the woman who loved too much; the temperamental egotist; the tragic figure drawn into a whirlpool of victimhood. Which is not to say that "Master Class" isn't a labor of love; but it's an homage to an icon that bears little resemblance to a human being. This is not the first time that McNally, who is avowedly an obsessive Callas fan, has brought his obsession to the stage. His "Lisbon Traviata," seen in New York six years ago, featured a couple of opera queens whose knowledge of performers and immersion in the minutiae of performances provided them with some escape from a sad, in one case, and in the other, sordid emotional reality.

McNally's new play, directed by Leonard Foglia, draws on the well-documented master classes that Callas gave to a select group of voice students at Juilliard in 1971 and 1972. (McNally had the good fortune to be in the audience at a number of the classes; in the play, the theatre audience is the "audience.") It's a challenging setup for any actress, but a delicious one for the right actress, and Zoe Caldwell is the right actress—she's fully equipped to play greatness at work.

(McNally wrote the part for her.) Dressed all in black, she strides into the room, a modest recital hall furnished with a podium and a piano (and a rehearsal pianist, played by David Loud), and takes

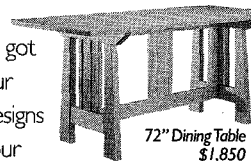


*Revenge and triumph: Zoe Caldwell with Karen Kay Cody and David Loud.*

command instantly. "No applause," she says, holding up her hand. "We're here to work." The first student, a soprano named Sophie (Karen Kay Cody), enters—a plump, rosy-cheeked innocent, dressed in an awful peach chiffon dress. She announces that she's going to sing "Ah! Non credea mirarti," from "La Sonnambula"—a bit of bravery, or bravado, on her part, since Amina, the heroine of that opera, was one of Callas's signature roles. But instead of the electric current that passes between a real teacher and a real student we get false starts and bits of business that are meant to reveal Callas's "artistic personality": sardonic

## Please call to reserve your table.

Time Magazine got one taste of our solid Cherry designs and declared our



72" Dining Table \$1,850

furniture one of the year's ten best designs. What makes these pieces more unique is our patented assembly system that lets you put them together yourself in minutes without tools or fasteners.

Call (207) 775-4234 for a free catalog.

**GREEN  
DESIGN**  
FURNITURE

267 Commercial Street  
Portland, ME 04101

**Stay at The Mark.  
Stay real.**



Madison Avenue at East 77th Street, N.Y.  
Reservations, call 212-744-4300 or 1-800-843-6275

A member of  
*The Leading Hotels of the World*

## DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY

One at a time, by hand



"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links,  
14K Gold \$595, Sterling \$165, Visa/MC/Amex  
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856  
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 933-5759

## A FRIEND INDEED

The newsletter for women in menopause or midlife.  
For a free introductory issue send a SASE to:  
Box 1710, Champlain NY 12919-1710

**"Steve Martin is the most exciting  
new playwright in town!"—Newsday**



**Picasso**  
at the Lapin Agile  
Tix By Phone: 580-1313 • Tele-Charge: 239-6200  
Promenade Theatre • 2162 Broadway

## GIVE THE GIFT OF TRANQUILITY

Share the garden of relaxing botanical essences with a Tranquility Gift Basket from Aura Cacia.



An aromatherapy bath collection in a gift basket: mineral bath, massage/bath oil, bar of soap and a loofah. \$34.95 includes shipping/handling.

To order, call 1-800-404-6999.

*Aura Cacia*

### Our Turk's Head Rings Are Handwoven In Gold - ideal wedding bands



3 Strand Ring ..... 14k \$575. 18k \$675.

Please call for extensive catalogue including bracelets, earrings, pins, charms, necklaces, and men's jewelry.

Monday-Friday, 9am-5pm • (800) 541-0788

• designing jewelry for a generation •

A.G.A. Correa-PO Box 401-Wiscasset, ME 04578  
Fax (207) 882-9744 • Visa, MC, AmEx

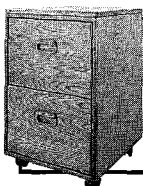


**The Swiss Armory**  
**VICTORINOX**  
**SWISS CHAMP**  
(Red or Black)  
**\$53.95**

Regular Price: \$95.00

We carry a wide range of knives & accessories

**Call 1-800-43-SLICE**  
**Fax: (619) 623-5985**



**NEW...** Fine oak letter and flat files. Buy direct, handcrafted in the U.S.A. Files of smooth contemporary style or time-honored traditional. -SAVE MONEY- All merchandise 100% satisfaction guaranteed. NOVA DESIGNS - Dept. NY, 16801 Hwy 88, Jackson, CA 95642. Ph. 209-223-2317.

asides about rivals, anecdotal shards that have a self-pitying ring, haughty demands given to a stagehand. At one point, Callas tells the poor girl that her dress is too short, that people in the audience can see more than she intends to show. You could see this moment coming as soon as Sophie walked in; she's a vulnerable young morsel destined to be fed to this wolf in diva's clothing. (Caldwell plays Callas with such steely force and conviction that she dwarfs the student; it was surprising to see how comparatively short Caldwell was when she moved across the stage and stood near Cody.)

When Sophie once more begins to sing, we suddenly hear the voice of Maria Callas, and we see Caldwell standing alone in the light on the darkened stage. We are in a kind of fever dream of mingled anguish and triumph, in which Caldwell speaks in Aristotle Onassis's voice, and then, as Callas again, recalls her days at the conservatory and recaps one of her performances at La Scala, as the interior of the Milan house is projected on the back of the stage: "I have everyone where I want them. They're not smiling now. With each phrase, I come closer to the footlights. . . . People have stopped breathing. My revenge, my triumph are complete. The applause is washing over me. I only have one note left to sing. Ah, yes, it's over. I've won again!" (Or, as Marv Albert would say, "She shoots, she scores!") The lights go up, and we're back at Juilliard, our feathers somewhat ruffled from being buffeted about by the high winds of narcissism. We can take that once, but in the second act McNally uses the device again. As another soprano, Sharon (Audra McDonald), begins to sing her chosen material—the scene from "Macbeth" in which Lady Macbeth reads the letter—Callas returns to fantasyland. Against the backdrop of a castle, she recites the words of the letter (while we hear a live recording of Callas), and again she starts to rant about her life as if it were an extended mad scene. The great shame of this device—apart from the fact that it's repetitive and makes the play feel long and baggy—is that we don't get to hear much from McDonald, who was sensational in the recent Lincoln Center revival of "Carousel." I can still recall the sound of

her voice as she sang "When I Marry Mister Snow," but I can't remember anything about her performance in "Master Class" except that she wore a stunning emerald-green gown (this occasions a second round of sartorial humiliation at the hands of La Divina), and that when Callas offers Sharon an honest assessment of her limitations she retaliates by saying, "I don't like you. You can't sing anymore and you're envious of anyone younger who can." Is it possible that any student could have ever uttered these words to Maria Callas? Or is it simply that McNally sees B-movie sadomasochistic impulses at the heart of all performance? Interestingly, this dynamic is largely missing from Callas's session with a tenor (Jay Hunter Morris), which is sandwiched between the two mud-wrestling bouts with the sopranos. After he miraculously transforms himself, in the space of a few minutes, from a knowing hunk into a fully realized performer with a beautiful voice, she is kind to him and straightforward in her praise.

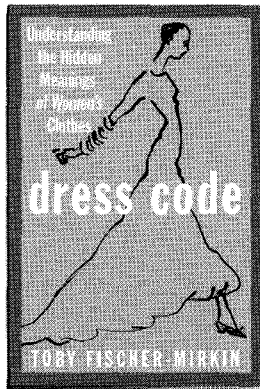
By giving Zoe Caldwell the role of Callas, McNally has served her well; but after hearing the recordings of Callas's master classes (available in a three-CD set from EMI) I can't help feeling that he has served his idol less well. True, the sessions have been edited down from forty-six hours to less than three, and it may be that Callas's more diva-esque zingers and stingers were cut; nevertheless, what comes across—and



what doesn't come across in the play—is that as a teacher Callas was a consummate professional. On the evidence, she didn't think the master classes were about *her*; she was unfailingly attentive to her students and didn't use the audience as a foil for her egomania. She did tell one of the students that her dress was too short, but her tone was kind, and she didn't dwell on the matter to the point of humiliation. I can understand McNally's desire to see what makes a goddestick, to find out what it is in Callas that has the power to move us so, but this play says more about its author than about its subject—as the author himself would probably be the first to admit. In the foreword to a book about Callas's recordings McNally wrote, "I



# What do your clothes say about you?



**FIRST IMPRESSIONS:** They can tip the scale in your favor or cause you to lose a date, an interview, or even a job! Don't blow it. Before you walk out the door, get **DRESS CODE** and find out how you really come across.

► Does that sharply tailored suit make you look authoritative, or inflexible? Does that long, gauzy dress make you look romantic, or unreliable? Clothes can make you appear more trustworthy, creative, intelligent, serious, or open-minded—if you know how to wear them with confidence.

► **DISCOVER** the colors that attract men • how to get the job over the other applicants • what to wear to a dinner party • 15 fashion mistakes and how to avoid them...and much more!

► Every woman should read **DRESS CODE** before her next job interview, blind date, or walk around the block! Hardcover. 288 pages. 5 1/2" x 8 1/4".

► **ORDER NOW AND SAVE 20%** off the cover price of \$22. Send check or money order for \$17.50\* each, plus \$2.50 shipping & handling per copy, to: The Condé Nast Collection

P.O. Box 10214, Dept. 205047-020  
Des Moines, IA 50336,

or, for credit-card orders, call toll-free

► **1-800-438-9944**

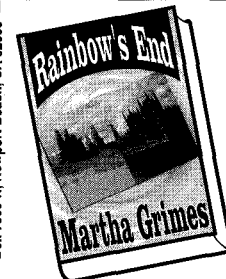
\*Residents of CA, CO, GA, IA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, OH, please add applicable sales tax.

have felt such despair, such happiness,' Callas confesses. 'So have I, so have I!' we answer. It is ourselves we recognize in Violetta or Norma or Lucia when we listen to Callas sing them.' It's not surprising, really, that "Master Class" doesn't get us any closer to Callas—obsession, after all, is not a two-way street but a one-way mirror.

**B**ACK in 1941, Carol Channing had a small part in a Marc Blitzstein show called "No for an Answer." According to Channing's entry in the 1964 volume of *Current Biography*, "It ran for only three days, but Miss Channing was singled out for a line of praise in *The New Yorker*. Elated, and now confident in her future, she decided to remain in New York and look for more work in the theatre." It's a big deal, being responsible for someone's elation, but, luckily, I didn't have to decide what I thought of Carol Channing in the revival of "Hello, Dolly!" which is now at the Lunt-Fontanne, and neither do you, because Ms. Channing has already done the thinking for us, and she has decreed that we love her, that we're thrilled to see her, that there's no business like show business, and that, if there is a God, Dolly will never go away again. You may be so busy disentangling yourself from the sticky netting that Channing drops over the audience as she trawls for love that you may not notice that there are things to like about her performance: the comic timing, the speaking voice, the star quality—though perhaps it would be more accurate to call what Channing has star quantity. Whatever it is, she has a lot of it, and we are asked, begged, and ordered to applaud it many times during the show, as Channing walks about on the rim of the stage, arms and teeth outstretched. The evening is one long curtain call, and a strain on the nerves: at the same time that Channing seems intent on proving she can do it all as well in her seventies as she could in her forties, when she first played Dolly on Broadway, she's counting on our anxiety about her age to fuel our response to her. With each successful number, our anxiety turns to relief, and our relief is expressed as applause. But the absence of disaster isn't the equivalent of the presence of joy, and there's something wrong with a show when the most positive thing you can say about it after it's over is that nothing terrible happened. ♦

## BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection Unabridged Audio Books



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

**(800) 626-3333**

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

## Boarding School Placement and College Advising Services

You want the most appropriate match for your son or daughter

**Pruett Associates, Inc.**

TEL 610.525.4607

FAX 610.525.0544

BOX 1053, BRYN MAWR, PA 19010

Educational consultants with  
40 years of experience



**Three Million Pieces China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles**

Obsolete, Inactive & Active.  
Buy Or Sell.

**REPLACEMENTS, LTD.**

1089 Knox Road, PO Box 26029  
Greensboro, NC 27420 - Dept. YO

**1-800-REPLACE**  
(1-800-737-5223)



**Women's Snowboard Camp**

Join us for a three day instructional vacation!  
All levels welcome.  
Beginner friendly.

Jackson Hole, WY—January 11-13, 1996  
Crested Butte, CO—February 12-14, 1996  
Call 206-784-3266 for a free brochure.



**Francis Allen Jewelry**

THE SUBSTANTIAL  
**STERLING PENDANT**  
—Satin Finish—

\$96 Ppd. (NY Residents Add Sales Tax)  
VISA/MC/Check/MO

914.424.8349 M-F 9-5 EST  
P.O. Box 189 GARRISON, NY 10524



# SHOUTS & MURMURS

## DOING IT THE LARD WAY

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

I AM perceived as anti-turkey. I'm aware of that. If you launch a campaign to change the national Thanksgiving dish from turkey to spaghetti carbonara, you have to expect some fallout. In 1981, I suggested that on the first Thanksgiving the Indians, having had some experience with Pilgrim cuisine in the past, may have shown up with a dish of their own and that it may have been a dish their ancestors had picked up generations before from Christopher Columbus, of Genoa—spaghetti carbonara. When the Pilgrims rejected it as “heretically tasty” and “the sort of thing foreigners eat,” the Indian chief made a comment about the Pilgrims that caused the misunderstanding we live with today: “What a bunch of turkeys!” I hope it's a sign of my open-mindedness on this issue that I've recently developed an interest in fried turkey. I'm talking now about an entire turkey being lowered into several gallons of hot peanut oil or lard. Cautiously.

In the past fifteen years, an increasing number of people in southern Louisiana have turned to deep-frying as a way of making a Thanksgiving turkey that has crisp, golden-brown skin and white meat juicy enough to make a Pilgrim blush. The recipes for it tend to stress safety rather than technique; the “Prudhomme Family Cookbook,” for instance, says, “We strongly advise you to have a complete ‘dress rehearsal’... before you begin heating the large volume of oil.” The evening before Thanksgiving, Al Dugas, a retired Baton Rouge banker I recently met, rubs a medium-sized bird with salt and cayenne pepper and then injects it with spices, using a syringe he

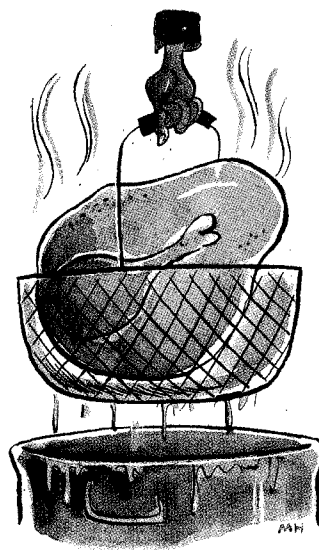
bought in a veterinarians' supply store. The next morning, he heats up five or six gallons of lard in what I would call a two-missionary pot. The heat source is a portable propane cooker that an outlander is tempted to inspect for inscriptions like “Property of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.” After a turkey neck dangled in the lard has produced that satisfying crackle indicating sufficient heat, Dugas places the turkey in a fry basket and lowers it, cautiously, into the pot. Forty-five minutes later, he withdraws it. As Grandma traditionally says at the moment she presents her Thanksgiving pumpkin pie, *Voilà!*

All this happens in the garage—the customary place to fry turkey, although carports are also popular. A garage is a good place for cooking. It tends to be roomier than the kitchen. There's already a certain amount of oil on the floor, and there are a lot of implements that catch the eye—particularly if those present don't have much to do except watch one person watch a pot full of boiling oil. A good place for Thanksgiving cooking? There would be a weather problem in some parts of the country, of course; indoor turkey-frying is a serious fire hazard. In Manhattan, there also would be a garage problem: I can't imagine people gathering in those garages under luxury East Side high-rises to lean up against their

B.M.W.s while tending a pot full of lard.

In certain parts of the country, though, it's easy to imagine deep-frying fitting into the holiday rituals. I can picture Dad and Granddad in the garage, carrying on their annual mock argument about the relative merits of peanut oil and lard. There's Uncle Earl piping up occasionally with some garage-inspired question like “You use that old ten-horsepower of yours much anymore?” There's Grandma coming in to coordinate the timing of the meal and saying, “Land sakes, that hot oil scares me.”

And how about the story of the first Thanksgiving? I wouldn't deny that it could be modified for deep-fried turkey. As I said, I try to keep an open mind. The Indians show up at the Pilgrim encampment and learn that turkey is to be the main course—roast turkey, although there is no oven in evidence. “You're making a big mistake,” the chief says, eying the huge cooking pot that the Pilgrims keep for boiling their vast and tasteless stews. This is the same chief who patiently demonstrated to the Pilgrims that the kernels are the only part of corn on the cob that is eaten. The Indians have brought no dish of their own, but they do happen to be carrying six gallons of lard, just in case “Let me show you something,” the chief says. “But first we have to have a dress rehearsal.” ♦





# JUST ADD BACARDI



TASTE THE FEELING.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO  ONLY THE FINEST

Bacardi® rum. Made in Puerto Rico. BACARDI, THE BAT DEVICE, AND THE WAVE DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©1994 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. 40% ALC. BY VOL.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

→

ADMIT IT, YOU HAVE TO BE PRETTY WELL  
BUILT TO CARRY 2 MILLION PEOPLE.

←



With over two million on the road, the Camry is probably as close as anyone has ever come to building a perpetual motion machine.\*

In fact, *Automobile Magazine* called Camry "The Best Car Built in America."\*\*\* You'll no doubt agree the very moment you have a seat in its ergonomic interior. In addition to its solid, elegant feel, the Camry is confidently quiet. This effect, achieved through advanced engineering, is just one reason that Camry has become the industry benchmark, the Gold Standard by which all midsize sedans are judged.

And yet, while it runs like a clock, Camry's styling is virtually timeless. A styling so classic, in fact, over two million people have been moved by it.

 **TOYOTA CAMRY**  
I love what you do for me

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA or visit our Web Site at: <http://www.toyota.com> for a brochure and location of your nearest dealer.  
©1995 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. \*There are over 2 million Camrys currently in operation. R.L. Polk, 1994. \*\*Camry XLE V6/Best car built in America. *Automobile Magazine*, March 1993. Most Camrys are built in America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG  
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED